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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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### *Breakfast Time . . .*

Another delightful study  
By MAUD TOUSEY FANGEL



## A classic tribute to . . . MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Canine devotion has inspired tributes from writers and poets of all degrees of eloquence from Kipling's singing stanzas to the brief but no less heartfelt tribute of Bill Harris, N.S.W. beach inspector.

When Bob, Newcastle beach dog, was buried at sea from the surf boat he had guarded for years, Bill Harris paid him the highest tribute a man can pay to man or dog:

"He was one of my greatest friends."

**D**OGS are playing their part in war time—in the vague but devoted role of camp mascot or on actual military duty.

Linky, an Alsatian, will go overseas soon as an enlisted member of the 2nd A.I.F.

Thousands of his breed are already on military service with armies in France, Germany, Japan, and China, carrying messages and assisting to lay telephone wires.

Butch, faithful cattle dog mascot, refused to stay at home when the first A.I.F. detachment went overseas. But he was rejected from military service and after a trip across the world and back was destroyed before his friends could save him.

A tribute to a dog by an American lawyer has become one of the world's classic examples of oratory.

Senator Vest, a famous American lawyer, walked into a courtroom where a dog was the "accused" in a case. Knowing Vest to be a great dog-

lover, someone suggested to the dog's owner that he ask Vest to defend the dog. Vest readily agreed and straightway delivered this remarkable speech:

"The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and good name, may become traitors to their faith.

"The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The



"The one absolutely unselfish friend . . ."

people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

### Faithful and true

"A MAN'S dog stands by him in prosperity or poverty, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world.

"He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a

prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies; and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."



### Poem for a Dog

My little body and whole span  
Of years is Thine, my Owner and my Man . . .  
Thine is the Voice with which my Day begins:  
Thy Foot my refuge, even in my sins.  
Thine Honor huris me forth to testify  
Against the Unclean and Wicked passing by.  
(But when Thou callest they are of Thy friends,  
Who readier than I to make amends?)  
I was Thy Deputy with high and low—  
If Thou dismiss me, whither shall I go?

(From Kipling's Supplication of the Black Aberdeen.)

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Dickinson-Monteath

### CONSTABLE GROVERMANN

By packhorse and pedal wireline

"NO fixed place of abode" is the address of bush-bred, 6ft. 4in. tall Mounted Constable A. W. G. V. Grovermann, just appointed travelling policeman for South Australia. His job is to investigate cattle rustling in the north-west of the State, and protect aborigines.

Always on the move, by packhorse and motor truck, he keeps in touch with civilisation by pedal wireline.



### MISS SABIHA GOEKCHEN

Flight-Lieutenant

CHARMING, petite Flight-

Lieutenant Sabiha Goekchen is Turkey's first woman flier, first woman army officer, and founder and leader of Turkey's Flying Amazons. For her single-handed exploits against rebellious Kurds she has been decorated with Turkey's highest flying honor.



### DR. C. W. MANN

Sydney to California

SPECIALLY interested in the research field of educational work, Dr. C. W. Mann, of Sydney, rejoices that his appointment as Professor of Experimental Psychology at Denver University, California, affords "great facilities in this direction."

Formerly lecturer in psychology at Sydney Teachers' College, and secretary of N.S.W. Institute of Educational Research, Dr. Mann graduated at Stanford, U.S.A.



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Pear's tonic action stimulates your skin . . . leaves it glowingly young and smooth! So make-up looks lovelier — lasts longer. It's long maturing that makes Pear's so transparently pure.



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# Little Bit Independent

Complete short story of a girl who believed in managing affairs in her own way

**T**HE first thing he noticed about the girl was her scarf. He saw it a long way off, and when she came closer along the platform he saw that it did something very clever for the color of her eyes. He saw then, too, that she was pretty, with an air of timid determination that was at once youthful and intensely disarming.

She was carrying her own suitcase (her wrist, slender and brittle as drawn sugar, was flexed over its handle) and with considerable difficulty withstanding her mother's flustered efforts to make her hand it over to a porter.

The boat train was crowded and running in two sections. One was practically booked out in advance by the various travel agencies, and nearly ten minutes ago now Mark Denning had made for the combined and managed by dint of combined muscle and strategy to wrest himself a corner seat, stowing away suitcase and easel efficiently on the rack above his head.

He would not have given much for the chances of getting a seat now. But as the two women passed his carriage he heard the girl say in a gentle voice, low as a cello note, "But, mother, I want to learn to manage things for myself. The whole point is..."

Presently they came back down the platform again, a new panic in the face of the mother, a new, even greater, determination in the face of the girl.

"There must be somewhere, Don't worry, we'll find it!" he heard the girl say.

And the mother answered on a note of desperate aggression, "We've paid our money just like everybody else!"

Now the girl was methodically combing the carriages as she went. She looked into Mark's and spotted a silver space between him and the next occupant. "Is that seat taken?" she asked, and nervousness made her voice sound as if she suspected he hid it on purpose.

"Not by me."

He was carefully solemn about it. "Kismet!" She was addressing the thin woman beyond Mark, who had spread books and papers and a bulging canvas bag over the intervening space.

The thin woman betrayed anger. "This seat is mine!"

The girl lifted her chin and would not let herself be deterred. "Yes, but there's room for five. You're only four. So I'll take this."

**V**ERY politely she moved the thin woman's belongings away and substituted her own suitcase, and turned to the window. Mark moved his legs to give her more room. The mother was evidently not going, for she stayed on the platform, betraying signs of considerable emotion.

"I do wish Vivienne were going with you, darling!"

"So do I, mother, but it can't be helped."

"If only you'd gone with one of those travel tours. There's always safety in numbers, and—"

Evidently this argument had taken place before. "But, mother, you know what I want. To do something a little different; and do it myself. The whole point is—"

"Yes, I know, darling, but I can't help being anxious. Such a long journey without knowing the language! Now you will be sure to—"

The girl smiled. "Oh, mother! I

Illustrated  
by  
JEAN ELDER



At lunch, Mark found that Judy, looking gay and charming in a great straw hat, had been put opposite him at a table on the terrace.

won't speak to any strange men, or let them give me chocolates."

The mother tightened the wisp of tulle about her neck and the flowers on her hat bobbed with the stress of the moment. "It's nothing to joke about!"

"And if you get into any difficulty—any difficulty at all—remember, the British Consul..."

The conversation threatened to become intimate. "If you'd care to take my place until the train starts," Mark murmured, leaning forward. "I think you'll talk more comfortably."

He was sorry for her; but he was sorrier for the girl, remembering how years ago his own mother had plunged him into acute embarrassment by showing his girl friends endless photographs of him in varying degrees of baby nudity. The case seemed to him vaguely parallel.

"Now, that is kind of you!"

"Not at all."

He got out, and took a turn up the platform and down again. Presently he came back and opened the carriage door. "I really think," he began apologetically.

The mother got out with a murmur of "So very kind!" and through the window kissed her daughter good-bye. "Now, remember—" she began.

The girl's kiss was affectionate but silencing. Mark tactfully averted his gaze and it happened to fall upon the label of the girl's suitcase on the seat at his side; and with that unerring instinct which is said to be peculiar to mothers, sud-

denly the elder woman peered in through the window and saw the label on Mark's suitcase, hanging over the rack. Both labels said: "Hotel Rossi, Portofino."

All down the platform sounded the banging of doors; the guard's flag was raised; in a moment his whistle would blow. There was no time to lose. The mother looked at Mark and made up her mind. "Do forgive me," she began, "but I see you're going to Portofino and so is Judy. She was to have gone with a friend, but at the last moment it fell through and Judy's never been abroad before, and now—going alone—I can't tell you how anxious I am, but if you would keep an eye on her?"

**H**E was conscious of the blank horror on the girl's face, but the urgent anxiety of the mother's, now diminishing in distance as the train began to move, decided him. He leaned out of the window and shouted: "That's all right! Of course! You can rely on me!"

Then as a bend in the line finally took her from view he slid back into his seat, very pink in the face, hiding himself from the eyes of the girl and the other occupants of the carriage behind the comfortably large morning paper which he happened to prefer to the more lurid—and smaller—ones. He had never been so glad of his preference.

Just before they reached New-haven, the girl got up and went into the corridor. He watched her go,

covertly, from behind the paper's ambush. The hair on the nape of her neck curled softly as a baby's, but the set of her shoulder and back as she stood looking out of the window was uncompromising in the extreme. He thought of the long journey ahead with a sigh of apprehension. The mother had started them off properly on the wrong foot! Better put things right while it was still possible. He followed her out into the corridor.

"Dull bit of country this," he said cheerfully, standing at her side. "Is it?" Her profile was set as a head on a coin.

Sudden annoyance dispersed his intended tact. "Now look here, it wasn't my fault," he began truculently. "It was just as bad for me."

"I know, I'm sorry, I ought to be grateful, only—" she watched the flat landscape flash past, her eyes dark with anger—"It made me feel such a fool!" she said.

He stopped himself laughing just in time. "What about me, for heaven's sake?"

Gold-tipped lashes flicked furiously against her brown cheek. "That's different!"

No use arguing if that was her idea of logic! He folded his lips grimly over a suitable retort. But when she turned to him he saw that her face was a perfect heart-shape, and, weakly perhaps, tried another tack. "What made you come alone in the beginning, anyway?"

"But I never meant to come alone in the beginning!" She said it as

By...

L. ARNOLD

if he ought to have known that without being told. "I meant to come with Vivienne. But when Viv's plans were changed—well, you must see I couldn't stay at home and just not come, just do nothing about it at all."

"Yes, I do see that. But what changed Viv's plans?"

"Oh, a week or so ago someone invited her to go and stay in the south of France, so naturally, of course, she went, and wrote me she'd join me in Portofino just as we'd arranged—really—except that we wouldn't travel together. Only I couldn't convince mother of that!"

"I see." He fancied he could see this Vivienne as clearly as though she stood at his side.

"Viv's a wonderful person!" she rushed on, confiding as a child. "She's been everywhere! School in Switzerland and Paris and Munich and now she's always going off to some place other people can't even find on a map! The most marvellous things are always happening to her. You know, she's the kind of person who'll have adventures no matter where she is. All kinds of exciting people are always proposing to her and..."

Perhaps she sensed his disapproval of the cosmopolitan Vivienne. At any rate, she shut up suddenly, like a clam; but the train was drawing into the station and that seemed to him sufficient excuse. He led the way back to the carriage, put her suitcase out on to the platform, stepped back to fetch his own, got his easel entangled with the handles of the thin lady's canvas bag and thus gave Judy her opportunity. By the time he was free again and out on the platform all he could see of the girl was a determined back (lopsided from the weight of her suitcase) scurrying away into the embarkation sheds.

**W**ELL, if she wanted to be independent, let her, was his first impatient reaction. Nothing much could happen to her on a Channel crossing, apart from being sick. He got himself a chair out of the wind and studiously refrained from watching for a scarf of cerulean-blue.

The deck was crowded. There were spotty young men with long hair and sandals, two bronzed rucksack-giants already measuring walks in the Black Forest on maps with a tracing wheel, and one little black-stockinged French boy who contrived to look ill before the boat so much as started. In fact, he proved himself an excellent barometer, for hardly had the sirens hooped, the harbor walls and white cliffs slid away, before the boat began to roll distressingly.

Denning concentrated on his book. About twenty minutes before they were due at Dieppe practically everybody, in the grim and vain determination to be through the Customs first, had packed themselves on the staircase leading to the upper deck. There he caught sight of the girl squeezed like a sandwich filling between a woman with an umbrella and a man with a stomach, her face bereft of all color, her mouth still stubbornly set.

Crazy little coot she might be; she did not deserve this fate. He got up and pitched his cigarette overboard and managed to worm his way forward, and got her a little air by the simple expedient of using his easel as the woman next to Judy used her umbrella, with the added advantage of its extra spikes.

"Feeling all right?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Not particularly. I would have been if it hadn't been for them." She looked with a sort of sad reproach at her fellow passengers. Her face was really alarmingly tragic and white.

Please turn to Page 45



# REACH for the STARS

*Ambition falters at the call of love . . . continuing our brilliant serial of a girl who longed for fame . . .*

## THE STORY SO FAR:

**N**INETEEN-YEAR-OLD SARAH HURST, lovely only child of SIR BENJAMIN and LADY HURST, is desperately stage-struck and, refusing an offer of marriage from HUGH ASHTON, a country neighbor, she snatches eagerly at the promise of a part in a new play, offered by LEON FERRIER, a leading London producer.

Ferrier comes to Normanhurst, the Hursts' country home, to interview her parents; but as they refuse to let Sarah accept his offer she runs away with him, and they set out for London.

But they lose their way, and the car is bogged in a blinding snowstorm, and they are eventually rescued by DOMINIC STEEL, a young farmer, who takes them to his home nearby. He proves, however, to be no ordinary farmer, but a singularly attractive and unusual young man, and in no time Sarah finds her ambition strangely shaken.

When Dominic, next day, tells her that he loves her, she summons all her fast-ebbing confidence to retort lightly; but that evening, as they sit by the fire, Ferrier realises that she is deeply affected by this meeting with Steel.

## NOW READ ON:

**F**ERRIER had a feeling of impotent anger. He couldn't do anything, except play a waiting game. It had all seemed so easy last night. Fate played stupid and unflattering tricks sometimes. He had been a fool last night to lose his head. He had wanted Sarah to have success and applause first; then she would have turned to him in gratitude for her triumph. He was seized with impatience. How long would they be here? It was intolerable. He had work to do in London. Sarah should be rehearsing with the company. He moved impatiently.

Sarah was talking about the new play. It was obvious that Steel knew something about the work of Byron Brown, its author.

"How d'you get to see these things?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm up in town once or twice a year; I go and see the shows that interest me."

"What do you think of Brown's work?" Ferrier was not interested in Dominic's opinion. He was thinking of Sarah, Sarah, Sarah. Last night she had been infinitely desirable, but now she was a fever in his blood, because, in some inexplicable way, she was just out of reach. He was a little startled by Dominic's reply.

"I think his work is improving," he said. He pulled one of Rex's alien ears over his knee, and stroked it with a speculative finger. Rex blinked appreciative golden eyes. "At first he wrote showy tinsel to please the public. Now his work is getting down to earth, to real things, real people."

Illustrated by . . .  
KILGOUR

Ferrier glanced at him sharply. "I disagree with you. His first two plays were sure-fire successes. The last was tinged with the highbrow. This one is even more difficult. I've never met him. All his work comes through an agent; he never comes into a theatre. It is a blessing to find an author who leaves his producer alone. It will take me all my time to trim 'Unbidden Bloom' into a West End show. The public wants to be amused, tantalised, intrigued, perhaps shocked a little. But never really to think."

Sarah looked at him in surprise. "I thought you believed in being sincere with your author, Leon."

Ferrier shrugged. "I believe in being sincere with everybody. Up to a certain point. But a producer is in a way a salesman. He knows what the public wants. If young Mr. Brown, whoever he is, chooses to remain anonymous, he must abide by my judgment. I think it will be depressing to play upon the tragedy of the older woman in this play, even though Noreen will wring their hearts. I'm going to underline the younger girl's success. You, Sarah. Youth, triumph, loveliness personi-

fied—they'll forget their weeping in your triumph."

There was a little silence. Ferrier's words seemed to bring the expectant hush before a curtain rises into the room. Dominic said suddenly, "Tell me about it?"

Ferrier roughly sketched out the play. He was in his element here, with quick words, gestures and descriptions, bringing the play to life. Sarah leaned forward, lips a little parted, watching him. This was the Leon Ferrier that fascinated her—powerful, brilliant, clever. "It will be a matter of acting, not of altering the words. But the play will end on the girl's triumph, not on the woman's tragedy. Don't you think I'm right?"

"No," Dominic shook his head. "It is the girl's unconscious cruelty that makes the whole play. If you don't see that, you're misreading your author."

Leon's dark eyes flickered dangerously.

"Perhaps," he said, "the author's losing his popular touch."

*"You can't go away now, Sarah," Dominic whispered; then a call came down the hill slope.*

"Or perhaps he has outgrown you and your popular public."

Sarah rose, a little startled, feeling oddly that the two men were on the verge of a quarrel; again sensing the two-way tug on her sympathies and interests. They were so different. And yet, Leon must be right. He had experience; he knew. She felt that it was presumptuous of Dominic to challenge him.

She said lightly, trying to lessen the tension between them: "Well, if this mysterious Mr. Brown is too lazy to see his own plays produced he will just have to put up with things as they are." She smiled. "All I hope is that it is a success."

"That's all you hope, isn't it, Ferrier?" Dominic's voice had a note of irony.

"Of course. And it will be." Dominic rose, tapping out his pipe on the hearth, then he straightened up, looking directly at Sarah. "I don't think you're quite right though. Producing isn't an author's job. If he finds a producer who

By **MARY HOWARD**

does justice to his work, he should stick to him. If he outgrows him, they should part company."

Sarah said defiantly: "I don't think you know anything about it. Mr. Ferrier is at least speaking from experience."

Dominic laughed. "We all seem to be getting hot and bothered about nothing." He reached for his heavy oilskin, and swung it over his shoulders. "I'm going to see the stock. In case you go to bed, I'll bid you good-night."

Leon said sneeringly: "You don't think Miss Hurst needs your protection to-night, then?"

Sarah flushed. "Don't be absurd, Leon."

Dominic's eyes went to Sarah—a direct, unwavering glance. "No, I don't think so. We all seem to know each other a little better to-night."

He took the lantern off the hook and went out. There was a moment's silence. Leon turned to her, his good-looking dark face half amused, half-exasperated.

**"I**M sorry, Sarah. I didn't mean to say that. He got under my skin."

"Teaching you your business," she smiled sympathetically. "It was maddening. Never mind; you have the satisfaction of knowing that he doesn't know what he's talking about. Well, I'll turn in. Good-night, Leon."

"Good-night, darling. Heaven hope this snow will thaw to-morrow and we'll get away."

"Amen to that," she said gravely. Get away—on the road to London, away from this infuriating, mocking, disturbing young man. Back to ambition and sanity. She gave him her hand, and he dropped a light kiss on it, watching her go quickly up the stairs. His mouth set a little grimly. Teaching him his business? It wasn't that. He could have stood that. But that the boy with his devil's confidence should have known that he would not dare to make love to Sarah to-night!

Sarah slept restlessly, troubled by a recurring dream. She was escaping, always, and a door would clang shut behind her, and then, frustrated and unhappy, she would realise that everything she wanted was on the other side of the door; and she couldn't get back. She awoke to find the sunshine flooding through her window, awoke startled by a sharp noise she had heard.

The dream was still with her. It was this delay in getting to London—the clang of the door at Normanhurst behind Ferrier—but a very real rattle of pebbles against her window brought her out of bed.

The snow was still thick, but the sky was blue and cloudless, the air frosty. Standing beneath her window was Dominic in his sweater and riding breeches; by his side a fair-sized, sturdily built sled.

She pushed up the window, and the cold air struck her thinly-clad body, a shaft of sunlight touched her tumbled hair.

"Wake up, it's late," he said. "Let's take the toboggan down the hill before breakfast. I've finished the work."

She regarded him seriously, green-gold eyes hazed with sleep.

"You're crazy."

"You are if you don't come. By ten the snow will begin to thaw and you will be on your way to London, fame and fortune, and I shall never see you again."

"Beast!"

"Come down, Sarah."

She couldn't resist. Hurriedly she bathed and dressed, and went out into the snow.

Everything was glistening white in the frosty sunshine. When they went into the fields, through the farm gate, towing the sled behind them, the trees and hedges were blossoming with silvery white. Beyond the farm the fields dipped steeply into a moorland valley—far below a shepherd's hut looked like a little black box with a white roof, and the bark of a sheep-dog echoed high and thin across the snow. Rex leaped wildly along by their side.

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# THE EMPTY FLAT

By Carter Dickson



Illustrated by  
WYNNE  
W. DAVIES

HERE it was, the confounded radio going again.

Chase put down his pen. For some minutes he had had a vague idea that there was a disturbance going on somewhere, and suddenly it broke into his thoughts with intolerable loudness from the flat below. A Study of the Royal Exchequer and its Custodians from 1660 to 1688 may not be a popular subject on which to be writing a thesis, but it requires concentration. Douglas Chase, Ph.D., F.R.Hist.S., poked his head out of a mass of books like a dazed turtle.

This thesis—if he won the prize—meant a great deal to him. It meant a full professorship at an American university, and a salary amounting to nearly two thousand pounds a year.

"I think your chances are very good," a colleague had told him that afternoon. "All the same, I wish we knew a bit more about K. G. Mills."

For the only serious competition seemed to come from a man named K. G. Mills. Chase had never met K. G. Mills, about whom, in fact, there was some element of mystery. But his attainments looked formidable; and among Chase's friends the very name of Mills had become a huge and legendary symbol of villainy. Now that concentration was most necessary to beat Mills, the tenant of the flat below had decided to let his radio run mad.

First of all Chase cursed the construction of modern flats. His own was a modest two-room affair on the first floor of a new block near Primrose Hill. Tenants had filled it like flies for the rents were modest. But the thinness of the walls was remarkable. Through those walls you could hear clocks strike and the pointed comments of your neighbor's wife when her husband came home

"It's only fair that you should both hear the evidence," said Colonel March, eyeing the young couple keenly.

late. And now it was radios, at an hour approaching midnight.

A fair-minded man, Chase tried to shut his ears against the noise. But the tenant of the ground-floor flat seemed to have a partiality for the shrillest dance bands switched on at full volume. When at length he had read the same page three times without understanding a word, he decided that something would have to be done about it.

He got up and started for the door. Except for that radio, the whole building seemed unusually quiet. As a rule it was a shell of echoes, throwing back each gritty-sounding footstep or hum of the lift. He met nobody going down concrete stairs, where a faint mist had got into the passage which led to flat 10, directly below his own. And the passage was in darkness.

Trouble with the lights again, he supposed. He struck a match and groped his way down the passage. Flats 10 and 11, set side by side, occupied the end of the wing; and the music on the radio had now become a loud, confused mumble. Wondering who occupied number 10, he held the flame of the match up to the visiting-card stuck in its slot on the door. Then Douglas Chase struck another match in a hurry, and stared.

The card read: K. G. Mills. Chase studied it incredulously. The thing was a coincidence, no doubt. It was impossible that this should be the formidable K. G. Mills of legend. But it gave him a start to meet the name both on duty and off, and he almost turned away from

the door. But the radio decided him.

"Yes, yes, yes!" called a female voice—and he was conscious of a sudden suspicion. "Just a moment, please!"

The door was dragged open. In the little green-painted entrance hall he faced a woman who could not be more than twenty-three or twenty-four, a woman with a hurried manner and ink-stained fingers.

"Yes, yes, yes?" she inquired. "Oh, lord," muttered Chase. He added, on a last hope: "May I speak to Mr. Mills?"

The girl's manner changed.

"I am Mr. Mills," she said with cold dignity. "That is, I mean," she frowned and drew herself up, "to speak with academic accuracy, my name is Kathleen Gerard Mills and I am the only Mills present at the

moment. Oh, you know what I mean; but I have some terribly important research work to do, and I have been driven to such annoyance by an insufferable radio in the flat above me that I am hardly able to say what I do mean."

Chase could hardly believe his ears.

"Madam," he said, "I am the tenant of the flat above. And I do not own a radio. In fact, I came down here to protest about yours."

Kathleen Mills' eyes, rather bemused with study, now woke up. "But I don't own one either," she said.

She folded her arms gravely.

frowned, and assumed the argumentative posture known to all dons.

"This is extraordinary," she declared. "That detestable cacophony is obviously coming from somewhere. Assuming the truth of your statement, as I suppose we must, Mr.—"

"Chase," he said half-guiltily. "Dr. Chase. That is, University College, you know."

"Oh, my hat!" said the girl, shocked into naturalness.

They stood and stared at each other. Then Kathleen Mills, her color higher, only tightened the grip on her folded arms. She spoke with great dignity.

"How do you do?" she said formally. "While I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, Dr. Chase, I am afraid that in fairness I must take this opportunity of saying to you that I believe your views on Episcopacy in Scotland to be the merest rubbish. Indeed, as I pointed out in the 'Quarterly Survey,' you hardly even appear to have heard of Nottingham's Comprehension Bill." She added, half annoyed, "And where is your beard? I thought you would have a beard. We all pictured you as having a beard."

"I must disagree with you," said Chase. "I do not refer to the beard, but to the earlier part of your remarks. And if you would do me the honor of joining me in a coffee

—or beer," he added doubtfully. "You drink beer?"

"Of course I drink beer," said the girl. "And I should love to. But I was thinking about this intolerable noise. As I say, it must come from somewhere."

It did. They heard it all about them, more muffled but very insistent. In the quiet of the big building at past midnight it had an effect that verged on the eerie. His eyes wandered to the dark door of number 11 beside them.

"What about the flat next door?"

"I had thought of that," she admitted, rather too quickly. "My

first idea was that it came from there. But that—well, it's an empty flat: the only empty flat in the building. And it seems unlikely that anybody would be operating a radio in an empty flat."

"You're sure nobody has moved in?"

"I am accustomed," she said warily, "to verifying my facts before making a statement. I know nobody has moved in."

A stir of uncertainty touched Chase: the vision of a radio playing in a dark and empty flat was what he would have called an irrational one. The girl went on speaking.

"Superstition attaching to mere dead walls and plaster is foolish. We're rational beings, Dr. Chase; at least, I hope we are. Suppose a deed of violence is done in a certain house. Well! The house is torn down to make room for another—say a block of flats. Even suppose you do believe in emanations or influences, as I do not. Is there any reason why those influences should be present in a certain one flat on the ground floor, and not in any of the flats above? It is absurd."

"Look here," Chase asked quietly. "What are you talking about?"

"Well—that flat next door. It appears that dozens of people have looked at it, and all of them have refused to take it. I'm sure I can't imagine why. There is nothing wrong with it. It's just the same as twenty others; Mr. Hemphill, the letting-agent, swears it is. But an absurd rumor has gone round that something horrible moves into it at night, and doesn't leave until morning. I told my trustee; that's Arnos Wilson, the barrister, you know; he's looked after things for me since my father died; and he was very much interested. He ridiculously tried to make jokes and frighten me about it. But, after all, you know, I do sleep on the other side of the wall."

THOUGH she smiled, the whites of her eyes had acquired an odd kind of luminousness, and she spoke with a greater rapidity. Beside the door in the angle of the wall was the tiny door of the service-hatch to flat 11. Chase pulled it open. The inner door of the box-like hatch was also open. And now there could be no doubt.

"Yes, the radio is in there," he said. "Hear it?"

"And—what is to be done about it?"

"Why, I'll crawl through the service-hatch and shut it off," Chase said simply.

He just managed to worm through. It was not a dignified business, stuck there with legs in the air, but he did not concern himself with that. Before he dived through the service-hatch he had accidentally touched Kathleen Mills' hand; and the hand was cold.

The entrance hall of flat 11 was dark. It smelt of mist and raw paint, and it even felt unused. He was coming closer to the core of noise, the enigmatic wireless mumbling in the dark. It appeared to be in the living-room ahead.

A grey window moved out at him, then a glass-pannelled door. He opened the door of the living-room, meeting the noise full-blust.

An edge of a street-lamp touched two misted windows. Down in the corner by the fireplace he saw a dim shape and a tiny glowing light. For such a volume of noise it was quite a small radio, one of those convenient affairs which can be carried about by hand. It was connected to a base-plug in the wall. He switched it off; and silence descended like an extinguisher-cap.

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## A Complete Short Story



# IRENE MARRIES



**I**RENE'S twin sister Ellen married for love. That was how the trouble began. It had been fun doing things for Irene when she was poor—slipping her a frock—including her in the fortnight in Cornwall—squeezing her into the two-seater. Ellen and Alan were perfectly charming to Irene, and loved being charming; but it wasn't at all the same when Irene married money. She married such a lot of it.

She married Sebright, who was a director of the company by which she had been employed. Until her marriage Ellen and Alan had been quite well off, but with the pealing of Irene's wedding bells they became suddenly poor. That is to say, relatively poor; and there is no relativity of poverty more apparent than that which exists between relatives. Especially twins.

Ellen's altered state might have been endurable had Irene accepted her sudden wealth as a bit of astounding luck. But she didn't. She behaved as if it were the most natural thing in the world to have motor-cars and frocks and a five-hundred-pound pearl necklace. She even took Sebright in her stride, and Sebright really was a bit of a pill. His figure was against him. It was a wide figure and drooped.

Alan, of course, was straight as a mast and ravishing to look at. A grand person to be married to, but he wouldn't have been any the less attractive with a larger banking account. He didn't seem to realise that. A man is always slower to appreciate his poverty than a woman; especially the kind of man who is confident that he is very well off.

Irene's wealth left him entirely unmoved. It stirred no ambition. He simply would not see.

Sometimes Ellen secretly reproached herself for envying Irene; but there it was, and human nature being what it is there it was likely to remain. Alan was grand, but he did not aim high enough. His contentment was truly shocking.

The crowning resentment came with the news that Sebright had rented a villa at Monte Carlo for the season. Ellen tried to conceal her jealousy, but it was not a very effective attempt, and even Alan saw through it.

"I'll bet they don't have half as good a time as we shall have in Cornwall next summer," said he.

"But they can have that, too!"

Besides, Cornwall! Hop-ping about on the rocks in an old pair of shorts! Prawning! Going out in a tarry boat fishing! Fun, yes; but so different.

Then, out of the blue, came the invitation.

Ellen was palpitant when Alan returned from the office that evening. Of course they wouldn't be able to go. For one thing she had nothing to wear, and Alan wouldn't be able to get away from his work—but if only they could!

Alan was not particularly bright, but he had enough sense to realise that a woman's enthusiasms cannot be dismissed without courting disaster.

**"We don't dine until ten," Irene said in her most patronising manner.**

"No harm finding out what can be done," he said. Acquiescence was the last thing she expected. She had imagined that he would shake his head and embark on one of those "Sorry, old thing," monologues which are the despair of wives. But since he offered no obstruction she was more or less driven to supply it herself.

"The fares alone, darling."

"Wouldn't cost much if we took the car."

"All that way in Elizabeth!"

"Why not? She's good for another forty thousand miles—at least."

"Darling, do you honestly think we could?"

"I'll see what they say."

It was hard to fall asleep that night without knowing what "they" were going to say. The longing—the anxiety!

Next morning he called at the bank to make inquiries, and the result was disappointing. The whole thing looked like a washout. But in Cornwall he met a friend who was a broker on the Baltic.

**"H**OW'S commodities?" he asked. "Wheat's strong, and due for another rise. Get many's been buying. Want a gamble?"

Alan wavered. Wheat was risky at the best of times. Then he remembered Ellen's eager "I'll only we could."

"Half a load of Winnipeg July, and sell me out at a two cent rise."

"Right."

He hurried on, fearful he might change his mind and cancel the order.

At the office he met Pender, the senior partner. "How about letting me get away for a fortnight?" he suggested brightly.

"What's the matter? Ill?" said Pender.

"No. Fit as a flea. But my wife's sister has a villa in Monte Carlo and—"

"She'll take it hard if I turn you down?"

"Well . . ." said Alan.

"All right, and don't forget to send me some tangerines."

Alan could hardly wait for the American market to open.

At four o'clock he rang up the Baltic. Yes, Winn-



# MONEY...

By ROLAND  
PERTWEE

per was up one and three-quarter points but the tone was a bit bearish. "Sell me out," he almost shouted. After paying commission he was thirty-odd pounds to the good. The trip was on.

During the three days before their departure Ellen was dizzily employed borrowing frocks from her girl friends. Poor she might be, but she was blithered if she was going to look it.

Ellen's girl friends weighed in nobly. They experienced a kind of vicarious pleasure from the knowledge that their pretty frocks would appear in places to which they themselves were denied access.

And so by road to Newhaven, where a crane picked up Elizabeth and dropped her in the steamer's pocket.

The stars were winking saucily as they steamed past the light at the end of the jetty into the rough and tumble of the Channel. A driven spray wetted their faces as arm in arm, they stood by the rail.

"Oh, darling, I was never so happy," said Ellen; and five minutes later had ceased to be happy and was sick.

So Alan took her below, where they suffered together; which was as it should be, for, lo, they had taken each other for better or for worse.

And presently the steamer ceased to move beneath them and was still; while, overhead, an endless chain ground through its guides in the lumbering darkness. On and on it grumbled until at last it lifted the dawn into the sky—a primrose streak behind a bastion of roofs and spires on the eastern hillside. And it was day.

Alan was most efficient with some frightfully schoolboy French, showing superb calmness in the presence of what appeared to be a section of the French army which had gathered round Elizabeth. So that in less than no time the tarpaulin was off, the tank filled, and away they went in happiness on what they both felt was the wrong side of the road.

It was like a second honeymoon, and, but for the fact that they had over seven hundred miles to go, they might have lingered at any of the little places on the way. It was at Avallon they finally stopped—proud in the knowledge that one-third of France was devoured, and that, with every mile they travelled south, spring was hurrying to meet them.

They stopped at the Hotel de la Poste, where, for a few shillings, a common man may eat like a prince and sleep like a log in the very room where once Napoleon had rested his tireless brain.

Never before had they eaten food of such excellent devising, or consumed pale wines so admirably adapted to wash it down. And what with that and the rest and the miles they had eaten up, they mounted the stairs in a state of glowing fullness and fatigue.

"Just think," said Ellen, as Alan put out the light, "a little more than a hundred years ago Napoleon blew out his candle in this very room."

"Poor chap," said Alan. "He wasn't as lucky as I am."

Ellen sighed and snuggled contentedly. "But doesn't it make you feel as if you, too, might conquer the world?"

"And finish off at St. Helena? No, it doesn't."

It was no use trying to awaken ambition in a man like that.

They woke to find pandemonium let loose beneath their window. It was market day, and dozens of stalls, laden with merchandise, had sprung up during the night. So out of bed

they hurried, tumbled into their clothes and went a-buying. They bought two berets with extravagant colored linings, and two corduroy coats which looked none the worse for fitting nowhere.

Thus arrayed, they took to the road and continued their journey, singing duets and talking great nonsense.

The midday meal was taken at Macon, Chez Bertin; where may be had food only to be described in verse. And here they abandoned themselves to an orgy of gluttony. They ate themselves into a state of plethora, so that the long run to Avignon was conducted in a sighful and dizzy silence.

Darkness had set in when they ran beneath the walls of the Papal Palace and came to the hotel. Ellen did not wait to help Alan unload the car. She said: "I'm going straight to bed. I feel rather 'ick."

Ellen continued to feel "ick" throughout the following day. And since that sensation is not most comfortably endured in a small car the loveliest part of their journey was conducted with her eyes tightly closed, and with a slight feeling of resentment against Alan for not being able to run to a better car.

Nor was this feeling diminished when, late that evening, they reached Irene's villa and saw before its golden facade the sumptuous pew saloon which Sebright had given Irene for Christmas.

Irene herself, gloriously garbed, came languidly down the steps to meet her twin.

"How clever of you to have arrived in time for dinner. Just imagine that funny little car bringing you all this way," she said.

A streak of color crept into Ellen's cheeks as she offered them to Irene's kiss.

Alan said:

"Ellen's not quite the thing. It was darn plucky of her to insist that we didn't stay another night on the road."

"**P**oor pet!" said Irene. "She must have had rather a shaking up. I can't imagine why you didn't come on the Train Bleu."

"Wouldn't run to it," said Alan shortly, and drove Elizabeth towards the garage.

"Confound the woman," he thought. "A year ago she wouldn't have turned up her nose at a side-car."

Irene slipped an arm through Ellen's and pointed at the bay.

"Look, darling! Did you ever see such a view? It was that that made me persuade Sebright to take the villa."

Ellen favored the view with a black and disagreeable frown. She did not feel that Irene was entitled to regard it proprietorially. Also she was angry at the patronising way Elizabeth had been treated. She did not want to be ashamed of Elizabeth, and Irene had made her a little ashamed.

"Where's Sebright?" she said.

"At the Sporting. He usually plays between six and eight. Baccarat—the big table, you know. He's had the most amazing luck lately. He won the car at baccarat."

"I'll go in and unpack," said Ellen.

"No, no, the servant'll do that. Come and have a champagne cocktail."

The girls went into the lounge.

"We don't dine until ten. I've told Sebright to bring you some orchids," said Irene in her most up-stage manner as Ellen sank wearily on to a couch.

Alan appeared.

"I'll stroll round for half an hour. You two must have bags of things you want to talk over."



Illustrated  
by  
WEP

Near the Sporting Club he found a florist and bought some gardenias for Ellen. They were the nicest flowers he had ever bought for her.

Presently he found himself before the windows of a jeweller. He was looking for something which would cost about a fiver, for the morrow would be Ellen's birthday.

The jeweller's window was divided into two sections—brilliant and ordinary. In the brilliant section was a brooch of diamonds mingled with cabochon rubies and emeralds. The price was twenty thousand francs. At a fiver Alan would have bought it unhesitatingly. With a sigh he diverted his attention to the ordinary section. And there he saw a little watch to clip in the buttonhole. It had a thick crystal face which magnified the hands very pleasantly. Seven hundred and fifty francs was the price. He went in and bought it. Going out he collided with Sebright, who slapped his back heartily.

"So you've arrived! First rate, splendid, capital!"

Sebright had a habit of saying the same thing in three ways. He crushed Alan's hand in a bounteous grip.

"Glad to see you—delighted—couldn't be more pleased." His eyes sparkled mischievously from beneath two imposing mounds of superorbital fat. "Been buying for the missus—a gewgaw—a trinklet? Same thing brought me here—absolutely." And he turned to one of the salesmen with a torrent of ungrammatical French.

The burden of his remarks was that he was prepared to spend plenty, but he expected to get plenty for what he spent. Over his shoulder he remarked:

"Look you like the devil, these fellows—skin you alive—absolute buccaneers."

Dazzling jewels were displayed on a cloth of beige velvet. Among them was a bracelet in baguette diamonds. Sebright tossed it to Alan for inspection. What did he think? "Nice piece, eh? Good quality! Never any good buying junk. A woman always rumbles you if you do. Very well, I'll take it. Send along the bill to the villa. You know me? Everybody here knows me. Got your passport handy? Good, we'll drop into the club and fix up your membership. Irene can always change the thing if she doesn't like it. By the way, what did you buy for Ellen? Must look round for something myself."

Alan did not answer the question. He had no desire to expose his gift to derision or patronage. A conviction assailed him that his presence in the jeweller's had resulted in Sebright spending more than he had originally intended.

Alan thought, "What a swab the fellow is! A proper bounder!"

Alan watched disapprovingly as Ellen fastened Sebright's flowers to her frock.

Sebright's method of introducing him to the club, with a hand on the shoulder which seemed to say, "Don't be rattled, I'm behind you," was singularly galling. "And if you want to cash a cheque," he said, "I'll put in a word for you. They'd do anything for me."

"Good," said Alan, "then I hope they won't mind if it comes back R.D'd."

Sebright paused in his paces.

"Why, how's that? A bit short? Pinched for the ready?"

Alan shook his head.

"No, rather flush, as a matter of fact. We have about twenty quid to blow; which is more than either of us has ever whacked out before in a single week."

He could not avoid giving emphasis to a sum which he knew was contemptible in his brother-in-law's eyes. A gay vaunting of poverty was a just retaliation to Sebright's ostentatious wealth.

And so home to dress for dinner. He found Ellen, in nothing very

much, looking wistfully through the window.

"Got you a nosegay," he said.

She removed the wrappings and gasped.

"But, darling, they're lovely!"

They were, too. It was unlucky that a maid should have chosen that moment to bring Sebright's gift of orchids. As Ellen pointed out, one didn't want to offend the man.

Alan's mouth hardened.

"It's the one thing I do want to do. However!"

He tossed the little spray of gardenias through the window.

"Alan!"

"Well, why not? I didn't buy the darn things to spend the night in a tooth glass."

He turned his back and entered the bathroom. He became contrite while shaving and called out:

"I'm sorry."

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## Irene marries money

Continued from Page 9

**B**UT Ellen was not ready to forgive. Perhaps because her tummy was upset by foreign food, or because he had never done a thing like that before, or because she was busy doing her eyelashes with some of the blue stuff that Irene had lent her. So she said nothing.

Alan went through a second door to his dressing-room. He thought, "This is no good." So he dressed quickly and went back to her.

Ellen was posed before a cheval glass. She was wearing a stylish frock, cut very low in the back—a peach of a frock.

"Hallo! Where did you raise that?" he asked.

"Irene lent it me."

The words were like a cold, cold douche.

"Seems a pity, then, that we flattened out Elizabeth's springs bringing all that other gear."

Ellen swung round on him.

"I don't know what's the matter with you. You've never minded my borrowing frocks from Nell or Kitty."

"Isn't that rather different, or is Irene going to show up to-night in one of yours?"

"You're just trying to be impossible," said Ellen.

"Not a bit. Praps I could get

good old Sebright to lend me a pair of his pants. Wouldn't take long to run a gusset up the back seam. Pity to miss any of the hospitality."

Ellen said, "The only pity is that I ever let you bring me here."

"That's odd. The same thing occurred to me. It was the way Irene turned up her nose at old Elizabeth that put the thought in my head."

Then Ellen said a very foolish thing.

"You can't blame people for being used to something better. If you weren't so wretchedly pleased with yourself, somebody else might have a few things to be pleased about." And with a contemptuous toss of the head she fastened Sebright's orchids to her frock.

Alan said, "For the first time in my life I'd like to put you across my knee, instead of on it."

But she was rescued from the danger of his carrying out the threat by the arrival of Irene with the news that Sebright would have to leave for Italy after dinner.

"That's the worst of big business. He never knows where he'll be from one day to another. Poor Alan, it's going to leave you at rather a loose end! We must try to find some-

body to play golf with you at Monte Agei."

There were several other guests at dinner. The conversation concerned itself with luck at the tables.

Ellen behaved with incorrigible brightness, but Alan scarcely spoke a word. From Sebright came the postulation: "Never make money at Chemmy unless you go out for the big stuff. Don't you agree with me, Alan?"

And Alan, who wasn't listening, said: "No."

He was not flattered at being called in as an authority on a subject about which he knew nothing. Besides, he was thinking of other things. Of how sorry he was that he and Ellen should have quarrelled. Of how, after all, it was tough luck that Irene should have so much and that she should have so little. Tomorrow would be her birthday, too, and it wasn't going to be much of a thrill getting that watch with Irene sparkling like a soda fountain in her bracelet of diamonds.

He should never have brought her to the Riviera. Bound to unsettle any girl. Perhaps he was rather a swab not to have gone out for bigger things. With a little more personal

drive it was quite possible that old Pender would offer him a junior partnership. He might still. The truth was that he simply hadn't asked—or worried. Suppose Ellen was right and he was too darned pleased with himself. It was unthinkable that their marriage should go on the rocks through anything so silly as comparative values.

He stole a glance at Irene, and had an impression of someone basking dazedly in the sun. She was no more in love with Sebright than his foot; but she had the other things. Ellen was in love, but she lacked those other things. A funny sort of muddle. Presently, when the novelty wore off, Irene would be hungry for love. And that hunger might upset her apple cart. Was a hunger for those other things going to upset Ellen's?

The meal over, the guests made their farewells. A footling little count kissed Ellen's hand.

"We shall meet at the Sporting. Yes?"

She shook her head. Three days in the car, strange food, and the row with Alan had got her down. Irene put an arm round her.

"She's going to have an early night. But you'll go, Alan?"

"It rather depends."

**E**LLEN banished fatigue sufficiently to put a shade of steel into her voice.

"I hope you will. Please do."

He felt that he had been dismissed. He would have followed her from the room, but Sebright collared him.

"Half a tick, old son—just a second—one minute. Want you to see that Irene gets that bracelet in the morning. Be a surprise for her—make up for my being away on her birthday."

Alan put it for safety in his suitcase and went down to the salon. Sebright had already gone. The twins were seated together on a divan. Ellen did not look up when he came in. He stooped to kiss her, and she offered him the point of her chin.

She said: "Come in quietly. I'm sure to be asleep."

"Right," said Alan. "Then I'll save up my tap dance until the morning."

After he had left the room Irene asked:

"Is anything wrong with you and Alan?"

"Heavens, no. Why?"

She might be having a dust-up with Alan, but was far too loyal to discuss him adversely, even with a twin.

"Oh, no reason. I dare say he feels a bit strange here and there."

"Strange? Why should he?"

"Out of his element."

Ellen really couldn't let that one pass. "Darling, you don't have to be top-heavy with me, surely. After all, we were just a couple of working girls. It's silly to pretend that you were born in a balloon."

But Irene had learnt the art of defence. She laughed lightly.

"You really do say the naivest things!"

Ellen's retort, "Naive my foot!" was not in good taste. It proved to Irene that, as a climber, Ellen had a long way to go. She said:

"Just because you've had a row with Alan is no reason for trying to take it out of me."

"Who said I had?"

Irene giggled a forefinger.

"Two spots of angry pink on the cheekbones—and several other things. But it wasn't frightfully good manners to show it in front of my guests."

"Oh, shut up!" said Ellen, and turned away.

Irene found one of her hazels and fondled it.

"It isn't that I don't understand Alan's a perfect pet, but he is rather an old stick-in-the-mud."

"Anyway, I wouldn't change him for a dozen Sebrights."

Irene could afford to ignore that.

"You're tired, sweet. Why not go to bed?"

But Ellen sprang to her feet with an air of resolution.

"How can we be so silly—both of us—all of us? I'm going out. I'm going to find him. I'm going to tell him I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what?"

"Wearing these beastly orchids of course." And running through the french window she searched the shrubbery before the villa until she found the spray of gardenias.

Ellen was somewhat awed by the magnificence of the Sporting Club. The presence of so many important people temporarily made her forget the object of her visit. It was her first contact with celebrities. Hitherto she had regarded them more as the subject of cartoons than as human beings.

She had intended changing into one of her own frocks to please Alan, but in such august company she could not choose but be glad that she hadn't. Taking her cue from Irene, she suppressed excitement and tried to assume an air of bored indifference. Together they searched the rooms, moving languidly from table to table, and attracting many favorable glances. But Alan was nowhere to be found.

A memory of the suicides for which Monte Carlo is famous put a shade of panic into Ellen's voice.

"But where could he be. If he isn't here?"

Irene suggested the Casino. She collected Ellen's entrance card at the bureau downstairs, and together they walked through the floodlit gardens towards the Casino.

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So if you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately! Very often, he'll tell you it's only a warning that your gums have grown tender because our soft-food menus deny them the vigorous chewing

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## IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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# Goings of the Week by Miss Midnight



• TEN DAYS after they first met Jean Kennedy and Lieut.-Commander George Reynolds, R.N., dance at Prince's . . . and announce their engagement.



• BETTY KING, Margaret Whitford and Anne Brown-Craig get their heads together at Comforts Fund meeting for Czechoslovakian soldiers.



• DINNER FOR TWO . . . Lesley Turner pines a water-lily atop her head and dines with Austin Coghlan at Prince's.



• ALL ABOARD the Ghost Train . . . Joan McGrath and Rosemary Waddy aren't late they will be able to hold on till the end of the trip, even though it's in aid of Lord Mayor's Fund.

## Piano capers . . .

BRUSH up my scant knowledge of symphonies and sonatas (some socialite concertgoers don't know the difference, anyway), and call upon Eunice Gardiner. Get myself all tangled up on stairs of her Bondi flat with pieces of a Bechstein concert grand, which is just being delivered.

In the well-poised, charming young woman who pours my tea and chats gaily of Royalty I find little resemblance to the shy little 18-year-old who left Sydney four years ago.

She has been complimented by the Queen on her performance, has played at the homes of Dowager Lady Swaythling; Adele, Countess Cadogan; Lady Winifred Elwes; Lady Chalmers, and played arrangements for two pianos with Sir Thomas Beecham.

Eunice will play at Lady Gowrie's Red Cross concert at Albert Hall, Canberra, on April 20.

In August she will appear as solo pianist with Beecham.

## By airmail . . .

NEWS in London . . . Lord and Lady Gifford have taken a flat adjoining their own in Dolphin Square and fitted it out as a nursery. Lady Gifford is very well.

## Five hundred women . . .

IMAGINED that as soon as Easter was over all the country visitors would scurry homewards . . . but no! There are 500 women in town for Country Women's Conference.

This is one day's programme . . . the entire 500, plus metropolitan members, take morning tea at Government House, attend opening of Handicraft Exhibition, enjoy late afternoon party at Elaine, and meetings at night.

No one is allowed to go astray en route to Mrs. Hubert Fairfax's party at Elaine. Printed directions are issued to all, stating length of journey, direction, cost, and time special trains will call to take everyone home.

And at tram stop near Elaine stands self-styled policeman, Mrs. Carty Salmon, complete with C.W.A. armband.

Mrs. Vincent Fairfax assists Mrs. Hubert in entertaining. Meandering down to waterfront I meet Mrs. D. Armit, who, I gather from a few minutes' conversation, is somewhat tired of being known as "Sister of the author of 'Warning to Wantons'." She is also daughter of Lady Mitchell, first Victorian president of C.W.A.

Say "Hello" also to Mrs. Archie Gemmell, Mrs. David Lindsay, Mrs. Colin Venn, Mary Yeo, Mary White, Mrs. T. Clyne.

## Absent without leave . . .

STILL wondering how those three soldiers fared who took tea and scones with Lady Wakehurst at St. Andrew's Hut the other day.

This is the story . . . Lady Wakehurst pays an informal visit to the hut and joins three soldiers at one table for afternoon tea. Press camera appears and they are photographed, the soldiers too embarrassed to tell the Governor's lady—charming though she is—they would much rather not be photographed with her because all three are A.W.L.

## Managing bride . . .

MEET charming Josephine Hayes dashing along Pitt Street in search of sewing machine . . . new one for her future home. Not only can Josephine sew, cook, and clean, but for nine years she has managed Neranghi, her own sheep station of 10,000 acres, near Brewarrina.

She will continue looking after Neranghi after her wedding to Alastair Mackenzie, which takes place at Shore Chapel this Wednesday. The property is about 10 miles from Charlton, Tarcoona, which will be the future home of the bride and groom.

Bridal color scheme is all-white. Bridesmaids are Judith Hayes and Mary Williamson, of Peak Hill. With her white lace gown Josephine will wear a Mackenzie crest brooch—previously worn by three generations of Mackenzie brides.

## Waists and cream cakes . . .

DROP in at fashion parade at Trocadero . . . in aid of the Finns again . . . and decide it's simply no use trying to be in the fashion this year unless one has a waist. A very small waist.

Cream cakes are then put before me for afternoon tea, and I decide that p'raps I'll begin to think seriously about waists . . . next week.

Spy Lady Kater, Lady Anderson, Mrs. Bill Owen, and Mrs. Malcolm Body also toying with cream cakes.

Watching parade is former mannequin, Elizabeth Morris Edwards (now Mrs. Don Hudson), who tells me she's entirely given up modelling for domesticity. Has a flat in Edgecliff and can turn out a neat line in pickles. Cooking efficiency verified by West Australian visitor Mrs. Morris Loton, who has been Elizabeth's guest.

## About weddings . . .

AILSA CULLEN, married in England a few days ago to James Bragg, of Sussex, probably will leave for Sydney in about two months. She has known the bridegroom since their schooldays.

Mostly country people among 50 guests at St. Mark's when Joan Read, of Cummoek, marries Bob Meares, of Forbes. Include the Jim Martins (Young), Wallace Meares' (Forbes), John Warrys (Orange), Barbara Lee (Molong), Arthur Sharpe (Forbes).

Set of travelling cases is useful wedding gift from bridegroom to his bride.

## Seen around town . . .

SMART young matrons, Mesdames Graham Body and Tom Luxton, admiring study of surfing sun-god at Miniature Camera Group Exhibition.

Threesome supping at Romano's . . . Melbourne's Sandra Baillieu, Ian Sinclair and his sister, Mrs. Sam Osborne.

Louise Dare dancing in black net dinner frock, bodice decorated with sequins in the star-spangled manner.

## And heard . . .

HERSEY BROOKES is expected shortly to announce engagement to tall, handsome Englishman now in Melbourne. Name of Don Langley, member of famous Walker Cup golf team, and a double Cambridge Blue.



• ATTRACTIVE Janice Thompson, Burren Junction, goes autumn shopping and gets this smart brown felt beret.



• ICE COURTESY. Margaret Hoban assists Dorise Brown into skating boots for first round of Glaciarium season.



• WAITING for customers . . . Mrs. Sam Stirling and Vichi Gordon, flower-sellers at Minerva matinee in aid of Kindergarten Union Appeal.



• NOREEN DANGAR flies to Brisbane and takes her movie camera to keep a record of cousin Phyllis Bell's wedding to Peter Wills.



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## The Empty Flat

Continued from Page 7

**A**FTERWARDS there was nothing. No person, no movement, no sound beyond the creak of the floor when his heel pressed into it—until a fierce ringing at the outer doorbell made him jump. He hurried to the door, turned the knob of the spring-lock, and met Kathleen.

"You seemed to be gone a long time," she told him. "Well?"

"I've turned it off," he said. "There is a radio in there, and nobody to play it or listen to it. There doesn't seem any rhyme or reason why it should be there. But there's nobody here now."

He was wrong.

It was perhaps just as well that they did not know it then. In the dim light of seven o'clock next morning, workmen constructing a boundary wall round the building passed the windows of flat number 11 on the ground floor. Through the bedroom windows they saw a man huddled back into a corner as though he were trying to push himself through the wall. In appearance he was a short, stout, well-fed man, wearing an overcoat and a bowler hat. But he was dead. James R. Hemphill, letting-agent of the flats, identified him as Mr. Arnot Wilson, barrister, of 56 Harrow Avenue, N.W.3, and the doctor in attendance said that he had died of cardiac and nervous shock caused by fright.

Two days later, when the doctor's verdict was confirmed at a post-mortem by the Home Office Analyst, certain persons gathered in a room at New Scotland Yard.

The death of Mr. Arnot Wilson had caused a minor stir. In strictly limited circles Arnot Wilson was famous; as a "character," a persuasive lawyer, a rich after-dinner speaker, almost a public entertainer.

He lived alone, except for a cook and a man-servant, in a tall Victorian house in Harrow Avenue—not far from the block of flats where he was found dead. This house he kept too warm, with electric heaters blazing all day even in passages and in bathrooms; and almost too clean, for he was relentless to servants. Which made it all the more curious that he should be found dead of fright in an empty flat.

His body was found on Saturday morning. On Monday, Kathleen

Mills and Douglas Chase were summoned to Scotland Yard. In a firelit room overlooking the Embankment they were met by a man who introduced himself as Colonel March.

"This," he said, "must be the dozen time you have been troubled. But, as you understand, I must do it because my department is new to the case. I hope it does not upset you too much, Miss Mills?"

Kathleen bridled, as she always did at any hint of feminine weakness.

"I am not upset at all," she told him. "Mr. Wilson was one of my trustees. He managed the money my father left, what little there was of it. But I scarcely knew him. And—"

"You didn't like him?"

"I don't know," she replied, with an obvious struggle for honesty. "I've never been sure. All I know is that from the time I first knew him he never left off being facetious at my expense."

Suddenly she colored, sensing an atmosphere, and broke out with violence:

"Oh, I'm being a prig and a fool! And you know it don't you? But that's true. It was nothing but jokes, jokes, jokes; jokes about me, careers for women, our little scholar who has no boy-friends, never a pause, never a let-down in jokes. He was so tireless in it that sometimes he hardly seemed human. Don't you know people like that?"

Colonel March nodded gravely. Chase had not hitherto heard her speak with such frankness.

"Anyhow," she went on with a slight gesture, "there are some questions we—Dr. Chase and I—must get answered. Your people have questioned us for two days, and still we don't know anything. Chief Inspector—what's his name?—Chief Inspector Ames was too evasive. Will you answer me four straight questions?"

"If I can," said Colonel March.

"Thank you. Well, here they are. What time did Mr. Wilson die? Did he really die of fright? Why was that radio playing? And what on earth was he doing there, anyway? I happen to know he was horribly frightened of the dark."

Please turn to Page 52

## Irene Marries Money

Continued from Page 10

**A**LAN was seated on a high stool at the bar in the Salles Privees, a whisky and soda before him. He was pondering deeply upon his future. In this operation he was receiving a good deal of unsolicited aid from a young lady who wore a tightly-fitting black satin frock and a bracelet of not quite diamond bracelets. But where- as many ideas were passing through Alan's mind, the young lady seemed to possess but one. It is true that she concealed her purpose behind a glitter of smiles no less synthetic than the stones she wore, but her object was apparent.

Alan said: "With the best intentions in the world, my dear, I do wish you'd run away."

To which she replied, "Monsieur, you have the very lucky face. Yes." And taking the glass from his hand she raised it to her lips and pledged him.

It was not the happiest moment for Ellen to have timed her arrival. Alan was trying to recover his glass when she saw him. The young lady was making a playful attempt to keep it.

"Our loving cup—yes?"

Ellen's big eyes gave forth a shower of sparks. They were, in fact, in eruption when Alan saw her.

"Hallo, there!" he cried.

But Ellen was moving towards the door. He started in pursuit.

"What's up? What's the matter?"

Ellen's restraint was superb.

"My dear, nothing. I'm only too glad you're having such a good time."

Alan said, "Don't be such a fool! Matter of fact, I'm very glad you turned up when you did."

"So that I could see how well you are able to get on without me."

He grinned. "What awful bunk.

These places are all alike. Surely you don't imagine I was trying to pick the girl up."

"In that case, perhaps you'll take me home."

Alan hesitated.

"If you like, of course I will; but I'm coming back."

From Irene came a shocked, "Alan!"

"Well, why not? No sense coming all this way and getting nothing out of it." He turned to Ellen. "Besides, my dear, I'm in a reckless mood."

Ellen said, "Are you coming home, or are you not?"

"I'm not." He could be very obstinate on occasions. "I've a hunch about to-night. Maybe I'll regret it, but that's something I must find out for myself."

"You'll regret it all right. I can promise you that," she retorted, and he was on the verge of a hot retort when he saw something.

"Darling, the flowers I gave you!"

Ellen snatched the gardenias from her shoulder and thrust them into his hand.

"Give them to the girl friend."

She went, and Alan watched her go. He did not attempt to follow.

Ellen was lying in that part of the double bed usually occupied by Sebright. Her fingers were intertwined with Irene's.

"You did lock the door, didn't you?" she said.

"Yes, darling. How many more times?" Irene's voice was sleepy and a shade peevish.

"He's bound to come and look for me here when he finds our bed empty. If he knocks, you promise not to answer, don't you?"

"I have promised."

Please turn to Page 14

## NO-RUB QUIZ NO. 4

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## Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

### HELP FOR PARENTS

**"POPULATE or Perish"** is the cry of our politicians. When one thinks of the strain on the finances and the health of women, because they bear children, we find the real reason why Australia lacks infants.

Mothers-to-be and the mothers of tiny children meet with scant courtesy in the busy rush of modern life. There are few modes of travel available for women with babies in prams, and can the mother carry baby and do the shopping, too?

Most people desire children, but lack of the conveniences available to childless couples prevents young moderns from experiencing the joy and pleasure of parenthood.

If Australia really needs more babies, make parents proud, not ashamed, to be seen with children.

El for this letter to Mrs. J. Turnbull, P.O., Wagerup, W.A.

### CURIOUS CROWDS

I CANNOT understand why thousands of people rush into town every time a procession takes place. They arrive at the route at an early hour—often forgoing breakfast. They stand for hours in the sun, and fight a pushing, hustling crowd to maintain their position—just to see a procession which can be seen in papers or on the screen at a later date.

It makes them irritable and tired, and raises the accident possibility considerably.

Miss M. C. Floyd, 14 Clevedon Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

### UPSET ROUTINE

WHY do some women call on a friend at her office or other place of business "just for a second" that stretches into half an hour? This causes disorganisation in the daily routine.

Also they ring up, give a lengthy recital of their ailments or the children's latest pranks.

They seem to forget that they are holding up the line which should be kept strictly for business.

Men rarely offend in this way, so why should women?

Miss M. Bell, 19 George St., Sydney, S.A.

### VOTES OF THANKS

ISN'T it time we voted out prolonged votes of thanks to artists, lecturers, pianists, audiences and so on at public gatherings?

They only lengthen the night's entertainment to no advantage.

All the thanks necessary could be given by letter through a secretary.

M. Duval, 43 Bourke St., Melbourne.

### TOO RETROSPECTIVE

I THINK that women generally are more retrospective than men.

One meets them everywhere—women sighing over other loves and other more prosperous days.

If they continue in this way they will realise, too late, that the present has its compensations—that some day it may bring them happy, not sad, memories.

G. Wholohan, Mombana, Wallacia, N.S.W.

### NOT BUSINESSLIKE

AT women's committee meetings I have been amazed and amused at those who air private and personal matters. It must be very embarrassing for the office-bearers.

If men can conduct meetings on strictly businesslike lines, surely women can follow suit.

Mrs. G. Brooks, 85 Gould St., Balmain, N.S.W.



### Practical purpose or sentiment in keeping diary?

WHILE keeping a diary can be very interesting, Miss Boyce (23/3/40), it also has its disadvantages.

We are apt to put down our innermost thoughts, and there is always the risk of it coming into another person's hands.

Were a diary used solely as a



Records many memories.

chronicle of events it could serve a useful and interesting purpose.

However, few of us live leisured lives which will permit us to keep diaries.

Mrs. E. Ganter, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

### Refreshes memory

I THINK a diary is a wonderful idea, and I wish I had started one while I was young.

My husband has one, and, besides being very interesting, it is a real help at times when he wishes to refer to something that happened years ago.

Mrs. T. W. Ferguson, Bonnie Dell, Alieena, N.S.W.

### Out of fashion

TO keep a diary is a dear, old-fashioned habit that went out years ago.

I cannot imagine the modern girl bothering to write down all the things she thought during the day or her impressions of the people she met.

She probably would forget all about it for a fortnight or so, and certainly couldn't be bothered giving herself a headache trying to remember trivial incidents that had passed.

Miss N. C. Fraser, Bay St., Brighton, Vic.

### Mother's example

I KEPT a diary for several years in my childhood, and my young daughter loves to read it with me.

Although my modern child uses different slang terms from those with which my funny little youthful diary is sprinkled, the incidents I recorded are much the same as those which my daughter tells me of her daily work and play.

She is keeping her own diary now.

Mrs. N. Wood, South Tee, Adelaide.

### Helps friends

A DIARY is essential to friends living far apart.

In that way all news of interest is exchanged. How often, after a letter has been posted, does one think of something one should have written?

From a practical point of view, a diary can be helpful when it is necessary to recall names of people and places one has visited.

Mrs. D. Madden, Anderson Ave., Ashgrove, Brisbane.

### Can be boring

A DIARY is a very personal affair, and has little value beyond a sentimental interest.

The many travellers who keep detailed diaries of their wanderings become boring when they produce them for the entertainment (?) of their friends.

People who can make a travel diary really worth-while reading to the stay-at-homes are very few and far between.

James McLean, Lower Malvern Rd., Glen Iris, Vic.

### Why do women dislike to reveal age?

THE reason women fear to tell their age before sixty years, as Mrs. Dalton (23/3/40) says, is that they wish to be thought modern.

They go to so many parties and dances and make-up so skillfully that many appear younger than their years.

It is just vanity.

Mrs. M. Kaye, 16th St., c/o Milda P.O., Vic.

### Stay young

A WOMAN should make the most of her appearance, but why divulge her age?

The majority of the opposite sex like a woman to appear younger than her age, and many of us are able to accomplish this—creating the impression that we "have a long way to go."

Miss Joyce Hope, 12 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

### Harmless deception

IN most cases it is a harmless deception for a woman to refuse to reveal her correct age.

If anyone is impertinent enough to ask, a woman has a right to refuse to answer.

No one likes to be reminded of the march of time, and if we can camouflage it skillfully, so much the better. Nowadays a woman is as young as she looks and feels.

Thelma Steele, Cairns P.O., Qld.

### Jumble sale needs more than rubbish

ATTENDING a charity jumble sale recently, I was dismayed to see the collection of "rubbish" donated by the more fortunate.

Battered hats, shapeless shoes and cracked china were offered in the name of sweet charity—articles which should have ended their days beneath the owners' coppers years ago.

How much easier for workers and how much greater the financial success of these sales if the donors would give more consideration to the choice of donations.

Joan Graham, 50 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

### Curious friends

PEOPLE generally don't bother about how old a man is, so why should they be so curious about a woman's age?

"She's forty if she's a day" is a remark we often hear, and the astonishment that is registered if the person concerned can be proved to be less than forty is amusing.

How can we blame women, then, if they are not anxious to have candles on their birthday cakes once the sweet twenties are over?

Robert J. Kelly, Anzac Highway, Glenelg, S.A.

### No deception

OUR friends can easily tell how old we are, so what is the use of trying to deceive them?

Nothing is sillier or more pathetic than the woman who stays in the "thirties."

She succeeds in bluffing only herself.

Mrs. T. C. Thomas, Adelaide St., Hobart.

### May lose job

ONCE a woman is past thirty, she hesitates to tell her age if she is applying for a job.

"Too old" is the shattering answer that the applicant may get, so if she is lucky enough to look younger than her years she is wise to conceal them.

Miss Jean Finlayson, Beach St., Coogee, N.S.W.

### Do loud talkers disturb other travellers?

PEOPLE who talk loudly in trains and trams, Mrs. Wilcox (23/3/40), add to the general noise which frays our nerves so badly.

It is impossible to relax in a conveyance when above its rattle is heard the continual shrill chatter of two garrulous women.

They are usually embarrassingly frank about their personal affairs and even worse in their gossip about their friends.

A gag would be the only method of quietening them.

H. J. Seddon, Fifth Ave., St. Peters, S.A.

### Can share jokes

SOMETIMES the only outside interest that a housewife gets is her meeting with a friend in tram or bus, while on her way to do the family shopping.

If they discuss personal affairs rather loudly, it means that they have nothing to hide.

A family joke shared with a friend will cause a sympathetic smile from other passengers, whose journey has been lightened by the little interlude.

Miss Jessie O'Brien, Hawthorn Rd., South Caulfield, Vic.

### Gossip spreaders

TALKING loudly in trains or trams can prove a most dangerous habit.

A happy home I know of was nearly wrecked through the idle, loudly-voiced gossip of a woman neighbor.

Her "story" was told in a tram, and overheard by a friend of the family who was able to warn the people concerned.

She might not have meant to be vicious, but she undoubtedly enjoyed spreading what she called a "good piece of gossip."

Mrs. R. N. Byrne, Military Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

### £1 for Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

### CARELESS COIFFURE

IT is surprising to see so many women parading in city and suburbs with their hair "wet-set."

Personally, I think it is as bad as walking out with the "curlers" of a decade ago adorning one's head.

Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Pt. Rd., Huntley's Pt., N.S.W.

### CORRECT FAULTS

SHOULD a wife endeavor to cure her husband of bad habits? I think she should, always provided she does so in a tactful manner.

Bad habits are definite liabilities. Therefore, I feel that a wife is perfectly justified in trying to turn her husband's liabilities into assets.

Worthwhile husbands will accept with good grace well-meant wifely correction.

In any successful marriage both partners ought to be able to give and take such criticism.

T. Pitt, Robe St., Grange, S.A.

### NOT SO CLEVER

MANY of us love to buy a book with instructions for some handmade article which we copy.

We wear the finished garment for our friends to see, and are duly flattered by their comments on our cleverness.

Do we ever give the designers a thought?

Yet it is to them that the real credit is due.

B. Berry, Flat 4, Bermuda, 14 Foster St., St. Kilda S2, Vic.

### EARN WHILE YOUNG

IS it wise for children to grow up without having to earn anything for themselves?

I think it is a good plan to give a child an opportunity to work for something, even if it be only a few pence.

A knowledge of the fact that most things we get from life must be earned would thus be learned while a child is young.

N. Johnson, 85 Park Tee, Unley, S.A.

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Make-up and live! But first of all apply this perfect make-up base.

### Corinne Rose Cream

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1/6 and 2/6 Everywhere

"I EXPECT he'll make an awful scene and push the door in."

"I do hope not."

"He will. He's sure to. We've never been separated since we married. Fancy—daring to be seen talking to a woman like that!"

Irene banished sleep to satisfy curiosity. "But is Alan the sort of man who . . ."

"Who what?"

"Someone you can't trust, I mean?"

Ellen kicked Irene's shin as hard as she jolly well could. It hurt her toes dreadfully, but the pain was worth it.

"Aough!" cried Irene.

"Serve you right. It was a nasty thing to say. Of course I trust him. He wouldn't look at anybody else."

Not unreasonably Irene asked, "Then what have we barricaded ourselves in for?"

There was no really effective answer to that. So Ellen said:

"What's the time?"

"Oh, you don't want me to put the light on again."

But she did. It was after two o'clock. Ellen sat up in bed and nibbled her thumbs. She was very near to tears.

"What a beast he is not to come back. It's been my birthday now for two hours. Oh—w-w-hy d-d-doesn't he c-c-come ba-a-ack?"

The crying went on for an awfully long time. She cried herself to sleep.

"Thank goodness," thought Irene, for the sobs were more disturbing than Sebright's snores. They were less rhythmic.

Sunlight, filtering through the jealousies, was making a corrugation of golden bars on the bed-cover when Ellen stirred and moistened her lips. She leaned over to look at the time. A quarter to eight.

"He must have come in while I

## Irene Marries Money

Continued from Page 12

was asleep. Irene, shall I creep along and forgive him?"

Irene was all for it.

"For heaven's sake do," said she devoutly, "and for goodness sake don't come back and tell me about it."

"You are a misery," said Ellen, and padded off with bare feet.

Irene had just settled down with a grateful sigh when the door was flung open and Ellen's voice filled the room with a note of sleep-banishing anguish.

"He isn't there! He's stopped out all night."

Irene sat up in bed like a Jack-in-the-box. "It isn't true. Where did you look?"

"Where do you think I looked? The bed hasn't been slept in. He's been out all night. Oh, Alan! Alan!"

Irene leapt from bed and grappled Ellen to what in another ten years would be her bosom.

"DARLING, you've got to be brave. You've got to show that you don't care."

"But I do care!"

"You mustn't. He was never worthy of you—never. I expect he's been deceiving you for years."

"He hasn't. He hasn't had the chance. Oh. What am I going to do?"

"Divorce him, of course. What else? I dare say, when the shock's worn off, you'll see that this was really a blessing in disguise. You shall stop with us and we'll find somebody who is worthy of you—somebody like Sebright. . . ."

That was too much. Ellen shut her fists and beat them one against the other.

"I don't want Sebright. I want my Alan, and I've lost him. It's all your fault. I wish I'd never come here—I wish I'd never been born—I wish I was dead."

In the hush that followed this ap-

palling confession of despair came the sound of a man's shoes on the gravel below and a snatch of song, so carefree that it might have throbbed from the throat of a linn.

From Ellen came a barely audible "Alan," but it was Irene who took charge of the situation. Flinging open the french windows she stepped on to the balcony and shouted:

"Ho! Where do you think you're coming?"

Alan saluted her with a shameless smile.

"Home with the milk and the bacon. You are an early bird. Is Ellen about?" And without waiting for a reply he entered the house with a hop and a run.

Irene darted in like lightning and thrust Ellen through the door of the dressing-room.

"Leave him to me," she insisted. But Ellen was back again by the time Alan appeared. It was remarkable how uncrumpled he looked, even in the strong sunlight.

"So this is where you are hiding," said he. "Happy birthday, twins. Your old Croesus asked me to give you this," and he tossed the gift to Irene.

Considering her indignation, she caught it skilfully. She said, "When I've looked at it, I shall have something to say to you, young man."

It was characteristic that she dealt with matters in the order of their importance. But Alan was moving towards Ellen with the love-light in his eyes.

"Keep away, don't touch me," she cried.

Alan blinked. "Why not? What's up?"

From Irene, who had opened the case, came a gasp of delight.

"Oh, look! Will you look?"

But Ellen wouldn't look. She was looking at Alan, with a glance that was intended to wither his vitality.

"To think that I gave up my life to a man who would drop me for a woman like that."

"What are you talking about?"

"It's no good trying to get out of it. I may have been a fool, but I'm not a fool any longer. I've done with you—for good."

"Suppose you shut up," said Alan, "and listen to me. I'm sorry I stayed out all night if it results in giving you such a poor opinion of yourself; but from every other reason I couldn't be better pleased."

Irene chipped in with: "Did you ever see anything so lovely in the whole of your life?"

Alan went on: "Because, Nellie, my child, it gave me a chance of reviewing our future in a big way."

"We haven't got a future," said Ellen.

"Oh, yes, we have. Monte Carlo has acted on me like a tonic and given me ambitions."

"It must have cost hundreds," crooned Irene, and wiggled the bracelet about in a bar of sunlight so that the whole ceiling was gay with little prismatic sparks.

"To test out my chances," Alan proceeded, "I had a whack at the tables. Darling, the only other time I believed in beginner's luck was when I kissed you in the Underground between Knightsbridge and South Ken. If you think I've been wasting any time in dalliance, you couldn't be farther from the mark."



ENCHANTMENT for leisure hours—Jarger's housecoat of fine beige wool printed with a paisley design in cinnamon and yellow. A self bow ties over the wrap-round skirt.

I never worked so hard in my life. And here, my sweet, are some of the fruits thereof." And, diving his hands into his pockets, he produced sheaves of notes and scattered them upon the bed. But even then he had not finished talking. From a waistcoat pocket he drew a neat leather case. "Of course I could have got back a couple of hours ago, but I had a mind to get hold of a jeweller's wallah, and had to dig him out of bed. And here, my sweet idiot, are a few raspberries for your adornment."

Of course Ellen had never, never had a present like that before. It was perfectly natural that she should cry over it so much that she could see none of its beauties. Irene, however, saw at once that it wasn't a patch on her present. Nevertheless, it was clearly a good present, and as such, was the source of a quite unreasonable pang of annoyance. It simply meant that a seed pearl brooch, which had belonged to an aunt of Sebright's and which she had intended giving to Ellen as a consolation prize, would jolly well stop where it was.

"I can't see," she said rather tartly, "why you couldn't have told Ellen what you meant to do and saved her all this pain."

Ellen swung round on her like a little savage.

"He did perfectly right, and if you want to say anything against Alan you just better not try."

Irene said: "And if you want to kiss and hug each other, I can't see that my room is the place to do it." And suddenly she, too, began to snivel, because it seemed such a shame that, although at present was really ever so much nicer than Ellen's, there was nobody that she really wanted to kiss and hug on account of it.

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## You, too, have your hazards in your daily life

But you can meet them through the A.M.P.

**T**HE hazards that a man and his wife run every day of their lives are these: (1) That the husband will die before he has saved enough money to provide for those left behind and, alternatively, (2) that he will live beyond his retiring age, and not have the income for their comfortable living.

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Are you holding back, sir? Ask the nearest A.M.P. office to send a man to talk this matter over with you. Trust him. He will give you sound advice. If you prefer, ask that a copy of "Peace of Mind," a new and entertaining booklet, be posted to you free. Write for it to-day.

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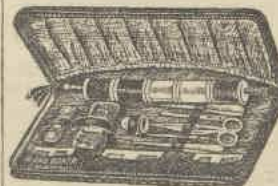
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# Girl travelled 16,000 miles alone

16-year-old niece of explorer says it was fun

Miss Inger Amundsen, lovely, fair-haired, sixteen-year-old Norwegian girl, and niece of Amundsen, famous polar explorer, has come 16,000 miles alone to make her home with an aunt, Mrs. O. Hegge, in Melbourne.

Two months at sea as one of five passengers in a freighter would seem a hazardous undertaking for a schoolgirl, but Miss Amundsen thought of it as a "fine adventure."

INGER never met her famous relative, but she has read all about his exploration work, and he is a hero in her eyes just as he is to all Norwegians.

The youngest of four children of Mr. Oyvind Amundsen, of Fredrikstad, in Southern Norway, she came to Australia because her father thought she would have a better opportunity of continuing her schooling out here than in war-torn Europe.

Interviewed at Mrs. Hegge's pleasant home at Eglemont, Melbourne, Inger proved to be a tall, beautifully-proportioned girl with a dazzling pink-and-white complexion, blue eyes, finely drawn black brows and pale golden hair that is so fair it is almost white where it grows close to her scalp.

She cannot yet carry on a con-

versation in English, so Mrs. Hegge, who was Miss R. Amundsen, and has only been in Australia a little more than two years herself, had to act as interpreter.

She explained: "Inger will not take long to learn to converse. In Norwegian schools we are taught languages as a matter of course, so Inger can already read English and she can understand part of what is said. But she finds it difficult to answer."

"When I first came out it was the same. I came to be married. I arrived at eight o'clock in the morning and at 12 I was married. I knew nobody but my husband, and



MISS INGER AMUNDSEN (seated), niece of the famous explorer, with her aunt, Mrs. O. Hegge. The girl travelled alone from Norway.

I had not seen him for two years. I was lonely at first, but now I love this country.

"I only met Captain Roald Amundsen once. He was not a very close relative. He was the sort of man you would be proud to see. His house at Svartskog is still kept as a museum where people go to see the possessions that once belonged to him. Inger never met him. She was only a baby when he died in 1928.

"Both Inger and I have the Amundsen eyes, deep-set blue eyes and black brows, though our hair is fair. This is unusual even in Norway."

## Heroic figure

"I REMEMBER Roald Amundsen had bright blue eyes, very thick black brows, and a great mane of white hair. His face was weatherbeaten, and grand to look upon."

Speaking through her aunt, Inger said: "We did not know how soon Norway would be at war. My father thought I should come to Australia to live, and I was happy to come. I like to see places."

"The voyage was a fine adventure. When we left Gothenburg the temperature was 20 degrees below zero. The ship was all over ice. It was terribly cold, but I am used to cold. Your heat makes me very tired now."

"Except for two nights in the North Sea just after we left, we were not blacked out, and we were not convoyed either."

"Near the Orkney Islands we were stopped by a British man-of-war, but were allowed to go on."

"That is all our adventures. There were only five passengers on board. We had the run of the ship. I learned all about it and was sorry when we reached Sydney."

"Yes, I have been skating since I was five, and ski-ing, too. But we do not say skating and ski-ing. We say we go for a skate, and we go for a ski."

"No, I did not bring my skates, because I did not think I would need them. Now I am sorry, as my aunt tells me I could certainly use them in the winter."

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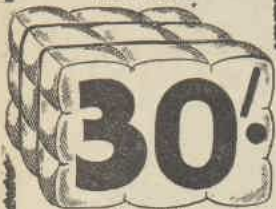
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MRS. J. D. LAVARACK, wife of the new General Officer commanding the 7th Division of the A.I.F., with her two pets, Dinah, a Scottish terrier, and Luddie, a sheepdog. They have been members of the family for four years, and were boarded out when General and Mrs. Lavarack went to England last year.

## The Fighting Lavaracks

General, doctor,  
airman, cadet

WITH a husband and two sons going to the war and a schoolboy son who wants to be soldier, Mrs. J. D. Lavarack, wife of the new General Officer commanding the 7th Division of the A.I.F., might feel justified in concentrating on her family's war-time letters and knitting.

But Mrs. Lavarack has made her home the working centre for a wartime auxiliary as well.

She has five sewing-machines in her home at Koo-yong, and the sixty wives of Staff Corps officers who belong to her auxiliary get together regularly and set them whirring to turn out comforts for the A.I.F.

Mrs. Lavarack's husband is one of Australia's most distinguished soldiers. Her eldest son, a doctor, will enlist with the A.A.M.C., another son is an airman with the R.A.A.F., and her youngest son is already a cadet.

The Lavarack family is in this war as a whole, and it is a family that knows no half measures.

Promoted to Lieut.-General when he took over the Southern Command last October, handsome, popular John Dudley Lavarack will step down happily to the rank of Major-General to become General Officer commanding the 7th Division, A.I.F.

His second son, Flight - Lieut. Peter Ochiltree Lavarack, is on active service with the R.A.A.F.

His eldest son, Dr. John Ochiltree Lavarack, will enlist with the A.A.M.C. in his father's Division. A nephew, Dr. Hugh Fancourt McDonald, will also enlist with him.

Youngest son, James Wallace Lavarack, at seventeen, is still at Scotch College, Melbourne, but he already belongs to the Cadet Corps there.

Mrs. Lavarack's husband, a son and a nephew will be overseas with the A.I.F., but she does not intend to follow them.

Tall, dark-haired and blue-eyed, with a calm and youthful air about her, Mrs. Lavarack intends to remain quietly at home in the charming red brick house set in an old-fashioned garden at Koo-yong.



DR. JOHN OCHILTREE LAVARACK, who will enlist with the A.A.M.C. in his father's Division.

where she has lived since returning from England last October.

"I will not go overseas," she said. "My husband has strong ideas on that subject. He does not believe that wives should follow their husbands, or that officers' wives should be able to do so when the privilege is not available for privates' wives."

"We were in England before the last war began, so, of course, I remained there for the duration. Our two eldest sons were born there."

"We were in England two months when this war came, and we were called home in a hurry."

"However, I was presented at Court, and had the honor of lunching with the Duke and Duchess of Kent."

"The Duchess was very charming. She has topaz eyes and a fascinating twisted smile."



MAJOR-GENERAL J. D. LAVARACK, one of Australia's most distinguished and most handsome soldiers, who has been appointed General Officer commanding the 7th Division A.I.F.

"The Queen is a very beautiful woman. She is so charming and gracious. Everyone she smiles at feels that she is genuinely glad to see them."

"She never shows at her best in photographs. The camera cannot capture her beautiful coloring or her fascinating vivacity."



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from the depths of the pores, and purifies. Your skin is toned up, left healthy, naturally beautiful.

These revitalising medications make REXONA SOAP the perfect beauty care.

EMOLLIENTS—to soothe, soften and heal.

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ASTRINGENTS—to refine pores and improve texture.

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## Modess announces new comfort for you... "Safety Zoning"



Women have often had this discomfort—a chafing when walking or dancing—because the outer edges of the napkin rubbed against tender flesh. Could a napkin be devised whose edges would stay dry for a longer time?



Women have always had this haunting worry when wearing a sanitary napkin—"Am I all right?" They've had to ask friends, or seek a mirror to be sure. Could a napkin be devised which would help to relieve that worry?



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Modess was first to use a downy-soft "fluff-type" filler—entirely different in construction from "layer-type" napkins! The result? Greater comfort—Modess starts softer and stays softer.



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Modess was first to use a "Stop-back" of resistant material, to guard against striking through.



### And now FIRST with "Safety Zoning"

Modess again is first—with "Safety Zoning," which keeps edges of napkin dry and chafe-free longer than ever before. Get Miracle Modess to-day. In the same blue box at the same low price.



### TO-DAY — MIRACLE MODESS

At any chemist or store you can now buy the new Miracle Modess. Its unique feature—"Safety Zoning"—acts for your comfort and assurance. The edges of the napkin stay dry, soft, chafe-free, longer than ever before!

Yes, Miracle Modess is a miracle of comfort! Its downy "fluff-type" filler makes it SOFTER. Its "Safety Zoning" keeps edges dry longer! And, in addition, Modess is safer. For "Safety Zoning" gives greater absorbency—and this with Modess safety resistant backing, helps you forget to worry.

To-day, buy the Napkin of To-morrow—Modess. In the same blue box. At the same low price.



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## "WILD HONEY" is bitter sweet romance of two girls

Baby talk may irritate you but the ending is fine

Philip Hughes is a gentleman whose early novels won more praise from the less heavy English critics than is usually accorded to a beginner.

This means that his new book, "Wild Honey," should get off to a fair start, and, with this advantage, net him a reasonable return for the work he has put in on it.

IT is a story that will irritate many people in its early chapters, and please them more as they progress; and, in the case of many other people, please them by its opening and irritate them increasingly the more they read.

It all depends if you like baby language.

The first two sentences are typical of the early pages: "Little Pamela lived in a enormous house. It was big as big, and even bigger than that."

Some can take this kind of writing; others can't.

Whichever way you like it, it must be pointed out, in fairness to Mr. Hughes and his readers, that this prose style is only maintained until little Pamela reaches school age. Then it is dropped; the writing becomes more sinewy as her career becomes more varied.

Pamela is the type of dreamy child who is a source of irritation to those who cannot understand her, and who is doomed to grow up a misfit and a failure unless she is fortunate enough to find someone to protect and cherish her.

As an orphan baby, her aunt failed to sympathise with her vague nature. Later, at school, she found herself in "a strange new world, with a strange new language." She was outside "the little sets who walked abreast, holding arms so happily."

When her aunt died, leaving her alone, nineteen years old, and quite incapable of wresting a living from the world, she would have perished had it not been for Cockney Sally, a strange, tough, vivacious, common little creature who adopted her, impressed by her ladylike manner.

It is from the moment of Sally's appearance that the story takes on more tang and color.

"Pamela's mind," Mr. Hughes writes, "was as a sensitive violin, which reacts to the gentlest touch, but not to a blow." Sally gives it plenty of blows, but she is at least protective and affectionate, so that Pamela sticks to her in spite of the distaste aroused by Cockney aggressiveness and coarseness.

The major interest in the novel comes from the variety of ways in

which the two girls manage to make a living. Pamela, in succession, is in an antique shop, is a canvasser for advertising, a "bit" player in a movie studio, a door-to-door seller of silk stockings and lingerie, a waitress, and a nurse.

Sally gets her most of her jobs, and, in some cases, works with her, but, unlike Pamela, Sally toys with the idea of other, and, on the surface, easier, ways of making money.

It is just when Pamela is becoming suspicious of Sally's absences from the flat and unexplained new frocks that Providence, in the shape of Mr. Coddington, finally takes a decisive hand. From then on—but why betray a perfectly good ending?

In addition to the picturesque quality which is the most entertaining feature of the book, there are certain other things to recommend it.

Mr. Hughes has the gift of quiet humor. Describing the opening of an Arts and Crafts League, he writes:

"All Chelsea—the slouch hat and djibbah species, together with the newer variety in Bond Street clothes (the usual preview crowd)—went to see if it were different from the fifty other places of its kind in the vicinity."

His talent for characterization is also good. Here is Miss Beacott, of the same Arts and Crafts League:

"She wore Tyrolean peasant blouses that showed her muscular neck and arms unbecomingly. She had a dark complexion. Pamela attributed it to the forge where this female Vulcan had spent her life hammering thistles and 'Home Sweet Home' on iron firecreens."

"The iron-working din must have accounted for her loud voice, which never softened. She pronounced 'Art' as if putting out a dog."

There are few books in any year which will cause crowds to queue up to buy, and allow the author to order a yacht, and a villa on the Riviera, and "Wild Honey" is not one of them.

But it will have a moderate success because it is a pleasant tale with just enough salt in it to mitigate the cloying sweetness suggested by the title.

"Wild Honey." By Philip Hughes.





# Some NEW LAUGHS



"Believe me, I pick my friends."  
"Yes, to pieces."

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



PRIVATE  
NO  
TRESPASSING

GLADYS PARKER

"Don't you see that sign?"  
"I never read anything marked private."



MODERN CHILD (seeing a rainbow for the first time): What is it, Dad?  
DAD: That's a rainbow, dear.  
MODERN CHILD: Oh, and what's it supposed to be advertising?



BOSS: What do you want here? I sacked you a couple of weeks ago.  
OFFICE BOY: I came back to see if you were still in business.

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"DARLING," he said to his wife, "you wouldn't like to go to the flower show in that old hat of yours?"  
She smiled sweetly. "Why, of course not, Henry," she replied. "What would the neighbors think?"  
"Exactly, so I—"  
She laid an affectionate hand on his shoulder.  
"So I bought only one ticket," he replied.

"YOU'VE got a short circuit, Miss," said the garage man to the fair motorist.  
"Well," she snapped, "hurry up and fit a longer one!"

STORE MANAGER (to shoplifter just caught red-handed): Well, miss, and what have you to say for yourself?

She (calmly): I suggest that the best way out of the trouble will be for me to open a credit account here.

"DOES your husband help you with the housework?"  
"Certainly not! I don't want him to get feminine and try to boss the household."

"PETER, we have been walking out together for three years, and I am thinking it is time—"  
"That we got married?"  
"No; that you bought a car."

"I DREAMT last night that I proposed to the prettiest girl in the world."  
"What was my reply?"

Invitation  
to Happiness

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# An Editorial

APRIL 13, 1940.

## THIS IS OUR TASK!



poor Communist."

What the Soviet tocsin callers lose sight of is that we are not fighting Russia, but Germany.

The Prime Minister (Mr. Menzies) made this point neatly when he said he could give his assurance that Australia would not fight any country with whom she was not at war.

Germany is the enemy—that is the big point to remember in the shufflings of diplomacy going on in Europe and amidst the noise of our slogan shouters at home carrying the banner for some imported brand of "liberty."

*Our very existence is being assailed, and the freedom we hold dear is threatened by the Nazis.*

Isn't it time some of these people coined a slogan made in Australia? There's plenty of work to be done here in winning the war and planning ahead for reconstruction after victory. There would be a lot more sense to it, too.

*Stalin doesn't take our local Reds very seriously. Trotsky called them a lot of conservatives—and in Australia the Communist candidates fail at every election to win a seat.*

That is an indication that the people feel there is no room here for the visionary with his eyes fixed on a far-off experiment. Right under his hand is a continent to develop and a liberty—as wide as the land itself—to keep safe.

This is the task to which every Australian should turn his hand. We must keep safe our way of life and all the privileges we enjoy.

—THE EDITOR.

# "No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

## Home from the sea

FIRST public appearance of the Silent Service since the war was the march through Sydney of 1200 men of the Royal Australian Navy, Sydney's biggest naval march for 20 years.

Interesting to compare the rolling gait of sailors marching with the swinging stride of soldiers.

The marines march differently again—a springy toy soldier stride.

The bulldog breed faced a really cold day in white summer uniforms.

Noticed that some of them seemed a bit ill at ease in their black laced-up boots, probably because they haven't worn them for so long.

## Little applause

AS usual the crowd was self-conscious about applause. There was practically no cheering or hand-clapping.

Everyone knows it's a solemn war, but this should not prevent our paying tribute to the fighting forces.

The public could not blame it on to lack of bands this time. The Navy turned on good bands, and plenty of music.

The Australian Navy has been bravely—if secretly—risking its life ever since the war began. The Perth has been patrolling the seas for 177 out of 211 war days.

But you need an ear trumpet to hear the public's enthusiasm.

## Three "Dees"

WHEN on leave, money is apt to dwindle away with disturbing rapidity, but one young private has adopted a shrewd scheme to save himself from being stranded without enough cash to pay his fare home.

As soon as he reaches town he goes to a friend and deposits 3/-.

"That's for my fare home," he explains, and then goes his way to enjoyment.

## The "T's" have it

ACCORDING to the findings of a Syracuse (U.S.A.) University student making a survey of speeches of the war leaders, Adolf Hitler says "T" every 53 words, Mussolini every 83 words, Roosevelt every 100 words, Daladier every 234 words, and Chamberlain every 249.

So next time I listen to Mr. Menzies I'll take along my pencil to see how Australia's Prime Minister compares with other world leaders.

## In her mirror

MARIE BAKER, a musical comedy actress, was powdering her nose. What she saw in her mirror over her shoulder led to the capture of two spies near the British lines in France:

A woman isn't clever  
With a rifle or a bomb,  
But her own attack has never  
Failed to shake a man's aplomb.

A powder puff in action  
Is more mighty than the sword.  
Lipstick lures him to distraction,  
Self-defence goes by the board.

Will he ever be a wake-up  
That it's wise for him to scam,  
For a woman armed with make-up  
Will always get her man.

## Winnie the war winner



"What! No French mustard?"

## Wartime marriage boom

DR. ROLAND WILSON, Commonwealth Statistician at Canberra, recently issued figures which show that the war has stimulated the marriage rate.

In the last three months of 1939, the three months since the war began, there were 2462 more marriages than in the same quarter of 1938.

The total number celebrated was 19,173, and more than 20 per cent. of the bridegrooms gave their occupation as "soldier."

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



## She plays hostess to Australians

From WIN MARSHALL, Our Perth Writer  
Visiting London

GO along any afternoon you are in London to 21b Cadogan Gardens, and ask for Lady Frances Ryder's rooms, and if you hail from any part of the Empire you are bound to meet somebody that you know there.

Sitting around a table you might see an Australian Air Force boy talking to a Canadian soldier; a South African art student comparing notes with a New Zealand university graduate; Lady Frances herself encouraging some shy newcomer to make herself at home—or Miss Macdonald of the Isles carrying on half a dozen conversations at once, while pouring out the tea.

Lady Frances told me that her mail amounted to something like 32,000 letters received and answered during the year.

If you have a son or daughter who has left a home town to seek more knowledge at London's bigger colleges and universities, a letter of introduction from the college will assure a welcome always at Lady Frances Ryder's.

Behind this organisation of friendliness and hospitality lies a charming story.

During the last war Lady Frances used to accompany her mother, the Countess of Hallowby, to the hospitals to talk to wounded overseas officers, to cheer and help them any way they could.

## Pathetic note

ONE day in 1930 Lady Frances received a pathetic note from a South African saying that his friend was in Guy's Hospital, and was absolutely alone. When Lady Frances met the wounded soldier she was horrified to find that there were 120 more men, all from the Dominions, in the same position at the same hospital, and 400 at Edinburgh.

Her heart went out to the men and she started in a small way by asking half a dozen at a time to take tea at her home. Two years later she was joined by her friend, Miss Macdonald of the Isles, and the number of visitors grew and grew.

As time went on Lady Frances heard of young students who were coming to London, living in boarding-houses, and in many cases utterly miserable with loneliness.

The tea-parties became more frequent, one friend introduced another, and in the end Lady Frances decided to take the huge suite of rooms which by now are known to so many—including innumerable Australians since returned home.

At any time one can find young people crowding these rooms, talking, laughing, dancing, playing table-tennis, telling their troubles to any one of the sympathetic kindly hostesses and helpers, or taking down names and addresses of newly-made friends.

Musical students are often presented with tickets for recitals or concerts, and many an English hostess (often titled) has entertained friends of Lady Frances Ryder's from the Dominions, throwing open her beautiful home and giving a glimpse of English country and family life.

Lady Frances Ryder, C.B.E., has always been interested in Empire visitors because she was decorated for her work during the last war, and now the country is once more involved in hostilities she is working hard on her new scheme for providing entertainment for the off-duty hours of the R.A.F. officers from overseas.

She has the names of 430 of her friends whose homes are situated near flying centres, and they are making arrangements for the airmen—who will certainly include many R.A.A.F. representatives—to spend their leave with them.





Pitiful plight of the battalion bugler when his bugle blew back at him.

## Bugler who was blown at by his own bugle

Military magician wins a soft job on the Home Front

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist  
Illustrated by WEP

It was the bugler who first discovered that there was a magician in our military camp.

On getting up in the morning to blow his bugle, he found that he couldn't get a squeak out of it. And when he blew so hard that he straightened the bends out of it and still nothing happened, he became suspicious.

THEN he remembered that he had seen a certain Private Talbot glaring at his bugle with utmost ferocity and loathing. So he decided to keep an eye on him.

There was to be a route-march that day in full war-kit. Private

Talbot looked at his knapsack, water-bottle, greatcoat, gas-mask, ammunition, bayonet, rifle, and a few odds and ends, and was sorry he hadn't enlisted in the Camel Corps.

"Do you mean to tell me that I've got to carry all that stuff for miles?" he asked his corporal.

"Oh, no!" said the corporal, who was a sarcastic cove like most corporals. "You can hire a taxi. Wait for us when you get to your destination."

"I think a delivery-van would be better," said Talbot. "I could send that on ahead and then just hike along with the boys without any encumbrances."

"Get into your kit!" said the corporal, "we fall in in three minutes."

"Fall in" is right," grumbled Talbot. "I dunno how I fell for this game. Gotta hang things all over yourself till a man looks like a Christmas tree."

Talbot was only three or four minutes late on parade, but the sergeant-major asked him if he thought he was in a Girl Guides' camp or a sanatorium.

"If you'll excuse me, Sergeant, I—"

"Shut up! Company! SHUN!" The captain and two lieutenants came around inspecting things. The captain stopped in front of Talbot and said: "Sarge-Major, who is this man? No shave. Tunic buttons done up in the wrong holes. Looks as if he wasn't leaning on his rifle he'd fall over."

### Supernatural powers

IT was then that Talbot decided to use his supernatural powers. He looked the captain in the eye with a penetrating, hypnotic stare. "I understand," he said, "that this march will be for some twenty miles?"

"That is so, my man," replied the captain, whose eyes were rapidly taking on a glassy, dazed look.

"In that case we shall go by train," said Talbot.

"Yes, of course," said the captain in a dull, flat voice.

"Train, sir!" said one of the lieutenants.

"I came here to train," growled Talbot. "How can you train without a train?"

"The man's quite right," said the captain, who was now thoroughly under the spell.

"Well, you just carry these," said Talbot, passing over his pack, rifle, water-bottle, and everything else but his loose change and cigarettes.

"I'll stroll on ahead to the station and arrange about the tickets. If I'm not on the platform when you get there with the rest of the company I'll probably be in the milk-bar opposite the station."

Talbot then saluted smartly and strode off.

"I really think, sir—" commented one of the lieutenants.

"Oh, you do, do you?" snarled the captain. "I've often wondered about that. Take charge of the company."

"Yes, sir! Companee! SHUN!" "Hang it, man! Can't you see that they are standing at attention?"

"I'm afraid I didn't notice it, sir. It's hard to tell with a mob like this."

"Yes, Yes, I see your point. They all seem to have different ways of standing to attention. It's what they call Australian initiative, I suppose. However, get them on the march."

"Yes, sir. Do we halt at the—er—milk-bar or the railway station?"

"Oh, the milk-bar, I suppose. Talbot will have the tickets, and he's bound to be there."

"Company! Queue much!" ordered the Lieutenant.

During all this the bugler had spent a solid hour rebending his bugle, and when he'd finished it, it looked like something between a French horn and a trombone. So much so that when he blew it the thing blew back at him. This filled him with bitterness and black rage.

After all, a bugler's job is to annoy everybody else except himself, and when a man gets blown at by his own bugle it's humiliating.

They found Talbot in the milk-bar drinking Peach Spingos with the stationmaster.

"Did you get the tickets, Talbot?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir," said Talbot. "Bert, here, was very nice about it. Bert, meet the captain."

"Pleased to meetcha," said the stationmaster. "Any friend of Mr. Talbot's is a friend of mine. Sit down and have an Orange Wonko."

The captain gazed into his goblet of Orange Wonko in a puzzled way. "Somehow," he mumbled, "there seems to be something wrong."

Just then the bugler came in.

"Sir!" he said. "Just look at this! My bugle, sir! HE did it!"

"Does he call that thing a bugle, Talbot?"

"That's what he said, sir."

"The man's mad!"

"Yes, sir. All buglers are like that or they wouldn't be buglers."

"Your train is ready when you are, Captain," interrupted the stationmaster, wiping his moustache.

"Righto!" said the captain, rising from his seat. "You coming Talbot?"

"I won't bother, thanks," said Talbot. "See you when you come back."

As the train pulled out of the station Talbot waved good-bye to his comrades-in-arms.

He now has a pretty easy job as caretaker of the vacant camp. He says he can settle down and appreciate this war in comfort.

How does she keep that Perfect Figure

She's got that attractive slim figure so much admired by the opposite sex. She looks lovely and keeps in radiant health—and her secret is Bile Beans nightly.

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Miss Jean Hart, pictured above, writes:—"I feel that others should know how excellent Bile Beans really are and to them I give full credit for keeping my figure so slim and lovely. I don't need to exercise, take life too strenuously or do without the foods that one likes. I depend entirely on Bile Beans which I take regularly every night. Ever since taking them I've had a feeling of fitness and health that carries me through the long day."

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DWW134



# ★ ★ ★ THE DAILY DIARY ★ ★ ★

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Make the most of your fortunate starry radiations right now. They tend to help optimistic, efficient and capable Arians, particularly on April 15 and 17. Reserve action for then instead of for April 14, 15, and 20. Go after the things you want. Work hard.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Better times soon. No plan ahead and perfect outstanding matters now. Meanwhile, April 18 and 19 just fair.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): April 13 and 20 quite fair.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 22): Continue to act cautiously, for your stars are still unfriendly, particularly on April 20. Be cautious also on April 14 and 15.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 23): Don't waste time now, for your stars are trying to aid you. Plan wisely, work diligently, be optimistic, energetic, and forthright. Try to make advancements, changes, begin new ventures, ask favors, and stabilize past gains on April 16 and 17.

• Utilise the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Better times ahead. Meanwhile, April 18, 19 just fair.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 24): Your stars are still unfriendly, so take no unnecessary risks. Try to beware of losses, opposition, partings, disappointments and arguments, especially on April 14, 15 and 20.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 21): You cannot afford to be lazy or thoughtless, for difficulties and losses or disappointments will be placed in your way in the near future. Get your affairs in good order now. April 14 and 15 best, but weak.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 to December 21): The stars are still on the side of Sagittarians. Get busy on April 18

and 17, and stay busy. Seek advancements or changes and favors. Begin new enterprises. Consolidate.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Use the present for stabilizing your affairs, and getting ready for new action soon. April 18 and 19 just fair.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Don't hope much from the immediate future. Concentrate on stabilizing. Wait until week before attempting new ventures or important changes. April 13 and 20 fair but weak.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Just a week of days, though April 14 and 15 favor you slightly. Consolidate past gains by sunline work.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN  
President Australian Astrological Research Society

**Unless Arians are taught caution they will prove failures.**

**A**STROLOGICALLY, the sign of Aries the Ram has rule over all people born between March 21 and April 21. It also rules over the head and face.

It is good to know this, for the Arian who keeps in mind

the fact that his head and face are the main danger-spots of his body will avoid many scars. All the same, he must be trained to avoid risks—not to give way to his impetuosity which must inevitably end in accidents.

Don't let your Arian (old or young) become a victim of his rashness! Train him to be cautious and patient. When he is feeling like a battle, try to make him avoid arguments with people who are bigger and heavier than himself, otherwise the fight may end with the acquisition of anything from a small cut or a broken tooth to concussion of the brain or a broken nose.

When he is irritable and inclined to be impulsive and rash, soothe his warlike feelings so that he will not run himself into trouble.

When his activity (always keen) demands more than routine or monotonous energies, find something that is not dangerous to keep him busy. If this is not done he may go off and try to climb a telegraph pole, or ride a scooter down hill at 30 miles an hour, or start some capricious and hit his head or knee instead of the nail.

You can be sure of one thing—that in his restless craving for excitement and action he will certainly forget caution and tackle something foolishly risky and do the wrong thing.

### Must be cautious

**I**N short, Arians must be taught to avoid any element of danger unless they are self-controlled and in good spirits. Also they must learn that the falls, bumps, and cuts to which they are subject usually come about through their own carelessness. Their inborn courage and love of risky ventures incline them to ignore consequences.

The Arian appetite is usually very good, and overeating must be avoided. Moreover, as he dislikes admitting sickness, he often fails to take common-sense care, and in this way lays himself open to organic disorders of various kinds.

These ailments lead to sluggishness and lack of energy and enthusiasm, and an Arian who lacks these is likely to become a rank failure in life.

Teach your Arian caution instead of impulse; courage instead of rashness; patience and consideration instead of aggression; self-confidence and pride; and to love others better than himself.

## Always Tired, Yet Sleepless

### Worried and "Not-so-young"

"I could not sleep and was always tired," states Mrs. L.O.E., of Waltham, N.E.W. "Housework seemed too much for me, and any little upset or excitement would bring on a nervous headache, faint feelings and dreadful nerve pains in my legs."

"I have now taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and have gained more energy. I am able to sleep and enjoy my meals. The dreadful run-down, tired feeling has vanished and I feel very much brighter."

People who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills genuinely say that for revitalizing the whole system and banishing that nervously tired, depressed feeling, these famous pills are remarkably beneficial. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills rapidly help to create new rich blood, which soon strengthens and revitalizes the nerves, organs and tissues of the body throughout, bringing sound sleep and banishing worry. If you are "not-so-young," tired, nervous, anxious, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a reasonable trial. At chemists and stores. In a bottle—the results will gratify you.



## Famous Painter Portrays Australian Loveliness

IMAGINE! I'm to have my portrait painted! It happened at the Garden Party. Uncle Robert said to Daddy: "If I had a daughter with a complexion like Laura's, I'd have it painted for posterity." And Uncle has hardly ever been known to pay a compliment to *anybody*.



IT'S TOO THRILLING. Who do you think is doing my portrait? None other than Sir John. I was just a little afraid I'd be self-conscious before such an august personage—he paints quite all of England's loveliest women. But he's really a dear.



AFTER THE VERY FIRST SITTING he asked me, quite seriously: "What is the secret of this perfect Australian complexion of yours?" "The same as the secret of the English complexion," I told him; "the Yardley complexion care!"

Generations of England's fairest women, celebrated for that unique loveliness "the English complexion", have followed the Yardley regimen of beauty. Lavender perfume, 3/- to 21/-; Soap 1/6. Face Powder 2/6 and 3/9. Also Creams, Cream Rouge, Lipstick and other preparations, at leading chemists and fine stores. Write Section "A," Box 273C, Sydney, for free Beauty Book.

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## CASUAL COATS . . .

The winter theme is one of studied nonchalance . . . you'll love these sporty, tailored treasures with their fascinating details.



● Bold beige-and-brown checked wool sports-coat with swishing circular skirt. The high tailored neckline is fastened with a brown buckle to match up with the one on the brown leather belt. (Above.)

● From Schiaparelli's new coat collection—bright red waterproofed wool tweed with flattering fur-lined hood that can be pulled up over the little brown wool jersey turban. Gold buttons and huge pockets just for the fun of it. (Above left.)

● Slim tailleur designed by Spectator Sports in black-and-fuchsia-striped tweed. Stripes are used horizontally for bodice, and flare diagonally from leather belt to wide hem. Large placket pockets are set a-slant the top. (Left.)



● Dorville's swing coat in blue-and-white tweed, with front slit pockets, fullish sleeves, and navy-lined hood, zipped along the top so that it can fall back like a collar.



3 simple steps

The  
**ERASMIC**  
Home Beauty  
Treatment

There's no magic way to have a clear, soft, fresh complexion—but the commonsense way is the Erasmic Home Beauty Treatment. Three lovely Erasmic products, matched with infinite care to fill all your skin's needs. Three simple steps in a quick daily beauty routine to be followed faithfully.

### ① Cleansing

Cleanse your skin thoroughly and often. Use Erasmic Cold Cream because its special fine oil penetrates deeper into the pores and float out all dust, old make-up and impurities. Apply liberally—leave on 2 or 3 minutes only.

**ERASMIC Cold Cream**



### ② Foundation

After cleansing, always apply Erasmic Vanishing Cream—before going out, to hold your powder smoothly and protect your skin from sun and wind; and at bed-time, to restore softness and freshness overnight. Smooth a fine film evenly over face and throat with your fingertips.

**ERASMIC Vanishing Cream**



### ③ Finish

To look a picture of smooth, well-groomed loveliness, finish with delicate Erasmic Face Powder in your own lovely shade—Rachel Brunette, Peach, Sunnier or Natural.

**ERASMIC Face Powder**





# BE DASHING IN CAPES

... Gay and pocketed



● For more dressy occasions a classic cape in military-blue fastened high at the neck with red-and-gold braid embroidery to match the outside pockets.

● Over a trench-brown frock a matching knuckle-length cape with coachman collar and pockets accented with gold edgings. (Top left.)

● Over a gay blue frock a dawn-grey cape, tucked and hooded, and providing a startling splash of color with scarlet lining. (Top right.)

● Schiaparelli inspired this lovely cape in blue-green woollen lined with desert-sand. Witness the unusual yoke treatment and cunning pockets.



# EVENING SILHOUETTES

... are versatile



● The style popularised by the sensational Brazilian dancer, Carmen Miranda. A plain, slim-fitting top of black velvet with wide, exhilarating skirt of scarlet taffeta.

● Scintillating gold lame goes unexpectedly demure with a simple shirtmaker bodice, but plays up to glamor with a peg-top skirt. (Top left.)

● Military-blue dinner frock with front fullness in the skirt, and formalised with a tailored jacket appliqued with gold and silver kid. (Left.)

● The minaret silhouette is back again—frothy and feminine in green marquisette with tiered skirt shooting from a corselette waist. (Top right.)

● A cloud of chiffon in regal purple with Chanel's intricate bodice of interwoven strips of the material, fitting snugly over the hips. (Right.)



Airmailed  
from London by  
MARY ST. CLAIRE

## LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS . . .

• The current craze in hats is for back depth. For instance, this model in red baillunbuntal with profile brim achieves a snooded effect with navy taffeta (1).

• A novel way of developing back height through a brim.

Sketched by  
PETROV

This model is in mauve-pink felt stitched in violet thread, garnished with pastel flowers and violet satin ribbon (2).

• Contrarily forward-tilted, an afternoon hat with heart-shaped crown surrounded by rose and emerald-green velvet ribbons. The straw is black panama and there is a huge bow of panama and veiling at the back (3).

• Another popular trend of the moment is Rose Descart's beret of deep blue strawcloth, poised directly off-face with a cluster of tucking at one side (4).

• From Patou's hat collection—light blue felt, worn well back on the head with crown ending in a shirred peak. The long, coarse meshed veil is in dark brown (5).



Said the Major, intent on his battery,  
"Your aim's a bit off, boys—it's scattery!"  
Cried his men in despair,  
"There's a Kayser girl there!"  
"We're distracted—now isn't that flattery!"

"I'M A ONE BRAND

WOMAN NOW"

To really make a "hit" there's no hosiery to compare with KAYSER! Combining sheerness with wearability . . . always so "easy on the eyes"—and easy on the pocket too! . . . For it's Economy to buy Quality!

There's a Kayser Stocking for every occasion—Semi Service, Weight at 4/11 to Exclusive, Sheers at 9/11.

BECAUSE

**KAYSER**  
spells ECONOMY!

HOSIERY GLOVES WARMEES

KH40-2



• Black taffeta or crepe afternoon frocks with deep, square fronts of rows of narrow, crisp, white lace are a feature of the collections. White jabots worn with black frocks are often edged with black or scarlet picotting (6).

• Skirts and blouses for evening wear are sashed with a piece of brightly-colored material, wide at both ends and narrow in the middle, the sort of scarf that might be used also as a stock tie. The wide ends are usually embroidered or sequined (7).



• Dungarees are taking the place of slacks. The hip and shoulder- straps replace the trouser belt, from which the shirt or blouse may become separated. Silk linen is a favorite material, monogrammed in scarlet (8).

The brief, beloved Angora Bolero . . .

NEEDS gentle LUX CARE

Wear a youthful angora bolero . . . short and sweet . . . for that important date after five. You'll adore it for its kitten-like softness, its feminine flattery and because it Luxes like a dream. Only Lux is safe and gentle enough for all your pretty things.

If it's safe in water . . . — it's safe in LUX

LUX  
Preserving the life of Woolens, Silks and all lovely fabrics

A LEVER PRODUCT



# Autumn Felts

[ Photos. by Airmail ]  
from MARY ST. CLAIRE



SMOOTH HAND-MADE FELT is the basis of this classic model. It is moulded into a high conical crown with brim turning up at the back and rolling into a rakish tilt over the eye. Camouflage-green makes it the last word for wartime countryside. With it a casual cinnamon saunter coat and a green-spotted scarf.



SUZY'S dashing upturned shovel hat in two shades of grey. An ideal foil for the popular new moulded coiffure.

Right:

A SUZY model in black felt on pert sailor lines, banded with violet grosgrain and veiled in coarse mesh.



A CLASSIC off-the-face hat, the back of which is brown felt, and the front mink. By Lily Duche.



PLEATED TURBAN of supple brown felt in an unusual "squeezed off" style. In the front of this cute little model, Anita Louise pins shrochets of pearls set in gold.



BLACK FELT blocked in an unusual shape and trimmed with grosgrain ribbon and fish-net veiling. Flaring ends of the ribbon swoop out from the back of the crown. Worn by Marie Marie Wilson, Warner Bros. starlet.

## New Air-Floated Face Powder

Amazing Discovery of Paris Beauty Chemist

Face powder ten times finer and lighter than ever before thought possible. Only powder that floats on air is collected for use. This is the amazing new process of a Paris Chemist—now adopted by Tokalon.



That is why Poudre Tokalon spreads so smoothly and evenly, covering the skin with a thin almost invisible film of beauty. The result is a perfectly natural looking loveliness. So different from the old-fashioned heavy powders which only give a "made-up" look. And Poudre Tokalon still contains Mousse of Cream, which makes it cling to the skin for 8 hours. In the hottest restaurant your face will never need "touching up". If you use Poudre Tokalon. At the end of a long evening's dancing your complexion will still be fresh and free from shine. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

**FREE:** By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon for both day and night use. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing etc. to Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 339, W.), 106/172 Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.



**Here's DOUBLE-VALUE JAM**

**1 Richer in FRESH FRUIT FLAVOUR 2 Packed in ATTRACTIVE USEFUL TUMBLERS**

OLIVE BRAND gives you DOUBLE value. . . . It gives you jams made from the pick of Australia's fruit crops. . . . And when the jar is empty, you just wash off the label and there you have a smart tumbler you'll be proud to use for all occasions. . . . Ask your grocer, today, for OLIVE BRAND Jam in these attractive, re-usable tumblers.

● OLIVE BRAND Jam is available in the following varieties: Raspberry, Strawberry, Plum, Apricot, Peach, Fig, Black Currant and Maraschino.

W. H. Johnson & Co. Pty. Ltd., Bruce St., Waverley

**Loses 29 lbs. of FAT in 6 weeks**  
**Reduces Hips 9 inches**  
**New, Safe, Pleasant Reducing Treatment**

### "My Doctor Was Amazed at Results"

"I had been under a doctor's care for bad heart and liver. He advised me to reduce. I tried all sorts of remedies without results. Then a friend said she had taken BonKora and lost 28 pounds in 3 weeks. I decided to try it. . . . I lost 28 pounds in 3 weeks. Reduced bust 8 inches, waist 7 inches, hips 9 inches. Now wear a dress 3 sizes smaller. . . . My doctor was amazed. I don't go to him any more since I lost the fat that was grinding my heart. My liver troubles, headaches, and tired feeling have gone, too. I feel full of pep."—Mrs. M. A. Proteau (full address on request).

### Eat Big Meals

Get rid of your fat. Take BonKora the new, quick, safe Reducing Treatment. It has taken off 15 to 20 pounds for people who had tried other methods in vain. BonKora taken off fat new "juicy" way. Triple action: triple speed. No starving. Just take BonKora and EAT BIG MEALS of foods you like as explained in BonKora package.

### Fat Goes Quick

No Thyroid in BonKora. In fact, this treatment builds health while reducing fat. Don't be fat any longer. Get a bottle of BonKora, the new, safe, pleasant Reducing Treatment, from your chemist to-day. Take 2 teaspoonful of BonKora in a glass of orange juice 2 times daily and thus—excess fat disappears.



### FREE SAMPLE

MAIL THIS COUPON  
WORLD AGENCIES Christian House, 33 Pitt St., Sydney. I enclose 2d. in stamps. Please send me FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora Treatment.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 6/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper.  
W.W. 12/4/40.





**CALVERT'S**  
CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

FOR CAREFREE TEETH

Use CALVERT'S twice a day for sound, strong, sparkling teeth. Dentists use and recommend powder to keep teeth and mouth really clean.



## MORNING IN MAYFAIR . . .



• ENSEMBLE consisting of flame-colored bolero worn with smoke-grey frock. *Spectator Sports*.

### "Debs" rise with the dawn and dress to suit

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by air mail

**I**N the good old days before the war, Mayfair mornings were mostly spent in bed. The average "deb." danced until dawn and was never wakened with her morning tea until it was time to dress for her "elevenes" or mid-morning hairdressing appointment.

To-day a "deb.'s" morning usually begins about seven o'clock, and, bearing that in mind, she rarely dances later than 1 a.m. Many of them take duty at air-raid posts from sunrise, while others have first-aid classes at 9 a.m., or canteen duty from breakfast time. These days, eleven o'clock coffee comes as a break in the middle of the morning, not at the beginning of the day.

Neither debutantes nor their mothers therefore have time to return home before lunch and dress for afternoon appointments. They have to wear ensembles that will carry them through the day.

Patterned materials are very popular for these all-day ensembles and none more than dots and stripes, especially when they are combined in the same outfit.

I saw an ensemble very similar to this at Oddemino's—a favorite spot just now for the before-lunch cocktail. It was in navy and beige. The suit spotted and the shirt-bowse striped. The hat in navy felt had two little beige taffeta bows set on the edge of the crown like dog's ears in a listening attitude.

Unpressed pleats are considered very smart for day wear. The pictured shepherd's plaid frock from Jacquemar shows how effective they can look.

#### Lawyer's tabs

**T**HE lawyer's tabs at the throat, too, are new and attractive, and so is the snood of all colored cock's feathers on the grey felt hat. The belt made of strips of leather picks up these colors again. The darkest of them is crimson, the plaid having a narrow crimson cross-stripe. Gloves, handbag and shoes are in the same becoming color.

Shepherd's plaid jackets worn with plain colored skirts or over plain frocks are also very popular for morning wear. I saw a very snappy suit of this type at one of the fashionable canteens the other day. The frock was of black wool crepe, jacket of black-and-white shepherd's plaid with black velvet collar and buttons.

The frock had a narrow band of white pique finishing neck, sleeves and hem, and a white pique belt. Shoes and gloves were black suede, handbag white suede very snappily monogrammed in shiny black American cloth.

The bolero is still with us. The *Spectator Sports* model in the picture shows how becoming it is.



• SHEPHERD'S PLAID FROCK FROM JACQUEMAR, showing the unpressed pleats now so smart for day wear.



It Glows in Beauty with **SILVO**

Silvo will quickly and easily polish your silver to shimmering beauty; and will keep it always lovely. Tarnish, film and stain are gently banished by this very fine liquid polish made to give plate or sterling the loving care it deserves.

Simple dignity characterizes International Silver's Crestwick design. They suggest Silvo to preserve the radiance of your silverware.

**SILVO**  
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

### Are You Tired, Fat, Pimply?

DON'T REMAIN CONSTIPATED

People who are constipated cannot eat three good meals a day and remain fit and attractive. Food wastes must be regularly and properly disposed or else the poisons will seep into the blood stream. These have a nasty habit of causing skin headaches, bilious attacks, flatulence, liverishness. Spots and pimples break out, an unpleasant bloated feeling is experienced and unwanted fatty fat gained. Loss of energy and depression are additional penalties.

A dose of painless Pinkettes at night is the best treatment for constipation. These non-drying little pills are compounded of just the right kind of vegetable ingredients to "exercise" strengthen lax bowels, gently stir the liver and restore regularity. Get a 1/3 bottle of Pinkettes from a chemist or store, and start now to painlessly correct constipation and banish unhealthy fat.

## While she slept her hands became softer and whiter!

"My hands were so rough and red that I always wanted to put them behind my back when I met people," says Mrs. G. Burton of Frenchman's Road, Randwick. "I'd given up hope of ever having nice hands, until my chemist recommended Pond's Hand Lotion. It felt lovely and soothing—not a bit sticky like other hand lotions I've tried. So I got into the habit of using Pond's regularly, every time I washed, and before going to bed at night. And I was surprised when I found out how much difference Pond's made to my hands! I noticed it after just a few applications—and now Pond's Hand Lotion keeps my hands so beautifully soft and smooth you'd never guess how much housework I do!"

**Daily protection needed to keep hands lovely.**

Washing up, peeling vegetables, housework, being out in chapping winds and sun—these are the things which, every day, take the beauty out of your hands.

No wonder they need daily protection! You can keep your hands soft, smooth and white. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night. Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. And Pond's is rich and concentrated. You actually need less of this creamy hand lotion.

**Do this every night for soft, white hands.**

Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After a few nights of this treatment you'll be thrilled how much whiter and softer your hands become. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/3 at all stores and chemists and 1/2 for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much.




**THE MAKINGS OF A SALAD**

The rare flavour of Champion's Pure Malt Vinegar gives new and appetising relish to salads. Be certain that you ask for Champion's.

QUARTS & PINTS

**CHAMPION'S**  
Pure Malt  
**VINEGAR**





# Fashion PATTERNS



F1896.—Full-back skirt with plain fitting front. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1897.—Very smart for early autumn wear. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1898.—Contrasting jacket and skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds., 54ins. for jacket, and 1yd., 54ins. for skirt. Pattern, 1/3.

F1899.—For dinner, and very formal occasions. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 7yds. for frock, and 2½yds. for jacket, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1900.—Large pockets and high neckline combine to make this smart mode. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1891.—Centre-pleated skirt, with Peter Pan collar, makes this smart style. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1892.—Three charming jackets for daytime occasions. 32 to 38 bust. Materials required: No. A design, 1½yds., 54ins. wide; No. B design, 2½yds., 54ins. wide; No. C design, 1½yds., 54ins. wide. Paper pattern: 1/9 complete, or individually, 1/- each.

## Special Concession Pattern

THREE (3) smart coats for little girls 6-12 years of age. Sizes 6-8, 8-10, and 10-12 years.

No. 1 Coat: Requires 1½ to 2 yards, 54ins. wide.

No. 2 Coat: Requires 1½ to 2 yards, 54ins. wide.

No. 3 Coat: Requires 1½ to 2 yards, 54ins. wide, and 1 yd. fur fabric.

## CONCESSION COUPON

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under.  
Box 318A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 105, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 429VY, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 426VY, G.P.O., Sydney.  
(N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.  
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....  
STREET .....  
SUBURB .....  
TOWN .....  
STATE .....  
SIZE .....

Pattern Coupon, 12/4/40.



## PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



**QUEENSLAND**

THE CREAM  
OF THE  
*Continent*

FOR  
WINTER HOLIDAYS

For Information and Bookings apply  
**QUEENSLAND GOVERNMENT  
TOURIST BUREAU**  
17 MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY

**COUPON**

Send 4d in stamps with this coupon  
and your name and address for a trial  
bottle of

**CORINNE ROSE CREAM**  
the natural beauty emulsion for the  
skin, in Australian Cosmetics Pty. Ltd.,  
278 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

## Takes the interest pain out of borrowing

New easy loan plan for public servants;  
other debt reforms promised

At a time when most household budgets are feeling the effects of wartime prices, easier arrangements for small loans have been made available for the great army of the State's public servants.

The plan, which takes the interest pain out of borrowing, will lift the spirits of public servants who for years have yielded grist to the moneylender's mill.

WHEN the matter was discussed in Parliament last week, the Premier, Mr. Mair, said he would consider the possibility of making a similar arrangement for loans to persons outside the public service.

Each year many thousands of pounds in the aggregate are loaned to schoolteachers, railwaymen, and

other public servants in individual sums ranging from £5 to £500 or more. The loans have proved a lucrative and safe investment for the moneylenders.

The total paid in interest cannot be calculated, because many of the transactions are secret.

While reputable moneylenders may charge reasonable interest rates, there are many cases on record of extortionate interest rates extracted from borrowers on threats of legal action.

The new loans plan has been arranged between the Government and the Bank of Australasia.

A flat rate of 5 per cent. interest will be charged, although the formula of repayment may take the rate up to 9.5 per cent.

Even the latter rate is far below the return usually expected by moneylenders.

In the past interest rates have often proved an intolerable burden for the borrower.

There are many people paying as much as 100 per cent. or 150 per cent. interest on loans that were originally small, but have steadily grown as arrears in payments have been capitalised.

Homes have been broken up when a husband or a wife has borrowed money secretly to tide the family over a temporary financial set-back and a garnishee order has led to court proceedings.

Bankruptcy and even suicide are often heart-rending sequels to loan transactions undertaken originally as emergency expedients.

Unforeseen circumstances—sudden loss of employment, costly illness, an over-ambitious expenditure on furniture—will land usually thrifty people in the moneylender's office.

Unaccustomed to financial transactions, they are unaware of the various ways in which a moneylender can extort higher and higher rates of interest.

An official who has had much to do with the new plan quoted some cases of this.

A man who borrowed £50 was charged £65, to be paid off at a rate of 30/- a month.

At the end of 12 months when he renewed, he still owed £45. Interest on it again brought it to £57/10/-, and he is saddled with a debt that has all the elements of a frankenstein.

### £7 becomes £27

IN another case a loan of £7 cost a man £27 by the time he had finished paying it off.

Apart from the public service scheme, the Minister for Justice (Mr. Treacht) has under consideration legislation to control money-lending generally, but no bill has been framed yet.

It has been suggested that it should be based on the Victorian Act, which provides power to fix varying rates of interest for various types of transactions.

All transactions have to be in writing, with rate and amount of interest clearly stated. A moneylender must pay higher registration fees, and must use his own name.

An important provision is that court proceedings between moneylender and client should be without publicity.

Moneylenders cannot ask for a promissory note unless the interest rate is stated; the moneylender who exceeds these rates has the onus of proving that his interest is not "harsh and unconscionable"; a



THE MONEYLENDER SWOOPS and this man looks ruefully at the remains of his pay. Public servants retain £4 of a garnisheed salary.

moneylender is any person, not a pawnbroker or bank, who lends money at a rate of interest higher than 8 per cent.

A big industry in garnishee orders has grown up with moneylending. The process is simple. If a debt is not paid, the debtor, through legal channels, has his or her salary garnisheed.

But, not wishing to leave the debtor destitute, the court allows him to retain a minimum part of his salary each week to meet current expenses. All over that amount must go to liquidate the debt.

In the case of public servants, the minimum is fixed at £4; in the case of other debtors the minimum is £2.

Now, the Minister for Justice is considering new legislation to fix the minimum amount at £3 for all debtors whose salaries have been garnisheed.

In 1938, 75 per cent. of 2800 garnishee orders against Federal public servants were in favor of moneylenders.

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY A WOMAN WHO KNOWS — TO WOMEN WHO MAY STILL BE WONDERING

## "I find Cooking by Electricity 100% SATISFACTORY"

Says Mrs. J. McManus.  
OF GLADESVILLE

• Electric cooking offers you many advantages—a cool kitchen—extreme accuracy—speed—minimum shrinkage of meats—minimum loss of natural minerals and vitamins in food... these are but a few of its features. Add to these the fact that all secondary k.W.h. (units) of electricity are reduced to .7d, where an approved electric range is installed and you can see just how sound Mrs. McManus's advice really is.



1 Blair Street,  
GLADESVILLE.

General Manager,  
Sydney County Council,  
Queen Victoria Building,  
SYDNEY.

Dear Sir,

It gives me great pleasure to write expressing my appreciation of the advantages gained by cooking on an electric range.

Having previously been accustomed to other cooking systems, the addition of an electric range to my home has proved of tremendous advantage in many ways.

I find cooking by electricity 100% satisfactory. Being able to have correct control of heat at any time eliminates all possibility of cooking failures. I am indeed happy in my appreciation, and will never fail to recommend an electric range.

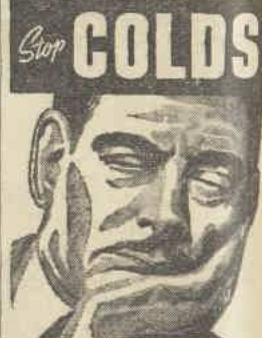
I am,

Yours in appreciation,  
*J. McManus*  
(Sgd.) Mrs. James McManus.

**NO DEPOSIT  
5 Years to Pay!**

Eventually  
YOU WILL  
**COOK ELECTRICALLY**  
WHY NOT NOW?

THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL, QUEEN VICTORIA BLDG., GEORGE ST., SYDNEY  
Branches at: 208 Burwood Rd., Burwood; 200 Beamish St., Camptown; 126 Pacific Highway, Crows Nest; 149-151 Oxford St., Bondi Junction.



A neglected cold may be the first runner of Flu and Pneumonia. At the first signs of head stiffness or sore throat, take two BAYER'S ASPIRIN tablets with water. Genuine BAYER'S ASPIRIN checks the spread of the infection... BAYER'S ASPIRIN does not affect the heart or upset the digestion. Recommended for: FLU, SORE THROAT, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SLEEPLESSNESS, PERIODIC PAIN and all NERVE and MUSCLE ACHES AND PAINS.

In tins of 12, 24. Bottles of 24, 1/3. Bottles of 100, 4/-



GENUINE BAYER'S ASPIRIN STOPS PAIN





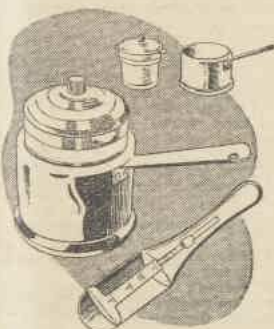
## Bed-jacket

as pretty as Mummy's

Soft and pretty to snuggle into now it's nearly winter. Lacy bed jacket edged with brushed wool. Blue, pink; fit girls 4 to 6 yrs. **10'11**

7 to 9 yrs., 11/11; 10 to 12, 12/11; 13-16, 13/11. Brushed wool bed socks, 2 to 16. 3/11.

Children's wear—Fourth Floor.



## New American Kitchen Improvements

New extremely useful glass-lined food porringers, for steaming and special dishes. At 6/11, 7/6, 13/6, 15/11.

Patent measuring spoon—which you can adjust accurately to any measure from a quarter to three teaspoons. Priced at 1/1.

Kitchenware, Lower Ground Floor. Country Carriage Extra.

**\* DO YOU LIKE HUMBUGS?**  
The genuine old-fashioned Treacle and Plain Hamburgt, Parkinson's, in fact, in neat tins, 1lb. 1/3; 1lb. 2/6. Ground Floor.

Mail Orders to P.O. Box  
497 AA, Sydney. M 2405.

# Farmer's



Farmer's predicts

a brilliant future for versatile

## Dirndls of wool

Farmer's believes they're destined to become Australian classics; they're so divinely adaptable. Trim but casual enough for week-end motoring or tramping; colourful for sports; indispensable for holidaying; perfect to slip into when you come home from town; bright enough for informal entertaining. We believe in them so thoroughly we've opened up a new salon solely for their benefit; made them in dozens of colours and soul-stirring checks.

A small, neat collar, a trim bodice, a full skirt. Zipped to waist. 30 to 38. Wine, blue, grey, light and bottle green. 19/11

Zipped from neck to hem. Plain panelled front. Rose, green, wine, blue, maize. 32 to 38. 26/11

Plaids and checks in tailored simplicity. Full skirt gathered to an elastic waistline. Pastels of autumn tones. 30 to 36. 27/6

DIRNDL SHOP—SECOND FLOOR

Turbanette...  
to swathe onto  
your head.



Snug-fitting jersey turbanettes in a stimulating colour selection. You'll want them in different colours to ring the changes on winter outfits. Red, blue, mossleaf, brown, black, navy. Now only **3'11**

Neckwear—Ground Floor.



Dance in exquisitely  
light "Revel"

Sandals of brocade

Evening sandals designed with heavenly lightness and a comfort hitherto unknown. Exclusive Parisian copies, priced from 12/9 to 35/-. Illustrated is black tinsel brocade and crepe. Half sizes, 2 to 7. At only **15'9**

Footwear—Third Floor.

## Wear matched suede Accessories

with your rich Autumn browns and greens

Accessories contrived with deliberate simplicity, so that they will be the more adaptable... Plain enough for tailoreds, soft enough for dressing-up. Gloves and bags both in a suede that's softer than peaches, both in the rich deep brown and green of a rain-drenched forest.

**The handbags** are available in four essentially new designs. Bark Brown and Robin Hood Green (also black). Priced at a mere **21/-**

**The gloves** are short slip-ons with finely corded backs. Three button length. Bark Brown and Robin Hood Green. Priced at only **10/6**

GLOVES AND HANDBAGS—BOTH GROUND FLOOR





## Get More Security For FALSE TEETH

Loosened by Shrinking Gums



The illustration shows how shrinking gums cause a dental plate to become loose by depriving it of the firm, even foundation it needs. Have your dentist re-adapt your plate to changed gums. And until your dentist has made this change, you can use and count on PASTEETH to give valuable daily aid in holding a wobbly plate more securely. PASTEETH, sprinkled on your plate, forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gums that helps you eat, talk and laugh with greater confidence. Helps safeguard your public appearance from the annoyance and embarrassment of a loose plate. Being mildly alkaline (non-acid), PASTEETH checks gum soreness or burning due to chafing of a loose plate or excessive acid mouth. No oily, pasty taste or feeling. Get PASTEETH to-day from any chemist, and enjoy ease and confidence of a more securely held plate.

Any dental plate held flatter by PASTEETH less is loose, sinking, and causes pain.

**ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER**

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# Clean up this Milk Board muddle!

Mother's indignant protest  
against menace of rationing

By MRS. RAY FIELDERS

For a whole week Sydney has been rationed for milk.

Why must my children be cut down on their daily supplies of milk because of the muddling of the Milk Board?

I have six children . . . they need milk to build blood and muscle tissues . . . for healthy teeth and strong bones.

The Milk Board was appointed in 1931 to see that the quality and quantity of milk required in Sydney was 100%.

WE pay these men on the Milk Board fabulous salaries . . . £1750 to the chairman (Mr. Nesbitt), and £1250 to each of the members (Mr. Stening and Major-General Richardson) for what? To ration our milk supplies? . . . NO . . . to see that, drought or not, we have enough good-quality milk.

They must have known of the shortage to think of rationing . . . why couldn't they have thought of getting more supplies from the other dairying districts instead?

Including their salaries the total cost of the Milk Board last year was

£39,394 . . . so it's not because they haven't enough money to spend that they couldn't work the problem out.

It makes my blood boil to think of these men sitting calmly in their offices discussing rationing when supplies should have been foremost in their minds.

It's not as if N.S.W. hadn't got milk supplies; there are thousands of gallons overflowing in other dairying districts.

The doctor told me my kiddies should have three to four cups of milk a day, and unless they get it they are irritable and nervous, and so I, too, have to bear the brunt of the Milk Board's inefficiency.

Because of incompetence my children and I suffer.

A fine body of men to have in



HERE'S AN EXAMPLE for the Milk Board. Let's get back to the days when a healthy fellow could be a twelve-bottle man and no restrictions.

charge of milk supplies . . . a woman wouldn't have let this stupid muddle occur. Why doesn't the Government appoint a woman to the Board to represent consumers?

When women want to do something about it the Minister for Health (Mr. Primrose) won't see them.

A deputation called on him last week. The Minister stated that no good purpose would be achieved by seeing him. Perhaps not . . . after surveying the milk scandal!

If my grocer hadn't got enough sugar for me when I asked for it, I'd go to another grocer who had supplies . . . I wouldn't go without. This simple solution could have been adopted by the Milk Board.

## Milk and water

THE secretary of the Board (Mr. J. Shiels) had the nerve to say last week that the rationing would continue until we got rain . . . What a milk and water outlook! It seems stupid to me not allowing milk from areas not controlled by the Board.

We don't pay them to ration us . . . we pay them to see that we get good quality milk in large quantities.

Although the North Coast doesn't come into the Milk Board's zone, after the rationing they arrange to get 34,000 gallons of milk from that district . . . this is what they could have done in the first place. That's what I think, anyway, but then I'm not a highly-paid member of the Milk Board!

Here's another thing:

The drought didn't start last week . . . it's been going on for months. They must have discussed rationing before they started it . . . why couldn't they have thought of getting supplies from other places outside the zone areas?

The man we pay as acting Minister for Health actually defended the Board and said they could not have foreseen the position. Ridiculous rot! As a housewife, even I could tell you that drought will affect milk supplies.

Here they are screaming for a higher birthrate . . . It's certainly encouraging to think our children might die of malnutrition because of rationed milk supplies.

Think of the case mentioned in Parliament where a woman with a child weighing only 4½ lb. was dependent on a milk diet, but her order had been cut down. Then tell me the Milk Board's doing its job!

# MILES FROM ANYWHERE



FOR

# COUGHS & COLDS

THEY DEPEND ON

# WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE

MILES from a doctor or a hospital you cannot afford to gamble with 'Flu, Colds or Coughs. Always keep handy a bottle of WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE. Acts fast—tastes good—brings prompt, safe and inexpensive relief from coughs, colds and other throat and chest ailments. Good for kiddies . . . best for you. Try a handy sized 1½ bottle of WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE to-day. From all chemists and Stores.



# PAIN THAT WAS TORTURE



Men can't realise . . . and it is so hard to "explain" . . . when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness and "blues" — try a couple of little MYZONE tablets. Already five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For MYZONE's

special activein (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate — more complete and lasting — relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known. Just take two MYZONE tablets with water, or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new bright comfort . . . notice how there is no "doping." Try MYZONE with your very next "pain." 2/- a box. All Chemists.



# YOUNG CHAMPION....

• Jill Bridgland, 15-year-old pupil of Sydney C. of E. Girls' Grammar School, in her first year in competitive swimming, holds all five women's championships of the Rose Bay Club, is N.S.W. junior champion.



**READY** for the start of a race. Jill's training consists of a good long swim every day, plenty of sleep, and a normal diet. Her coach is former Olympic swimmer Harold Smyrk.



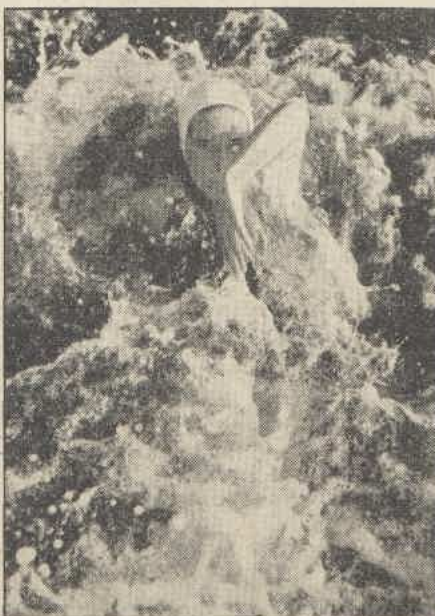
**FREESTYLE** champion of Rose Bay Women's Club at 15, swimming enthusiasts expect that her perfect stroking and timing will bring her into front rank of swimmers in next few years.



**BREATHING** is even more important in swimming than in any other form of sport. In this picture Jill shows correct way of breathing when swimming breast-stroke.



**JILL BRIDGLAND** tidles up after a swim at Rose Bay baths. Titles she has won this year include junior championship of New South Wales, senior championship of secondary schools, freestyle, breast-stroke, backstroke and diving championships of Rose Bay Women's Club.



**BACKSTROKE.** Jill is a good all-round sport as well as an outstanding swimmer. Last year she played in the school Senior B hockey team.



**"FLOTATION** perfect," says her coach, Mr. Smyrk. "Her timing and stroking cannot be faulted. She's improving every day."



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"For itching, burning, stinging, and all other skin troubles."  
"For the relief of all skin diseases."  
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OINTMENT—1/4 per tin. Now also extra large tin, three times the quantity, for 3/-.

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—4d. per tablet (City and Suburban).

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and powder base  
**Corinne Rose Cream**  
The Natural Beauty Emulsion  
for the Skin  
1/6 and 2/6 Everywhere

If you suffer acute, stabbing pain, if joints are swollen, if shivers, your blood is slowed through faulty kidney action, other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Burning, Itching Passages, "Getting up Nights," Backaches, Lumbago, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Diarrhea, Headaches, Colds, Painful Urination, Stuffer Eyes, Lack of Energy, Appetite, etc. Oiling medicines can't help much—you must kill the germs ruining health. Cystex ends these troubles by removing the cause, not just Cystex for any ailment or store on guarantee to return money if no relief after one hour.

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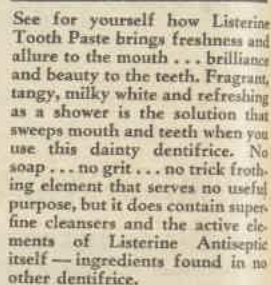
For Indigestion, Acid Stomach Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of all chemists and stores, in large canisters, 2/6. New giant size (2½ times quantity), 4/6.

"We should be getting back," she said. "Leon will be wondering where we are."  
"One more run."  
"All right."

---


Ferrier called again, beckoning them to him urgently. Her hand dropped—she looked up the slope, waved to him, and took a step up-

3—There's something fishy about this one! An angler's creel is his Rod — fishing basket — landing net — special sort of line for use only on a rod.



\_\_\_\_\_

These fine Sheets and Pillowcases retain their original whiteness and their exquisite fineness of texture even after innumerable washings during their long and valued period of service to the discerning housewife who owns them. You can see them at your local Drapers and Stores.

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SHIRTS, THEY  
ARE GOOD, THEY  
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PATTERNS ARE  
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SHIRTS

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## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4

HE said suddenly: "So you're in love with him?" "I don't know," she said slowly. "He wants me to marry him." "Sarah," he put his arm through hers, his voice ironical but friendly. "It's a wonderful situation. I shall certainly send the skeleton of it to my Mr. Brown to make into a play. But in real life it just doesn't work. Look at the facts. You've known him for forty-eight hours. I admit he's good-looking—an interesting youngster, but how is he going to fit into your life, or you into his? "Marriages simply aren't made like that. What would you have? Perhaps a month of happiness. And then you'd begin to remember all the things you'd promised yourself to do. Your ambitions—the challenge to your father—why, you'd be in a cage."

"I don't know whether you're right. Probably you are. But he hasn't promised me happiness—only love. Don't you think that the month would be worth it?" He glanced at her with his amused, cynical dark eyes. The snow was melting, setting them free. She and Dominic seemed too crazy, impulsive children by the light of his clear words. He must make her see it like that, or lose her altogether.

"Surely you must give me a trial, too, Sarah," he said quietly. "I can't hold up my production while you decide whether or not you are going to be happy with this young man. Sarah, I think you owe me that. I came up here, on your invitation, to persuade your father. It was your suggestion that we should burn our boats and go to London. I'm not stressing my feelings in the matter."

Her hand went out to him impulsively, her eyes pleading his forgiveness. "Leon, believe me, I know I'm a fool. I tried not to be caught by this thing. I still don't want to be. But it's getting too strong for me. It's been like a fire that has destroyed me before I could escape." Her hands twisted together. "Oh, why did we ever come here? Why had it to happen? I was so sure of my life."

"You still are, Sarah. Look here, let's take a sensible view of it. Supposing that this—this romance you two kids have found is genuine. Well, why hurry? Come to London, get on with your work. If you still feel the same in six months, well and good. I'll let you off your contract, and give you my blessing. If you've forgotten him, well and good, too—it'll have been an interesting experience."

A different Ferrier. Cold, calm, logical—so different to this impetuous torrent of passion that was carrying her away. And that word

## Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 34

—contract—which he had not mentioned before. But she was under contract to him; she wasn't free. And his words were fair and sensible. How could she ever make Dominic understand?

He saw her troubled hesitation, and renewed his attack.

"You may rush into this and regret it all your life. He's a very dominating young man, you know." Yes, she knew that; that was why he had such incredible power over her. "Sarah, I know. I'm not twenty-five like Steel. Next week, when you're away from him, surrounded by interesting people, up to your eyes in work, you'll think very differently."

"He won't let me go," she said desperately. "He'll follow me to London."

They had reached the farm door.

### First Love

Some day the telephone will ring for me.

And, like a sudden flame,  
Down the dim hall from end to end

Will leap my name.

Then will I walk, steps  
seventeen,

(My age and one)

Faint as a heart might be  
When love is done.

What will I say to you,

How will I start?

How will I hear your voice  
Over my heart?

So that you may not know—

Here is the doubt—

You are the first young man  
Asking me out!

—Yvonne Webb.

She glanced back apprehensively and saw Dominic coming through the field gate, the sun bright on his hair, watching her, his eyes curiously implacable. Watched him as he fastened the gate and pulled the heavy sled over to the barn.

He didn't glance towards them again. He was giving her her chance of talking to Ferrier—scrupulously fair, deliberate—but somehow, in his very deliberation, wary, like a tiger whose mate is being lured into a trap.

Ferrier was watching, too. "Don't tell him you're going to London. Tell him you're going home to discuss it with your people." That would give him a few days to get her into routine . . . to convince her of her importance. "Importance." Mentally, he smiled. The importance of bright gold hair and wide, lovely eyes, of a body like a young sapling—and the intimate importance she had for him.

But in London she would be hard at work. If Steel did follow her it would not be immediately. He pressed his point home. "He can't refuse to let you go home. I'm not asking you to give him up, Sarah. I'm asking you to prove that this is sincere, and not infatuation. And I'm asking you to remember that I care about you too, Sarah—to be fair to me."

His voice was whimsical, his dark eyes grave. He had that anxious moment that comes to the most skillful actors, not quite knowing how a scene will go down with his audience.

She said faintly: "Very well."

"Are your things packed?"

"Yes, the case just wants shutting."

"I'll get our cases and carry them straight over to the car. You come as soon as you have spoken to him. We'll get right away."

"Very well."

She walked very thoughtfully across the yard. She hadn't meant

this to happen at all. She had meant perhaps to flirt, certainly to amuse herself—and now this awful, aching uncertainty. This feeling that to part with him now was to part with some of herself. If only she could get away from the sound of his voice, the touch of his hands, then she might control her nerves and harden her heart.

Dominic came out into the sunshine to meet her, his eyes frozen, angry.

"Well—and what does the master say?"

She looked up at him desperately, and something in her youth, her inability to cope with the situation that had caught her up touched him. His hard mouth relaxed.

"I'm sorry, Sarah, my sweet, I'm behaving as badly as I'm expecting Ferrier to behave. We're both bullying you and it isn't fair. It's just that I can't lose you, now that I've found you. What are you going to do?"

This was worse. His anger might have stung her to defiance. She said, her hands straight down by her sides, rather like a child repeating a lesson.

"I'm going home, to talk it over with daddy. I—I'll write you from there."

His hands leaped to her shoulders, his eyes clear and glad.

"But that's wonderful. You'll only be an hour's drive away. I'll have to come over to see your people and explain." He drew her to him triumphantly. "You're really only a baby, Sarah. Nineteen. We'll have to get your father's permission to marry, you know. What do you think he'll say?"

The tears stung her eyelids, hot and searing.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"Why, my sweet, don't cry." He bent and kissed her wet eyes gently.

"It's going to be all right. I don't think he'll object. I'll be very persuasive." She reached her arms up to him suddenly, and pulled his lips down to hers in a swift kiss that startled him. His arms closed about her. One moment—trying to catch this moment on her memory—knowing with frightening clearness that if she went to London it was over—that they would be separated in their two conflicting worlds.

"There—good-bye, Dominic."

Please turn to Page 36



All eyes  
are on your  
fireplace

THE fireplace is the very centre of your room. There's nothing more inviting than a sparkling, shining grate. And it is so easy now to keep your fireplace bright the whole week round. All it needs is a quick rub over with Zebo—the modern liquid stove polish.

Shake a little Zebo on a cloth or brush, polish the grate briskly.

There are no elaborate preparations!



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The Modern Polish  
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## No Asthma in 2 Years

Two years ago J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, was in bed with Asthma. Had lost 45 pounds weight, suffered coughing, choking and struggling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped asthma first night and he has had none since—in OVER TWO YEARS. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package.

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Is your husband  
ASHAMED of your legs?

**VARICOSE  
VEINS....**  
can be restored to  
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ARE you one of those unfortunate or uncaring women who find the admiration in everyone's eyes suddenly change to disgust, when they notice ugly, swollen varicose veins on your legs?

The pain, anguish and disfigurement of varicose veins can be ended—even in long standing cases—with the help of Moone's Emerald Oil. A powerful, penetrating, yet soothing antiseptic, Moone's Emerald Oil consistently strengthens the thin relaxed vein walls, and in a short time the swollen knots and vein branches will lessen and, with continued treatment, return to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil is stainless—and pleasant to use.

Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

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While your money grows for your ultimate benefit, it will be used to keep Australia safe for you and yours.

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Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonard's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of Pile Sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee.\*





## "He Cut His Teeth

without my knowing," writes a mother. Keep baby regular during teething and at other times by using Steedman's Powders—they keep baby's bloodstream cool. Give this gentle agent to children up to 14 years of age.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

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FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walsworth Rd., London, Eng.

New  
easy  
way



to clean false teeth

The easy way to keep false teeth clean is to put them with "Steradent" powder into a tumbler of water (see directions on the tin). This solution penetrates every crevice, dissolves film, removes stains and sterilizes your dentures. Many people leave their teeth in this "Steradent" bath overnight; others regularly for 20 minutes while they dress. Dentists recommend "Steradent" and all Chemists sell it in the 2/- and 3/6.

## Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth  
Buckley (Over Sea) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney

## Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 35

"WRITE to me to-night, and I'll come over to see you to-morrow."

"I'll try." She would not write. She might never see him again. She tore herself away, trying to smile, trying to make everything light and sane and casual.

"Leon's getting our things," she said. "He has sent Sykes to get the car out."

"I'll come with you."

They caught up Ferrier crossing the fields. The two men were polite and courteous, an armed truce. When they reached the road, Sykes, with the aid of several laborers and a team of plough horses, had pulled the car from the ditch and on to the level of the road again. Sarah stood watching them, pale, feeling curiously numb and dead, watching the men tinker with the car, getting the frozen engine to life again. Remembering how she had sat there with Ferrier, watching Dominic walk slowly into her life.

After some time they got the car started, their suitcases were put in, Ferrier tipped the men who had helped them, shook hands briskly with Dominic, and climbed in.

"Come along, Sarah."

As she stepped towards the car Dominic slipped his arm round her shoulders and kissed her; kissed her happily, as a man kisses his wife or sweetheart at the start of a short journey. "See you to-morrow," his eyes said. "See you soon."

But Sarah said, "Good-bye."

She climbed into the car. Rex raced along beside them for a few minutes, and then turned and went loping back to the tall, bright-haired figure standing on the road. Round the corner, out of sight—a mile, two miles—then the right fork towards London.

Ferrier smiled. "Well, we're on our way," he said.

Sarah put her head down on her knee and burst into tears.

There was no letter for Dominic the next day. He worked steadily, puzzled. Perhaps she was having trouble with her people. Perhaps her father objected to the suddenness of the affair.

He wrote to her again that night—the sort of letter that one only writes once in a lifetime, on the first overwhelming revelation of love. He paused, smiled over his writing, a verse of that singing lover Ben Jonson coming into his head—naïve in its sweetness and simple statement of passion. He laughed at himself as he wrote it down.

"Have you seen but a bright lily grow

Before rude hands have touched it?

Have you but marked the fall of snow

Before the soil hath smothered it?

Have you felt the wool of beaver

Or swan's down ever?

Or smelt the bud of briar,

Or the hard in the fire?

Or have tasted the bag of the bee?

O so white, O so soft, O so sweet

is she!"

## "THE Elizabethans

knew what they were talking about, Sarah," he wrote. "O so white, O so sweet." But we'll have to write in something about your golden hair, and wide, serious eyes—that's how I'm thinking of you, night and day. Write to me, my darling, and tell me I can come, or else I'll just come over and fetch you, Dominic."

But there was no letter the next day, nor the next.

In the afternoon he drove over to Normanhurst. Montrose opened the door and answered the query of the tall, strange young man asking for Miss Sarah.

"Miss Sarah left for London a matter of five days ago, sir. I believe she is staying in town for some time. I can give you her London address."

Dominic's mouth whitened queerly.

"Terribly fierce, Mrs. Provost," Montrose said afterwards to the housekeeper. "For the moment I thought he didn't believe me and



The  
Military  
Touch

MILITARY nonsense from Lanvin, who secures a full-shirted, strapless gown of rich gold brocade with a gold and red a m b a s s a d o r's strap.

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was coming in to search for Miss Sarah."

But Dominic said very quietly, "Thanks, I think I know where to find her," and turned away.

With deep, shaking sobs Sarah cried as she had never cried before in her life... as though the hopelessness in her heart could be washed away with tears. Ferrier did not speak, did not even look at her bowed golden head, letting her work out her emotional storm in peace. He knew women, he understood them... he knew when to be silent, and he knew that most important thing of all—that even the best-loved men fail to learn—when to leave them alone.

Nothing he could say now could comfort Sarah. Although he had promised her that if she and Dominic still cared in six months he would let her off her contract, they both knew it wasn't true. If she were a success, and Ferrier was determined that she should be, Dominic would be impossible as a husband in the background... he just couldn't be fitted into the life she was going to. And Dominic wasn't the sort of person one could return to if things went wrong... he would want all or nothing. It was over, and she had to learn to forget.

She fell asleep after a while with her head against Leon's shoulder. A strand of her hair blew against his face, and he looked down at her, at the lashes lying thick and silky against her pale cheeks. There were tear stains round her eyes, a hint of pathos about her mouth. Once she drew a long breath, then sighed and shivered, as a child will who has fallen asleep crying.

Proud, golden Sarah, such a short

journey towards her new life and her banners were already tattered, her courage broken. She looked like a tired baby, infinitely appealing. And this was for Dominic. Ferrier's face was grim. He had to make her forget.

He must fill her life with work and gaiety, and try to efface the memory of this first wild sweet love of youth. His mouth twisted cynically. After all it was nothing... a few words, a few kisses... a boy and girl affair... he was arguing with himself, trying to convince himself as he drove towards London.

## W

HEN and if she did turn to him she would have something more to give him than gratitude... a second-best affection. The game was only beginning... he had plenty of cards to play, and plenty of time to win. He would be patient. He would have to learn control. He must not let her beauty destroy his discretion again and shake him into error.

He drove steadily, and not too fast, anxious not to waken her, and it was not until he stopped at a garage on the outskirts of London that she stirred, sleepy-eyed, and woke. For a moment she smiled, and suddenly, the remembrance of pain came back into her eyes.

He said casually, "We're nearly there... I'll take you to Noreen's place and you can have something to eat and a rest. I must go to the theatre to look at the post, and tell Jim to call a rehearsal for to-morrow. If you feel fit we might go out this evening... late, about nine." He smiled. "You might as well have some fun. You won't have time to play after to-morrow until the show has opened."

Please turn to Page 37

## DIGESTION-TIRED — Can't sleep



## How to get better on Benger's Food

Weary and worn out, yet she can't sleep. Her digestion is so tired that it is still struggling with the meal she took hours ago. Yet she does not know it! Freedom from digestive strain with full nourishment, begins with the first cup of Benger's Food. Benger's is the only Food that contains the enzymes of natural digestion. If you suffer from indigestion and have no appetite for the evening meal—take a cup of Benger's Food instead.

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Then do this!

The usual warnings of a cold are sneezing and a tickling soreness in the throat and base of nose. At the first sign of any of these symptoms rub the chest and throat well with a liberal supply of HEARNE'S GLO-RUB. Stir half a teaspoonful into a cup of boiling water and deeply inhale the vapour. It is best to do this at bedtime and then, while you sleep, GLO-RUB will stop that cold before it really begins. 2/- a jar at all Chemists.



## GLO-RUB

"BREATHE IT IN AND THE COLD WON'T BEGIN!"

W. G. HEARNE & COMPANY LTD., GOSLOW, VIC.



# Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 36

SARAH sat up with a comb through her hair and endeavored to repair her fear-stained complexion with handkerchief and powder-puff. She felt older . . . curiously shaken . . . sure of herself. She had started out from Normanhurst with such confidence . . . heart-whole, believing in her ability to look after herself and manage Leon . . . and now she had proved her an inexperienced little fool. It had hurt her unfairly, breaking her against a force that she had no power to control . . . it was cruel.

She must find her courage and start to build her life again . . . a high wall of defence so that not even a thought or memory of Dominic could creep through. And she could not do it alone . . . she had to ask Leon to help her.

She would have liked to rest to-night. To reserve her energies for her first difficult day in the theatre to-morrow . . . but if she rested she would think.

If she did not allow herself to think of Dominic, even just for a few days, she might conquer this awful longing. She was besieged by a sort of panicky temptation to throw up everything and go back to him. But she must be strong. She must not let this spitting of herself and her desires beat her . . . she must win her internal conflict.

Dominic had offered her love, and she had chosen, against every woman's instinct within her, to follow her ambition. And now she must take the consequences.

If Dominic had only been a different sort of man, more like Leon, interested in this world of the theatre and fashionable London . . . willing to stand by and let her go ahead with her career, to be content with the days she could spare him

with its lawns and terraces and grates stone battlements, but nothing quite like this.

The hall was silver-white; the carpet was white; along the wall were flat vases of exquisite red roses, each concealing a light so that every petal and flower was illuminated. From a far room came the sound of a piano, and a voice singing—rough, charming, and appealingly out of tune.

"That's Noreen," said Leon, then to the maid, "It's all right, Smithers, we'll go in, Miss Manet's expecting us."

Sarah followed him, feeling, for the first time in her confident young life, countryish, awkward, and incredibly travel-stained. She had a vision of a wide silvery room with enormous nimon draped windows,

with stands and baskets and vases of flowers, and an immense padded Empire sofa and overstuffed satin chairs . . . a full-sized grand piano . . . the whole effect was like an extravagant film set.

At the piano Noreen Manet was playing to herself, and singing in her deep, husky, tuneless voice. She slammed down the lid of the piano and came forward to welcome them, exuding her own particular magic.

She was not good-looking, her nose was upturned, her eyes set too far apart, her mouth too big. She was of medium height, and painfully thin . . . and yet nearly everyone would say that Noreen Manet was a beautiful woman.

HER poise, her confidence, her exquisitely graceful movements added to the air of indescribable glamor with which she had invested herself. She was her own creation—from a Cockney chorus girl she had produced one of the loveliest actresses on the London stage. Her hair was very dark, with a single patch of white like a snowy plume above her brow . . . her bare feet were thrust into silver mules and she wore a long, flowing negligee of wine-red velvet, that made Sarah huddle her fur coat round her in an effort to hide her crumpled tweed dress.

"Hello, Leon," she gave him her hand regally to kiss, and turned to Sarah, her eyes swift, appraising, but kindly. She summed Sarah up in two quick glances.

Please turn to Page 38

## DRINK HABIT CONQUERED

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2. No. (An arachnid.)
3. Lucerne.
4. Wool fat.
5. Shelley.
6. Between Norway and Denmark.
7. Shed their leaves periodically.
8. A Spanish dance.
9. Fishing basket.
10. Four years.

Questions on Page 34

. . . to claim only her playtime. But he wouldn't. He wanted her as his woman, his mate, in the circle of his life, sharing her with no one.

The little shuddering reminiscence of a sob shook her. If she had never met Leon, or thought of going to London, never run away, she might have met Dominic, casually somewhere . . . it could have been so wonderful.

She caught her thoughts away from the dangerous subject, and began to ask Ferrier about the rehearsal. He warned her to expect a certain amount of jealousy.

"The professional cast won't like an amateur in a leading part . . . you'll have to fight that," he said. "Be friendly, but don't bother about them. If the play's a success and their bread-and-butter is assured for a good long run, they'll come round soon enough. Work for me, and watch Noreen . . . she has every trick at her finger tips, and if she takes to you, you can learn a lot."

Purposely he avoided personal talk . . . never talk love to a woman when her heart belongs to another. He must wait. His time would come.

They came into London, winding through the crowded streets to Regent's Park, where, on the top floor of a great Regency mansion, Noreen Manet had a flat, its windows overlooking the tree-tops of the park. It was late afternoon . . . dusk was falling, blue and chill, a few stars were showing in the misty sky.

The stars that had seemed so near last night were far away. She thought of the wild boast she'd made to Dominic, to pull them down one by one and thread them on a string.

They left the car by the kerb, and took a lift to the top floor. A maid, smartly uniformed in taffeta and organdie, admitted them.

Sarah stared. She was used to the comforts that money could give, to the wide dignity of Normanhurst,





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## Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 37

"YOUNG, well-bred, never had to fight for anything... but Leon's right, she's ravishingly beautiful... of course he's crazy about her," then pityingly: "Poor kid."

She took Sarah's hand warmly. "So this is your protégée, Leon? Oh, yes, I remember, you were at Golden's first-night party at the Savoy some weeks back?"

"I only spoke to you for a moment," said Sarah gratefully, "you must have a wonderful memory for faces."

"Trevor had your wire at mid-day, Leon," Noreen led Sarah to the big satin couch, and made her sit down, "saying that you'd fixed up a contract with Miss Hurst, and to let the papers know. He got onto the Press straight away. One of the evenings has given you a useful splash."

She picked up an evening paper and showed it to them. Sarah, looking over her shoulder, felt the blood creep up her cheeks. It was terribly embarrassing. Leon had warned her what to expect, of course, but... poor daddy!

There was a photograph of her mother and father taken in their coronation robes, and one of herself in her white Court dress and feathers. Screaming headlines ran across the page. Baronet's daughter defies father... beginning stage career in L. B. Ferrier's new show... a play by Byron Brown. Below ran a short column devoted to her beauty, her stage ambitions, her ancestry, and the fact that her father, whom they had rung up at Normanhurst, had "nothing to say."

Noreen glanced at her quickly, noticing her high color. She said quickly, "Didn't Leon warn you?"

Sarah hesitated. "Oh yes, but somehow—"

Noreen laughed. "I know—it looks so much worse when you actually see it in print. You must learn to be tough about reporters; any publicity is better than no publicity at all... Sometimes," she added, glancing ironically at Leon, "now I expect you'd like a bath and a rest. Would you like some tea first, or a cocktail?"

"No, thanks, but I'd love the bath. Leon is supposed to be taking me out to-night, and I'd like a rest first."

Noreen looked at her gravely,

noting her high color and bright eyes. "First rehearsal to-morrow. Hadn't you better rest to-night?"

"No, I don't feel like it. I'd rather go out," Sarah said eagerly.

"What time shall I be ready, Leon?"

"About nine. I'll have seen Trevor, and have time to change."

"Very well."

Noreen rang the bell, and told her maid to show Sarah to her room. As she went out of the room and Ferrier relaxed into a chair, there were lines on his dark, heavy face; his eyes looked weary and tired. With Noreen, the mask was off—they knew each other too well to pretend.

Noreen went over to the wall near the window, opened a cupboard door, disclosing the glitter of a perfectly equipped miniature bar, and poured him out a stiff whisky and soda. He took it gratefully, and she sat near him, her lovely restless hands playing with her diamond bracelet, her eyes watching him warily.

She knew Leon so well... she had known him since she was the age of this girl, Sarah, whom he was so wild about. She had hated him once... but now she was free of her hate, and free of him, for she needed him no longer. Her hatred had disappeared, and between them was a curiously tolerant friendship.

SHE said: "Tell me about your adventure, Leon? It must have been quite thrilling. The child looks very nervous, though. What's the matter with her? Didn't she fall for your time-honored technique?"

He looked at her irritably. "I object to that word time-honored, Noreen. I'm not thirty-seven yet."

"Objection sustained," said Noreen flippantly. She went over to the bar and began to mix herself a cocktail thoughtfully. She looked at him over her glass as she drank, and asked, "What's on your mind, Leon?"

He finished his glass and handed it back to her to refill. He was drinking more these days—the stimulant helped him over the moments of flat depression he was subject to at times.

"To tell you the truth, Noreen, I had the most unflattering experience I have ever had in my life. We were snowed up in this moorland farm for two nights. Perfect romantic setting... he paused. "I'm sketching it out and sending it out to Brown for a new play."

"Well? Go on. I'm thrilled to bits."

"There was a fellow who owned the place."

Noreen rippled with laughter. "Don't tell me your baby blonde fell for him?"

"He was no ordinary farmer... well educated, a university man. Good-looking, too, tall, with reddish hair... And he had a fancy name... Dominic—"

Noreen set her glass down on the bar with a harsh little clatter.

"Dominic? Dominic Steel?"

"You know him?"

Her wide, dark eyes looked at him unseeing, as though she had gone back into some hidden place of remembrance. "Yes," she said slowly. "I knew him... three years ago."

"Three years ago," he repeated, his eyes narrowed suspiciously. "But three years ago, Noreen—?"

She met his eyes with cool inquiry, and he stopped. Three years ago she had lived in a smaller flat than this. She was not, as now, a famous actress, with film and radio contracts, with every manager in London wanting her, so that he was forced to pay her the high salary she could command. Three years ago... the little flat in the West End where he had paid the bills. She shrugged, a sudden little spot of color in each cheek, her eyes cool and defiant.

"Yes... we were still together, Dominic had just come down from the university. He was twenty-two, I think... she put her head on one side, and regarded him whimsically. "But he had a rare quality—at least, rare nowadays. He was chivalrous. I was beginning to be famous... he was desperately anxious to learn about the theatre... and there was a lot I could have taught him."

"But you see, he just didn't happen to love me, so he wouldn't accept any favors, and he wouldn't allow me, whom he admired so much, to make a fool of myself."

She laughed into his dark, angry face, and went to the window, looking up at the blue velvet London night, her face smiling and alight and tender... curiously so for Noreen, who had always appeared to him so hard. "Chivalrous Dominic..." she said.

"What did you do to help him?" he asked angrily.

NOREEN skillfully evaded the question. "And so your little aristocrat is in love with him? And he with her?"

"Why ask me? I wasn't in their confidence. I know he wanted her to marry him. Mad as his red hair, of course, I told her she was a fool. She can always go back and collect him if she is a failure in the theatre. She's burned her boats as far as her people are concerned."

"Poor little fool," said Noreen softly. "Poor little fool. She couldn't go back to him—Dominic isn't that sort of young man who waits around to be collected." She smiled softly, reminiscently. "Smiling, arrogant Dominic— You knew that when you persuaded her to leave him, didn't you, my pet? You are really rather a cad, you know, Leon."

He said furiously. "Why should I hand her over to this boy? She's going to be a success. In any case—I'll probably marry her myself."

"Oh, Leon?" Her brows went up every line of her expressive face mocking him with her pretence of horrified amazement. "Leon... marriage? Think of your freedom! Sacrilege for the word to cross your lips."

His hands clenched angrily. She infuriated him when she chose to mock at him.

"I'm thirty-six," he began. "It's time I settled down."

Her laughter drifted back to him as she went towards the door.

"You must excuse me. I must go and dress... I have a dinner engagement. Your adventure has been most exciting. You can show yourself out, can't you, Leon? Good-bye."

To be continued

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# The Movie World

April 13, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD

First Page

## Rediscovered!... IDA LUPINO



• Ida Lupino, daughter of English comedian Stanley Lupino and actress Connie Emerald, who is now doubly appealing to film audiences.

### INGENUE WINS BIG DRAMATIC TRIUMPH IN KIPLING FILM

By JOAN McLEOD,  
in Hollywood

AFTER years of playing simpering ingenue roles, twenty-four-year-old English Ida Lupino has been "discovered" by Hollywood as a first-rate dramatic actress.

Her performance as the spiteful artists' model, Bessie, in "The Light That Failed" has been hailed with enthusiasm and surprise.

As a direct result of her work in this film Paramount has chosen her for the dramatic feminine lead in the film of Conrad's "Victory."

Ida's own persistence won her the role in "The Light That Failed." She has longed to play Bessie ever since she read the Kipling story as a schoolgirl.

"I started telling every producer and director in the business my ambition when I first arrived in Hollywood," Ida told me.

"When I heard that William A. Wellman was going to make the picture for Paramount, I walked right into his office and announced that I was ready to go to work. I called at his office every day, until he finally gave in."

Educated at the Royal Academy of Dramatics in London, Ida played her first featured role in 1932 in an English film. Before this she had had no professional experience.

Next year she was brought over to Hollywood to play Alice in "Alice in Wonderland."

Charlotte Henry was given that role, but Ida remained in Hollywood.



• Ida Lupino, in a hysterical scene from "The Light That Failed," in which she plays a street waif, who, becoming a model for artist Ronald Colman, finds unendurable the long hours she is required to pose for him.



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RIGHT:— Shows special Colimated "foam" shampoo-washed side of head. Hair shining. No dulling film.

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So you discover... a more vivid, young, hair so soft with a burnished sheen like beaten gold!

Insist on Colimated "foam" Shampoo. Get some from your chemist or store to-day... A bottle gives many wave preserving shampoos. Its results will thrill you, and you'll soon know why it's Australia's biggest selling shampoo!



# TYRONE triumphs with Annabella

BOX-OFFICE POLL ESTABLISHES POWER AS FANS' FAVORITE ROMANTIC HERO

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

**R**ECENTLY proved America's most popular adult film hero for 1939, Tyrone Power might be excused a feeling of self-satisfaction.

For this success brilliantly vindicates his marriage with Annabella, which so many people prophesied would mean the ruin of Tyrone's career.

It is also a tribute to his unflagging industry.

A year ago Tyrone, in the face of violent opposition married Annabella.



• The handsomest couple in Hollywood, as this candid camera shot proves: Tyrone Power and his wife, Annabella, shown at a recent Hollywood premiere.

• Tyrone Power, who will be seen shortly in the Twentieth Century-Fox film, "Dance with the Devil," to be followed in the near future by a remake of the late Doug Fairbanks' success, "The Mark of Zorro."



Then he set out to consolidate his position and prove his critics wrong.

All last year he worked furiously, made picture after picture, each of them winning him enthusiastic praise.

And in the annual poll based on the box-office takings for the past year Tyrone received his reward. He was placed second on the list of the ten most popular stars, with Mickey Rooney first.

That means the public prefers Tyrone to every other film hero, including such romantic personalities as Clark Gable, Robert Taylor and Errol Flynn.

On the previous year's count, Tyrone, then a bachelor, was voted tenth.

So, if Tyrone is not muttering "I told you so" round Hollywood right at this minute, it is because he is a very nice, polite young man, who is so honestly pleased that people like him that he has forgotten all about the criticism that went before.

I well remember the comment

his marriage caused in Hollywood.

A good deal of eyebrow-raising and "but-tutting" went on over the fact that Hollywood's favorite glamor boy was marrying an actress who already had an eight-year-old daughter, and, furthermore, was frankly older than the twenty-four-year-old groom.

Tyrone Power's fan mail had always been predominantly feminine. What would the girls say?

Producer Darryl Zanuck, who has him under a seven-year contract to make films for Twentieth Century-Fox, made no secret of his chagrin.

For the first time in the three years of his screen career Tyrone was deliberately flouting studio orders. He had willingly "paled up" with various film girls in the past, to stimulate his romantic public reputation. And here he was insisting on making what seemed an obvious misalliance.

But Tyrone went ahead and married Annabella.

And what happened? Last year

Tyrone's fan mail increased and kept on increasing. The only difference has been that the girls who wrote asking him for his autograph now tenderly inquire after Annabella.

Writing as one who has seen and observed Tyrone and his bride at various gatherings throughout the past year, I can tell you that Tyrone's success this year is definitely related to his private happiness.

## More confident

I HAVE seen the proud look that steals over Tyrone's face when he looks at Annabella. I have seen them walking hand in hand down a Hollywood street, quite oblivious of anybody else's presence.

Tyrone seems so much happier, so much more confident and assured since his marriage.

Unlike other Hollywood couples, these two are seldom apart.

Since they issued a formal notice to the Press that they were expect-

ing a baby, the Powers have been living quietly.

Their lovely home, which they bought from Grace Moore, is perched on the heights of Brentwood, a few minutes' run in the car from Hollywood itself.

It is a large, comfortable Georgian-styled affair, surrounded by wide, rolling lawns, gardens and fruit trees.

Here they entertain their good friends, the Amesches, the Charles Boyers, Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Pressman.

Don Ameche, of course, has been Tyrone's pal since very early days when both were trying to get their break in pictures.

Mrs. Boyer, English Pat Pater-son, is Annabella's real confidante, and acted as matron of honor at her wedding. Claudette was the first person to entertain the bride and groom after their wedding.

Tyrone and Annabella have curtailed their social activities.

But up to a few months ago they attended every Hollywood function to which they were invited. And,

## Tyrone's Isle of Annabella

**T**YRONE POWER has rented an island and christened it "Annabella."

He intends to build a house on it so that he and his wife Annabella can live there in between pictures.

Annabella Island is situated off the coast of Mazatlan, which belongs to Mexico.

Tyrone wanted to buy the island outright. But the Mexican authorities didn't consider it a good thing to have American subjects buying up odd bits of Mexico.

But Tyrone negotiated tactfully, and a compromise was arrived at. Tyrone is to pay £20 a year rent for his island.

The Powers are now poring over building plans. But theirs will have to be a very small home. It costs a small fortune to get building materials transported to the island.

believe me, they receive plenty of invitations.

Neither of them is particularly fond of dancing, but they have often joined parties for the Victor Hugo and other popular night clubs.

Late in January they spent two weeks in Washington, where, with crowds of other movie celebrities, they attended the President's Ball.

But before that Tyrone went on a brief personal tour of the States. And Annabella went with him.

This couple here never sought any particular privacy.

Annabella has been a true help-mate to Tyrone, and her presence by his side has proved far more beneficial to his career than those "publicity" romances of the past.



# VIVIEN LEIGH enters SOCIETY

● During those long months when "Gone with the Wind" was in production, the film colony never got to know Vivien Leigh. She led the life of a recluse.

Then she conquered the screen as Scarlett O'Hara; and became free to make a second conquest—of Hollywood.

## MARRIAGE TO ENGLISH ACTOR LAURENCE OLIVIER IN NEAR FUTURE

From CHRISTINE WEBB, in Hollywood

I WATCHED Vivien enter the Trocadero with a dinner party this week—and heard the gasp go round the room. For her beauty is lit by a brilliant vitality that puts all your blonde beauties in the shade.

Vivien trailing her scarlet chiffrons, with sprigs of white lilac tucked into that black upswept hair, and her slanting green eyes glittering against her magnolia-white skin puts a new emphasis upon glamor.

To-day she radiates success—in her shining eyes and glowing smile. Small wonder

that she bewitches the hardest people in the world. For she is the heroine of romance—romance in her film triumph—romance in her colorful private life.

Now that "Gone with the Wind" is released, the story of Vivien's initial discouragement can be told.

She created Scarlett O'Hara in an atmosphere of exacting work, work—and then more work. Energetic and impatient, she was at the studio at 7 o'clock every day; drove herself home to her modest apartment every evening. Producer David O. Selznick and director Victor Fleming were marvellous to her, she says—but she was thoroughly homesick.

The demands of her work may have a good deal to do with this—she had no chance to visit old friends or make new



● VIVIEN LEIGH in period gown for her role as Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind."

ones: no chance to enjoy the many pastimes to be found in or near the film town.

Occasionally she dined with Ronald Colman and his wife (Benita Hume). Her sole recreation was swimming at the George Cukor home on Sunday afternoon; she was most upset when Cukor, who had directed the opening scenes of "Gone with the Wind," was replaced by Fleming. She takes every opportunity of stressing the debt that Scarlett owes to Mr. Cukor.

On the set she lunched in her dressing-room—rarely having a guest.

And constantly there was the pressure of outside opinion—the doubts and criticisms of the people who had waited three years already to see "Gone with the Wind"—and who wondered if she could make it.

### Great responsibility

IT was a tremendous responsibility—carrying largely on her shoulders the burden of success—or failure. Money problems are not supposed to worry stars. But Vivien, shrewd, intelligent, knew that a fortune—a fortune of a million pounds sterling—was sunk into the picture.

Her private life was complicated by her love for Laurence Olivier—the English star whom she had followed to Hollywood to see. If Vivien had never made that romantic visit—she would not have become Scarlett O'Hara. But she left her home, and her small daughter, Susanne, in London. Vivien's husband, Leigh Holman, from whom she was separated, was still her husband. Olivier's wife, Jill Esmond, was in London too.

Then both tremendous problems were resolved.

"Gone with the Wind," as I have already told you, is the biggest success in screen history. And two divorce suits begun in London have left the way open for marriage between Vivien and Laurence Olivier.

Now Vivien is embarked upon her MGM drama, "Waterloo Bridge." Laurence is in the same studio, making "Pride and Prejudice" with Greer Garson.

Success as Scarlett; happiness as Vivien Leigh. The English star is now on top of the unconventional attitude of the world.



● THIS glorious color scene, featured in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release, shows Vivien as Scarlett pausing on a staircase in a typical unconventional attitude.





1 DEANNA shelves romance for dream of becoming great actress like her mother.



2



3



4

4 SO DEANNA pretends she has forgotten career for love of shipboard friend Walter Pidgeon.



5

5 TO SPARE her feelings, Walter delays news that he and Kay plan to marry.

2 AFTER triumph in school play, she joyfully accepts same role in Broadway production.

3 BUT SHE learns that mother Kay Francis, whom she joins in Honolulu, is rival for role.



6

6 TO GET Deanna for their play, producer Hinds and writer Sakall fly to Hawaii.

## Big plans for child singers

OWING to the increased interest Hollywood is taking in musical entertainment, the screen's juvenile singers are in for a busy time this year.

Eleven-year-old Gloria Jean, who made her debut last year in "The Underpup," has already completed her first 1940 film, "If I Had My Way," in which she is co-starred with Bing Crosby.

Paramount's pretty 15-year-old singer, Susannah Foster, is following her success in "The Days of the Great Victor Herbert," the Allan Jones-Mary Martin musical, with a star role in "Interlocken."

Although the story has not yet been chosen, Linda Ware, Bing Crosby's protegee in "The Stormmaker," is to make a second film for Paramount shortly.

## Broadway calling DEANNA

### WANTED FOR STAR ROLE IN MODERN STAGE VERSION OF "THE MERRY WIDOW"

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York

DEANNA DURBIN may make her Broadway debut this season in a modern version of "The Merry Widow."

Rodgers and Hart, who are writing the script and the songs, are doing their best to persuade Universal to release their eighteen-year-old singing star for a couple of months.

If Universal consents, Deanna will co-star with Desni Arnez, who is now playing on Broadway in "Too Many Girls."

But before any outside plans can be considered, Deanna must finish her new film, "Spring Parade."

Actually it is doubtful whether Deanna would have time for outside commitments.

Her contract which she signed last year with Universal provides for three films a year.

Over a period of five years she will receive £195,000, with £8000 bonus for each completed film, in addition to her weekly salary.

#### Her seventh film

HER first film under the new contract is "It's a Date," which she began at the end of last year, but which was completed early in 1940.

This is Deanna's seventh musical. "It's a Date" tells of a young girl's ambition to become a great actress, only rivalled by her love for her mother who is famous on the stage.

It is a charming story of cross

purposes, good intentions, and happy conclusions.

It gives her five songs to sing: Schubert's "Ave Maria," "Loch Lomond," "Musetta," "Street Song," and an original number entitled "Love Is All."

In this film Deanna has a new boy friend, Lewis Howard, who came from the stage to play her weakling cousin in "First Love."

Universal gave a good deal of thought to the selection of Deanna's second love. But the slim, boyish charm of Lewis easily carried the day.

#### Contrast in love

WHILE these two young things handle the springtime romance of the film, mature love that blooms in the late summer of their lives is shared by Kay Francis and Walter Pidgeon.

Kay, in a part tailored to her ability, plays Deanna's charming actress mother. You will hear Kay singing for the first time on the screen—an Indian lullaby.

Pidgeon is a "pineapple king" of Honolulu, who woos Kay under unusual difficulties.

Joe Pasternak, who has produced all Deanna's films, is also responsible for "It's a Date."

Important players in the cast, apart from the four principals, are Eugene Pallette, who plays the Hawaiian Governor, Samuel S. Hinds, the theatrical producer, and Cecilia Loftus, who is Kay Francis' faithful retainer.

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# PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

## ★ THE EARL OF CHICAGO (Week's Best Release)

Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold, Edmund Gwenn. (MGM.)

ROBERT MONTGOMERY here has a chance to show that he's more than a sleek drawing-room boy, and makes the most of his opportunities. A grand piece of acting from him.

He's a Chicago racketeer who inherits an English title and vast estates from British ancestors. He goes to England intending to turn his assets into hard cash and return to Chi., and bumps up against the traditions of the British aristocracy.

With him goes Edward Arnold as his legal adviser. Arnold had served seven years in gaol on a charge framed by Montgomery, but a new, his trusted manager. The story deals with Arnold's revenge in an unusual and dramatic manner.

Though there's an atmosphere of satire when Montgomery comes up against British tradition, this is much more subtle than the slapdash "Yank at Oxford" treatment. Though the story may fail to convince, the superb acting of Montgomery makes this an outstanding film. Excellent supporting roles by Edward Arnold and Edmund Gwenn as the family butler.

Also notable because there is no romantic interest. We don't even see the face of the one woman in the piece—only her sleek legs appear—Liberty; showing.

## ★ SLIGHTLY HONORABLE

Pat O'Brien, Broderick Crawford, United Artists.

THIS thriller was adapted from a crisp and racy detective novel—Send Another Coffin.

Like the book, the film is crisp and racy—for the first half. It then becomes involved, and ends on a repititely sentimental note.

But the identity of the villain will astonish you.

Chief characters in the big city are a pair of lawyers—Pat O'Brien and Broderick Crawford. O'Brien is fighting to break the power of the local political boss—Edward Arnold.

Then a girl whom O'Brien knows is found murdered. He himself has just escaped conviction—when his own secretary is killed; and the police are on his trail again.

Throughout the atmosphere of the film is tough, and the dialogue brittle. A babbling little girl, cutely played by Ruth Terry, provides comedy.

O'Brien himself is excellent—Emmery; showing.

## ★ JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT

Ann Sothern, Lewis Stone, William Gargan. (MGM.)

A LIGHT and human comedy, with William Gargan and Ann Sothern creating on the screen Joe and Ethel Turp—two characters made famous through a newspaper column in America, as Mr. and Mrs. Suburban Citizen.

Story tells how they crash into the White House and see the President, tell him the life story of Brooklyn postman Jim, who's been dismissed after 30 years' honorable service. The President, anxious to know more of the opinions of his average citizens in a time of great crisis, listens sympathetically, and clears up the tangle with kindly wisdom.

Much frothy humor of the wife-versus-husband variety—Liberty; showing.

## ★ CALL A MESSENGER

Billy Halop, Huntz Hall, "The Little Tough Guys." (Universal.)

DEAD-END KIDS and "Little Tough Guys" become honest post office messenger boys in this picture. But, while behaving as normal citizens, these youngsters

## Our Film Gradings

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average

No stars — below average.

are just as amusing, as ready with a cuff or a smart wisecrack as ever. Billy Halop, of the "Dead End" Kids, has the main role, and he does a fine job.

Leader of a gang of street hoodlums, he takes a job as messenger in the post office as a reprieve from reform school. Then he forces his pals to join up, too.

They all get along famously, until Billy's brother gets out of gaol and begins casting his eye on the post office bank roll.

The boys provide plenty of amusement—especially when they begin to spruce themselves up in honor of the post office mistress.

But it is Billy Halop who carries the picture. You will like him, especially in his scenes with Mary Carlisle, who plays his elder sister. He behaves just like any normal boy just beginning to feel grown-up responsibilities—Capitol; showing.

## ★ BLIND ALLEY

Chester Morris, Ralph Bellamy. (Columbia.)

ALTHOUGH this is a slow-moving and wordy melodrama, it has an unusual theme which will keep you thoroughly interested.

Eventually, at the climax, it even becomes intensely exciting.

The film deals with a psychiatrist's efforts to defeat a vicious killer. Fugitive from the law, Chester Morris takes shelter in the home of University professor Ralph Bellamy, who is entertaining house guests for the week-end. While Morris awaits outside help, Bellamy has a free hand throughout the long evening to penetrate his subconscious mind, and discover the reason for Morris' lust to kill. He hopes thus to cure him.

Bellamy and Morris, overshadowing the rest of the cast, are effective in these roles—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

## ★ IN OLD MONTEREY

Gene Autry, Smiley Bennett, June Storey. (Republic.)

ANOTHER lightly entertaining Gene Autry Western, with aeroplanes, bombs, and tanks providing more thrills than the horses.

Autry plays a cavalry sergeant in the U.S. army, who is trying to persuade ranchers to sell their land. The Government wants it for a training ground for the army.

The ranchers are influenced to rebellion by underhand work from owners of the local borax mine.

Autry performs amazing feats. He races trains on horseback, shoots down aeroplanes, drives a tank to a triumphant finale—all with a charming air of detachment. And you'll like him singing "In Old Monterey," right at the finish—Capitol; showing.

## Shows Still Running

\*\*\* The Bunchback of Notre Dame, Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara in magnificent version of classic—Regent, 4th week.

\*\*\* Gulliver's Travels. Full-length color cartoon is grand entertainment—Prince Edward, 3rd week.

\*\*\* His Girl Friday. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant in fast, amusing comedy thriller—State, 3rd week.

\*\*\* Balalaika. Nelson Eddy, Rona Massey in entertaining operetta.—St. James, 4th week.

## SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO

**PAUL KELLY.**  
BORN THE 9TH DAY OF THE 9TH MONTH 1899, HAS 9 LETTERS IN HIS NAME AND GOT INTO PICTURES WHEN HE WAS 9 YEARS OLD!

**KISS HER, YOU DOPE**

**DIRECTIONS SPOKEN INTO AN OFF-SCENE MICROPHONE CAN BE CONVEYED TO THE BRAIN OF A PLAYER WORKING IN A SCENE VIA A TINY DEVICE WORN NEXT TO HIS SPINE... WITHOUT THE SOUND BEING RECORDED ON THE FILM SOUND TRACK.**

## Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

**GREER GARSON** may look forward to a more satisfactory part in her next picture. The famous "Chips" team will be revived when she plays opposite Robert Donat in "Song of Love." This will tell the fascinating love story of Clara and Robert Schumann and Johannes Brahms. Brahms will be played by Robert Taylor.

**GRETA GARBO** and Gaylor Hauser are vacationing at Palm Beach, Florida. They have been taken up by the inner circle of exclusive socialites, and all are charmed by the charm and wit of the Swedish actress.

**BOB TAYLOR** and Barbara Stanwyck have become golf enthusiasts. They've been getting up at dawn every day to practise, dashing off at lunch-time to whack balls, and generally carrying on in the manner of all good golf addicts. Bob says his original idea in taking up the game was to find something at which Barbara couldn't beat him. After six weeks of hard work at it, he challenged Barbara to a match. She scored 105 and he managed 106.

ON the set of "Pride and Prejudice," Maureen O'Sullivan was overjoyed over the fact that her young son had greeted her on her return home the previous night with his first word—and of course it was "Mamma." Maureen and Johnny Farrow have good reason for pride in their eight-months-old Michael Damien. He's blond, blue-eyed and handsome.

THE Max Factor wig department has just completed an exact duplicate of Baby Sandy's blonde head of hair, complete with cowlick, to be worn by the two-year-old's stand-in on future Sandy pictures. The stand-in is a doll, exactly the same size as the baby star. The studio decided a doll would be able to stand the hot and tiring business of "standing-in" while lights and camera are arranged better than another wriggling baby girl.



While we aim to devote this space to news of the finest of motion pictures, we are really tipping you off to all the films produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Such current hits as "BALALAIKA," "REMEMBER," "ANOTHER THIN MAN," "THE WIZARD OF OZ," "NINOTCHKA," and "BABES IN ARMS" represent only a portion of M-G-M fare.

An important portion is comprised of the famous M-G-M Junior features—short subjects. M-G-M Studios place the same facilities—the world's best—at the disposal of M-G-M Short producers as they give to the makers of M-G-M features.

Script writers, set designers, cameras, film, sound engineers, musical library, fine acting talent—these and all other factors that go into the making of great M-G-M features are utilized also in the production of M-G-M Short Subjects.

That's why every M-G-M Short is as fine a production in every way as a feature—in every way except length. But in the 10 or 15 minutes of a short, there is usually packed enough entertainment for a feature!

When you see M-G-M Shorts advertised at a theatre in your community, keep this in mind: M-G-M Shorts are just as much worth going to see as a feature.

Here are the stars of the M-G-M Shorts Parade: The Crime Does Not Pay series; Pete Smith's Specialties; Carey Wilson's M-G-M Miniatures; John Nesbitt's Passing Parade series; Robert Benchley; Our Gang Comedies; James A. Fitz Patrick's Technicolor Traveltalks; and the popular M-G-M Technicolor Cartoons produced by Hugh Harman and Rudolph Ising.

LEO of M-G-M.

## End Rheumatism

Your digestion, upset by modern diet, fails to extract blood-purifying minerals from food. Weakened, you fall prey to rheumatism. Dietitians suggest COLOSEPTIC. Removing the basic cause of rheumatism by cleansing the colon of poisons, COLOSEPTIC then feeds your starved blood-stream with essential minerals. Strengthened, aglow with life, you quickly cast off rheumatic attacks. COLOSEPTIC, 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.

## LIPS THAT MEN Love TO KISS

Women the world over have learned that MICHEL LIPSTICK keeps their lips kiss-inviting. That's because MICHEL is a balanced lipstick that intensifies the natural lip color, blends perfectly with delicate skin tones, protects and keeps your mouth soft as a baby's. Michel really does triple duty. It gives your lips rapturous color, frees and protects them from chapping and parching, keeps them supple in all weathers. 7 appealing shades: Blonde, Brunette, Vivid, Raspberry, Capucine, Cherry, Scarlet. Price 2/- Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.



**Michel**

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Famous Musical Comedy Star

BOBBY MORRIS

Popular Comedian

Check & Chuckles, Roumays, Clifford Greet, Walther & Ernest, Louis Carr, Marjorie Lou, Florence Paul, Terry Beasley, FRICKLE & VAN ALBAN, Whitehead.

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"GIVE me your suitcase," he said.  
"I can manage it."  
"Give me your suitcase!"

She straightened her hat and clenched her teeth as the boat struck a particularly bad patch.

"What's the easel for?" she asked, trying to concentrate.

"I paint."

"For a living?"

"Fifty or so weeks in the year I adjust averages, if you know what that means. I like butter on my bread."

"You don't look like an artist."

She noted his cropped fair hair, normal clothes, shaven chin. Now she grew even paler. "How long?" she said.

"Not more than ten minutes."

"I don't believe I can last eleven."

He carried two suitcases and an easel through the Customs (and half carried a girl through, too), and still managed to get two corner seats on the Paris train. He felt not unreasonably pleased with himself. But Judy felt a little worse, if anything, now she was off the boat.

He watched her anxiously as she sank into her corner, and for a moment even considered offering a shoulder as a cushion for her head. But suddenly she seemed to remember something. She summoned her strength and sat up, straight as an Edwardian duchess, and looked at him levelly and said, "You've been very kind. Thank you. But—you needn't wait."

As if he were a porter angling for a tip, or a less attractive species of crocodile! This was the outside limit, he fumed inwardly.

"Very well, get into a mess!" he shot at her, in parting; and went off to find himself another seat, not a corner one, and with considerable difficulty, at the other end of the train.

The journey to Paris was hot. Paris was hotter. He threw his gear into a taxi and leaned back as it whirled along beside the Seine, thankful for the first faint breeze stirring up from the river. If she wanted to struggle with the intricacies of the cross-Paris autobus, let her, was his only thought for the girl.

But a vision of her boiling a glass of milk and a bun or something equally unsubstantial spoiled the particularly good omens the aux fines herbes half-way through his dinner; and he could not rest comfortably in his corner seat until he caught sight of a scarf of cerulean-blue on the Gare de Lyon platform.

There it was! She had not been run over, kidnapped, or spirited away. But getting a seat at Victoria had been a picnic compared with

## Little Bit Independent

Continued from Page 5

finding one here. In Mark's carriage a dispute over a seat that had been booked between the booker and the villain who had appropriated it speedily developed into a free fight, and doubtless similar little dramas were being enacted all down the train.

In the end he forced his way up the corridor ("taking a turn" was what he called it) to see how the girl had fared. She was, in fact, waving a ticket in the face of a bland little man who had adopted the simple expedient of misunderstanding her schoolgirl French. Mark had a shrewd suspicion that he spoke excellent English; however, he said nothing, but came up behind Judy and met the little man's eyes, a threat implicit in his own.

Judy got her seat.

"I'll stay until the train starts," Mark said, not quite knowing why.

"Got a cushion and rug?"

She shook her head. "I don't need—"

"We shan't be in Turin till close on midday," he explained, leaning through the window to get them for her, "by midday you'll be very cold."

"Thank you," she said meekly, eyes downcast.

Just before the train started, a Frenchman sitting beside his wife got up, bade her an affectionate adieu and vacated his seat. The small space between two fat Frenchwomen instantly became smaller. Mark looked at it. Down the train waited his own comfortable corner seat. He looked at Judy. She leaned back warily against the cushions.

"As soon as the train starts, I'll bring my things," he said.

Judy looked up at him. "But really—you needn't—"

"I'll bring my things," he said.

He fetched them presently, and settled himself as comfortably as he could. The carriage was practically hermetically sealed and full of smoke. Through the smoke haze the heart-shaped face of the girl took on the unreal quality of a dream; she sat very still, with her eyes closed, and breathed deeply as if she found it absolutely impossible to get enough air.

At last she leaned towards him.

"It's so stuffy. Do you think they will open a window?"

"I'm afraid they won't."

"But I can't—"

"The door's open."

"A crack! I don't call that—"

As if in rebuke, the Frenchman sitting by the door closed it.

Judy put a hand on Mark's arm.

"Please ask them," she faltered.

"It wouldn't be any good."

She withdrew her hand in a sudden flash of scorn. He saw her plucking up her own courage to ask at last, slowly and painfully, in French, "As the door is shut, will you open the window, please?"

There was a moment's shocked silence. Somebody opened the window an inch for about a minute, then, with a torrent of voluble abuse, shut it again tight. They had humored a mad Englishwoman until it became positively suicidal, then—

"You see," he murmured, leaning towards her in gentle contrition.

"It wouldn't be quite so bad," she said, turning her face away, chastened. "If you weren't always so awfully right!"

So he said nothing more through the long hours till the train crawled into Aix. Then, fortunately, most of the other occupants of the carriage got out.

"Let me roll you up in your rug," he said, with careful impersonality, "then you'll be able to get some sleep."

She was too tired, then, to demur and slept quickly but fitfully as a puppy, her long lashes fanned against her cheek, her cheek on her hand. He did not sleep. After a long time he woke her for coffee in cardboard cartons and crusty rolls, and they settled down for the interminable crawl to Turin; talking little and very politely. "May I open the window?" "Let me do it for you."

"If you won't feel the draught."

He guessed that she felt hot and cold and sick and giddy by turns.

But she wouldn't let anybody help her! The dining-room at Turin was cool as an under-water cavern, with its marble floor and perfumed palms and drawn venetian blinds; but she would not eat—she said she could not.

The Italian train was like an oven on four wheels.

He did not know how she lasted the four-hour journey. She grew paler and paler, her eyes grew larger and larger, and when at last they reached Santa Margherita the heat of the sun outside the station fell upon them with the fierceness of a blow.

He called a taxi; and she stood there, half fainting, as she was, and said, "There's a bus. I'll wait for that. I believe—"

"Don't be more idiotic than you can help!" he said shortly, and bundled her in.

And that, it seemed, was the last of her independence; she had strength for no more.

The taxi dashed round the curving sea-road that was cut out in the cliff-side, past the urbanity of Santa Margherita with its gardens of tropic splendor and its white villas and vivid hanging flowers, round the two little bays and the two bigger bays into the steep horseshoe harbor of Portofino itself.

And it was hot. The sky like molten glass, the sea its mirror, doubling its color and heat; the pastel-painted houses asleep in the sun, the wary Italians all at siesta, save for a few little boys playing at the harbor's edge.

She hardly seemed to know what was happening when he helped her out of the taxi and into the green cool of the hotel. As they approached the desk the manageress gave them her flashing smile and said, "Mees Warrender? There is here a telegram for you!"

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She hardly seemed to know what was happening when he helped her out of the taxi and into the green cool of the hotel. As they approached the desk the manageress gave them her flashing smile and said, "Mees Warrender? There is here a telegram for you!"

SHE took it and slit the envelope and read it, and what little color remained in her face abruptly left it. He took the telegram from her suddenly limp hand and read:

"Having marvellous time here. Cannot possibly leave stop Italian Count unmarried. Rolling in money stop Will wire when you can join me stop If stop Love Vivienne."

"Where's Miss Warrender's room?" he said, to the manageress without preamble; and caught Judy as she fell.

They did not meet until lunch the next day, for that night at dinner they told him she was better and sleeping, and he breakfasted early. But when he came back from a morning's sketching on the terraces beyond the harbor's end, the manageress had put two and two together to make a not unnatural five, and they were at the same table, under the awning that overlooked the harbor.

She looked disarmingly feminine in stylish slacks and pullover, and a great native-straw hat.

"Better?" he asked.

"Quite better, thank you." She glanced up at him gaily. "We can easily get our tables changed for dinner but it hardly seems worth while making a fuss now, d'you think?"

She'd got that in first. He attacked his spaghetti with skill and vigor and murmured, "You're going to stay?"

Up went her eyebrows. "But what else?"

"You could join Vivienne. I mean, if you got there, she couldn't very well do anything about it, could she? Or there'll be someone going home. An English doctor and his wife, as a matter of fact, a few days from now. I happened to hear them—"

She looked down at her plate. "But of course I'm going to stay!"

"Your mother'll be worried."

"Not while she thinks you're taking care of me."

He answered sharply. "My responsibilities ended with the journey."

She smiled, gently, and did not say anything. "But if you stay on, alone, naturally I'm going to feel responsible."

She put her head on one side and with a sort of naughty innocence asked him, "Why?"

It suddenly occurred to him that this conversation was going according to plan; her plan; thought out that morning and put into practice right away.

Please turn to Page 46

## The Case of JEAN M.

CASE No. 6521  
NAME: Jean M. Age: 23  
OCCUPATION: Milliner.  
SYMPTOMS: Frequent headaches. Lack of energy. Sluggish constipation. Unpleasant breath. Irritability. Blisters.  
DIAGNOSIS: Constipation—resulting in impoverished blood. Accumulation of poisons in bloodstream undermining whole system.  
TREATMENT: RESTORE BURNAL BOWEL ACTION IMMEDIATELY WITH NYAL FIGSEN.

## BANISH CONSTIPATION

Nyal Figen is NOT a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and naturally—without purging. Figen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even for delicate people, Nyal Figen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere.  
24 pleasant-tasting tablets .. 1/3

## NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

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D'you want your wife to LOOK PRETTIER?  
So many wives concentrate on face cosmetics and let hair-brushes take second place. This time today to your wife this remarkable new shampoo tonic, Brunitec. You will see how the silky smoothness of her hair will reflect in her face. For Brunitec gives hair that beautiful "alive" look. Buy BRUNITEX today and tomorrow you will think you are married to a new woman.

BRUNITEX SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

The Foundation of Happiness!

## FEET KEPT HEALTHY WITH Zam-Buk

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First bathe the feet in warm water at bedtime (and morning if possible). Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

## Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed; soreness and blisters are healed; and joints, ankles, toes and feet are made comfortable. Let Zam-Buk help you to get through your work and enjoy every moment of your pleasure.

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"For years I had tired feet. I could get very little relief. When I started with Zam-Buk the effect was magical, and I now walk or stand without the slightest pain or discomfort." Mrs. A. Coleman.

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*Because the tin opens so easily and the polish is so good*

**NUGGET SHOE POLISH**

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## Little Bit Independent

Continued from Page 45

"I'm here, so I'm happy. Mother thinks I'm with you and Vivienne, so she's happy. And you haven't any longer the ghost of a responsibility towards me—so aren't you happy, too?"

"There's such a thing as moral obligation," he said, savage because she pushed him into sentimentousness.

"You mean my mother ought to know? The hotel has my address, if you're thinking of writing to her."

"I'm not thinking of writing to her. If you want to stay here I shan't stop you. Though that's not to say I think it's—well, you're very young, and you're very pretty, and you think you're tough, which is a good deal more dangerous than just not being tough. This isn't like an English seaside place, you know."

"Isn't it?"

"No, it isn't! You'll find the English here standoffish and the Italians just the contrary."

It could not have been pure accident that directed her gaze to a dark, tall man sitting half a dozen tables away, and at that moment carefully engrossed in the pouring

of his wine. "They certainly are very charming," she murmured.

He followed her gaze grimly: "I see you haven't wasted your morning."

Her eyes flashed up to his. "He interpreted, when I wanted to hire a boat. It was very kind of him! He is," she made a nice little pause as she jabbed at the butter with her knife, "a count."

He laughed shortly. "They're two a penny in this country. But what a smack in the eye for Vivienne!"

Then she was angry. "You're intolerable! As if I should let that—but he's nice! He's friendly. He can be helpful without being officious. I like him!"

"All right. Don't say I didn't warn you."

"You never give me a chance of saying that!"

They finished their meal in silence, and before it was long over the Italian (who was certainly very handsome) was bowing over the table.

"You will have coffee? A liqueur?" he was saying to Judy. "It is best at the cafe opposite."

Judy got up and introduced them. "This is the Count Roviri—Mr. Denning." His English accent was fascinating. His smile both ingenuous and deferential. His little bows so graceful and spontaneous that no one had any good grounds for supposing him to be insincere. But all the same, Denning did not like him.

He watched them crossing the sin-whitened cobbles to the cafe on the other side of the street, aware that they were also being watched by a little blonde American and a little brunette Parisienne who had probably stalked previous claim.

Now they were sitting together under the shadow of a striped umbrella. The coffee was undoubtedly best over the way; but he had got to drink his here or have her think he was spying on her!

This was going to be the whale of a holiday!

He slung his painting materials into his boat, rowed out in the heat of the afternoon sun with the sweat trickling down his forehead into his eyes, round the spur of the harbor and out of sight.

Mark was eventually forced to the conclusion that the best way to ensure meeting anyone is to try hard to avoid them.

There seemed to be no place that he could go without finding Judy and Alex Roviri already there.

If he climbed down from the cypress terraces for a mid-morning bath, there they would be, sunning themselves on the black spurs of the rocks below.

If he climbed up to the cafe at the lighthouse point for a last after-dinner drink, there they would be, hands and heads almost touching.

So it seemed as if the best way of enjoying the fiesta at Rapallo was to get in first and ask Judy, one lunch time, if she would care to go with him. She said he was very kind, but she had already promised to go with Alex. It was not very easy to suggest then that the excursion became undesirable under any escort but his own.

But all the same he thought it. He knew Alex Roviri. And he knew how lovely the fiesta at Rapallo could be—little awninged boats crossing the great harbor by moonlight, and music and a procession and the thunder of fireworks reverberating grandly round the mountains, their spray falling upon the water like fountains of fire. And the way home threaded through hundreds of colored nightlights, set to sail out to sea like stars upon the water.

He knew the insidious enchantment of the ink and silver Mediterranean night. But it was not very easy to warn Judy now.

In the end he relieved his feelings by saying that he thought he ought to tell her that if she would go out into the afternoon sun without a hat, she would undoubtedly get sunstroke.

She put down her fork and gave him a look of positive dislike.

He put down his fork and gave her a look of similar quality, suddenly realising that if he went to Rapallo he would undoubtedly meet her, and if he met her nobody could be expected to believe that it was by chance, and in fact all he could do to save his face was stay at home.

On the night of the fiesta, when the whole town, it seemed, was starting out across the water, he went to bed early, in a very bad temper, not untinged with apprehension, and tried to sleep through three solid hours of fireworks display, without success.

He did not meet her at breakfast next morning; but at luncheon she was very gay.

She looked over his head and told him it had been absolutely marvellous. She had never seen anything so marvellous as the fireworks, she thought they would never stop, and the whole bay looked absolutely marvellous too and all those lights on the water were marvellous too and—

"Absolutely marvellous!" she said again, in a slightly higher key, as out of the corner of his eye Mark saw the Count Roviri, perhaps a little ostentatiously, escort the blonde American across the cobbles to the cafe opposite for liqueurs.

THEN he did not know what to say. Practically anything would sound like "I told you so." So in the end he did not say anything, but went across the cobbles himself to get a decent cup of coffee at last.

He sat over it a long time, considering suitable fates for the now-departed Count Roviri. Presently he went up to his room to fetch a bathing costume and walked round the point of the harbor to a quiet bay where he liked to bathe. He sat on the sands a while to cool off, or try to, and just as he got a first toe in the cool of the water he saw the bright blue nose of her boat coming round the promontory, and saw her jump off on to a high rock and tie the boat up.

He kept to the shallows and did not look at her and hoped that the hundred yards or so of Mediterranean between them would give her an adequate sensation of isolation.

When he did at last catch sight of her she was headed straight out to sea.

No good shouting from here. She couldn't hear him if she wanted to. And no good being angry. It took too much breath. He dived straight across the water and, summoning every ounce of strength, followed her doggedly. The water was cold.

He gained on her, inch by slow inch; but still she kept at it, swimming farther and farther out. Once he did stop to shout, but it wasn't any good, and only wasted his breath.

"When I get hold of that girl," he said to himself, evenly, as he swam, "what won't I do to her when I get hold of that girl!"

The immediate problem was whether he would get hold of that girl before the cramp got hold of him. A first warning grip of pain seized him. He gave one desperate yell to Judy and sank like a log.

PERHAPS something in his tone reached her that time; perhaps some instinct warned her; perhaps she saw him go. At any rate, she was back almost at his side before he came up again, threshing the water, to shout at her bitterly. "Do you think I'm just following you for fun, you darned little fool? Haven't anybody ever told you that if you go far enough out the Meditteranean you meet sharks?"

He didn't hear the horror in her answering cry because he went down again once more.

Just for a second she was so afraid that a swift paralysis seemed to seize vein and tendon, bone and limb. From behind every wave she fancied she could see the black flash of a gigantic fin. Then she saw an even more imminent death waiting for the man at her side, and, swallowing desperately in her panic, she said an arm under his head.

"Struggle and I—I'll hit you!" she said.

Even in such straits, he managed to laugh.

He knew as well as she did that she had overtaxed her strength swimming out so far, and his eleven atoms of muscular and now helpless manhood was no light weight. She swam and swam. They did not seem to be moving. The tide was running out. The current shifted across the bay now and made it useless to try for her boat, even if she could have got him into it. They'd got to get to the shore.

He heard her moan a little, and almost cry, and say a little prayer when she had breath; but still she swam. He could do nothing for her in his agony, but stay still and bank upon her youthful strength. There was no one to see them at this hour of the evening; no one to help them; only herself.

At last, though she still swam frantically, her foot touched bottom. With one desperate effort she hauled him in and they lay there, both of them, speechless, breathless, lifeless, flat out on the sand.

Presently she rolled over towards him, and it sounded as if she were crying. "Oh, darling, don't be dead!" was what she said.

He had lain very still; but now he managed to throw an arm across her and pull her up against him, and at first she thought it was anger she saw in his eyes.

"Now get this straight," he said. "You don't go out of my sight once—not once—all the rest of the holiday."

She hid her face against his arm. "That's what I'd like!" she said.

They strolled into Portofino post office next morning and between them concocted a telegram for Miss Vivienne North.

"Sorry cannot join you stop busy here unmarried English nobleman."

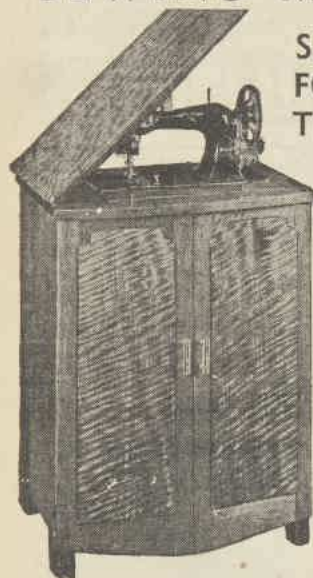
There was some little argument about the wording; but the girl got her own way in the end by writing the last word as two.

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# Real Life Stories

## Rescued from whirling cane-cutter knives

WHEN I was a little girl of eight years of age, my father was employed as blacksmith in a sugar mill in the Mackay district. We lived in one of the mill houses and used to play in the mill yard.

One day my brother and I were playing at chasing one another around the mill, near the carrier which takes the cane up to the rollers to be crushed.

In endeavoring to evade him I fell into the carrier, which had walls about 4ft. high on each side.

The noise of the mill drowned my frantic screams of terror, and I was being quickly carried along. My brother raced for help, and some mill workers arrived.

One man jumped in and grabbed me when within six inches of an axle in which was set at intervals huge knives.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Don Marshall, Hinchinbrook Island, via Cardwell, N. Qld.

### SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week. For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published. Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be **ATHEFTIC**. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column. Full address at top of Page 3.

## SHORT AND SNAPPY

### A TRIER, ANYHOW

I WAS holidaying about three years ago out of Kyabram, Vic. My friends had just employed a boy and they asked him if he could kill sheep.

They thought he was a long time, so went out to investigate. He had cut the sheep's head off and was plucking its wool out.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Budge, Victoria Rd., W. Ryde, N.S.W.

### TOOK NO CHANCES

I WAS in the kitchen with the three Fijian houseboys, and my husband was outside making some adjustments to the electric light plant, when suddenly the electric light in the kitchen flickered.

One boy made a dash for the nearest window and closed the shutter. I looked at the head boy in surprise and said: "Why did he do that?"

He answered: "The wind is blowing the light out."

2/6 to Mrs. Olive R. Boorman, Methodist Mission, Lakeba, Fiji.

### CAUGHT HIS TRAIN

ON the way to Geelong my father was waiting for a goods train to go by when he saw a rat fall from a carriage containing wheat. It ran along the track, up the wheel, then back into the same carriage.

2/6 to Shirley J. Cooling, Burwood Rd., Hawthorn, Vic.

### MONEY TO BURN

MY husband was away in Perth. My nephew, who was left in charge of the garage, failed to bank \$40 and brought it to me. Being alone I was scared, so thought out a hiding place.

The following morning I decided to make some cakes and lit the fire.

Opening the oven door I saw my husband's cash-box, which I had put there the night before for safety, smoking and glowing like an ember.

The charred remains were sent to the bank and most of the notes were recovered.

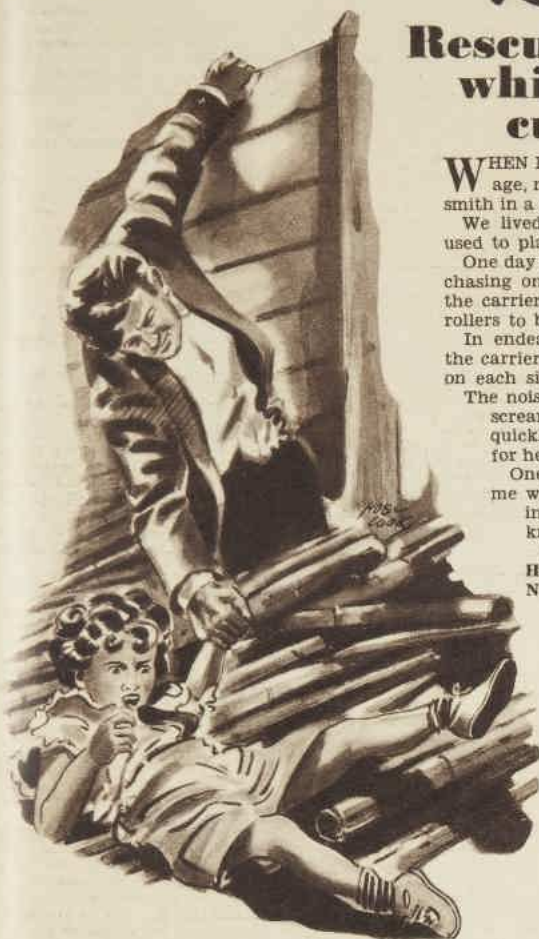
2/6 to Mrs. D. Sullivan, P.O. Box 41, Leonora, W.A.

### HAD NO BOMBS

IN London just before the war, the day after the I.R.A. bombings in Piccadilly Circus, I went with a small suitcase to where my heavy luggage was stored and filled the case with various items of apparel. To fill in time I went to the Coliseum Music Hall, still carrying the small case.

Just as I seated myself, the usherette demanded that I produce my suitcase so that it might be searched for bombs—new police regulations. I handed the case out to the aisle and its contents were systematically searched and more or less dangled in mid-air.

2/6 to Miss F. F. Hawtree, Box 1541DD, G.P.O., Sydney.



"ONE MAN jumped in and grabbed . . . the whirling knives were only six inches away."

### "Croc." gashed leg

DURING the depression of 1930-31, finding ourselves unemployed, a comrade and I decided to try crocodile shooting in Queensland. My previous experience with crocodiles was a nodding acquaintance at the zoo.

When we sighted our first crocodile, I stood up in the prow of the boat and fired. Before I could see the result of the shot the boat struck a submerged snag and I was thrown overboard.

I floundered in the water, hampered by my wet clothes, and tried to pull myself into the boat. The pain-maddened crocodile was coming straight towards me. I was just pulling my leg out of the water when I heard a terrific snapping. Half my trousers leg was torn off and a few gashes were made in my leg.

I retired to the position of official rower of the boat and left the steering to my partner. I bear two scars on my leg to-day.

2/6 to Stephen A. Webb, Paxton, via Cessnock, N.S.W.

### Took General's car

I WAS touring through China as a professional entertainer when General Chiang Kai-shek was War Lord of the Cantonese Province.

At Canton a company of soldiers was drawn up on the platform. We pushed our way through a dense crowd out into the roadway and jumped into what appeared to be a taxi.

In an instant we were surrounded by a horde of gesticulating Chinese. Realising some mistake had been made, we quickly withdrew.

Later we learned that the car was waiting for Chiang Kai-shek. Hence the excitement.

2/6 to S. W. Clarke, Gibbons St., Auburn, N.S.W.

### Malayan hold-up

I WAS travelling from Malacca to Singapore and had to catch a vessel passing through from Penang. There being no harbor at Malacca, a lantern is flashed from the boat-landing as the ship steams up the Straits. This is the signal that a passenger wishes to come aboard.

The light was flashed and the steamer hove to as I stepped into a boat manned by three husky Malays, who rowed me out into the darkness of mid-channel. Halfway to the ship the men ceased rowing and demanded "wang lagi" (more money). I was almost scared to death, but I was determined not to show the terror I felt. With the boat rocking perilously in pitch darkness, I shouted at them in English and the little Malay I knew as fiercely as I could, threatening that they would be caught and severely punished by my friends.

After what seemed an eternity they commenced rowing again and I got aboard without further trouble.

2/6 to Olive Leeder, Marven, Perth.

### Bush surgery

WE were playing round the house when my brother accidentally hit me in the face with a heavy tank lid. Mother was alone, the nearest doctor 70 miles away.

Mother laid me on the bed and put three stitches in my lip with an ordinary needle and cotton. It took two adults to hold me when the stitches were removed, but the wound healed, leaving only the faintest of scars.

2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Hughes, Tara, via Dalby, Qld.

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A. 703. A FROCK OF THE TIMES featuring an Empire-cut bodice moulded to a well-cut and cleverly-shaped skirt. A soft folded neckline emanates from the novel side yoke. High sleeves contribute, in no little degree, to the general good looks and mode-of-the-moment appearance. A finely woven material in all new Season's shades. S.S.W. S.W. W. Price . . . . . 19/11

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Sun-Glo Shrinkproof Wool is manufactured by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills, Sydney. Makers also of Sunbeam Super, Wilga, Wynyard, Brenda, Super Crepe, Super Crochet, Gypsy, Double Crepe, Double Crochet, Andalusian and Shetland Wools. Wholesale Distributors: Paterson, Laing and Bruce Ltd., All States.



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Sun-Glo Knitting Books shown at the left are: **Series 15**—18 designs, men's pullovers, cardigans, sports wear, scarves, etc. **Series 17** and **Series 18**—each contains 11 new designs of woolies for men, women and kiddies.

The garments illustrated on this page come from the following Sun-Glo Knitting Books:

Girl (above)—**Series 19**, Design 1753, total cost of wool, 5/10

Family Group at left: Mother—**Series 18**, Design 1756/7, cost 14/2. Father—**Series 15**, Design 1793, cost 10/-. Daughter—**Series 21**, Design 1675, cost 4/6. Son—**Series 18**, Design 1804, cost 8/6.

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—Dickenson-Montclair.

### Directs State-wide activities for Red Cross

ANYTHING from fly-whisks to "hospital furniture" is how Miss Philadelphia Robertson, honorary director of Red Cross branches in Victoria, describes articles required by the Red Cross.

More than 500 different types of articles are included in the supplies which the society provides for soldiers, air-force men, and sailors. There are now 294 Red Cross companies throughout Victoria with a membership of 29,918. Almost every branch has sent a donation of clothing and sundry articles, purchased from its own funds, and an appeal for £250,000 will be made to all States during the next 12 months.

The Red Cross goes to camps, casualty stations behind the front line, base hospitals, convalescent homes and troopships. To make this possible, a tremendous amount of work is being done on the home front.

### Matron at Soldiers' Hospital was former war nurse

MISS NORA RHODEN, newly-appointed matron of Stennington Red Cross Convalescent Hospital, Melbourne, is eager to get back into active service.

She left with the Australian Army Nursing Corps for service in Cairo and France in 1915.

In 1919 she returned to Australia and became senior sister and night superintendent at Caulfield Military Hospital, where she remained for ten years.

She then was appointed matron at Anzac Hostel, Brighton, and was there until last year.

# Women Also Serve

## Sixteen former debutantes in novel war work unit

SIXTEEN young Adelaide Society girls who have called themselves "We, Us and Co." are helping the Red Cross in many novel ways.

They all made their debut together in 1937, and planned then to meet once a month for luncheon, to decide what charity work they would do.

In 1937 they worked for the Minda Home, in 1938 for Kindergartens, and in 1939 for Bush Fire relief.

As soon as war broke out they turned their activities to Red Cross work.

All have completed first-aid courses, and they offer their services for Red Cross theatre nights, concerts, or fetes.

The only condition in their offer is that they must all work together as the "We, Us and Co."

Two of them are away. Mrs. George Ingersoll is in America, and Mrs. Hudson Henry is in Sydney. The others are Bettie Powell, Mrs. G. Verco, Mrs. John Ayers, Joan Beauchamp, Katherine Bonnyton, Helen Wald, Sheila Young, Moorna Darby, Fayette Matters, Mary Hughes, Willa Patterson, Colleen Hargrave, Pauline Muirhead, and Elizabeth Bronner.



"BUY A COOL ICE-CREAM," say Joan Beauchamp (left), Bettie Powell, and Helen Wald (right), members of the "We, Us and Co." working for the Adelaide Red Cross.

## Queen Salote of Tonga leads war work efforts

IN far-away Tonga Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, a Red Cross Aid has just been formed in Nukualofa, the capital, with Queen Salote the president.

In the Vavau Group, the few British women there have formed a committee and are doing all they can to raise funds under the name "Vavau Red Cross Aid," but affiliated with Nukualofa.

The making of ice-cream by the only member to possess a refrigerator in working order was a great success and sold well at the picture-show, so it will probably be repeated many times.

The chairman is a Queenslander, the only Australian woman in Vavau.

The secretary is a New Zealander and the wife of the Government doctor.

All the members are young and very keen workers.

## Has convened stall at Government House fete

AT the Government House fete for the Red Cross and Comforts Fund on April 20, the Victoria League in Brisbane has the "white elephant" stall convened by executive member Mrs. Scott Mullin.

Mrs. Scott Mullin has a varied number of articles to sell, including some valuable old crystal.

Mrs. Mullin is one of Brisbane's outstanding charitable workers.

She is president of the Clayfield branch of the Red Cross, for which more workers would be welcomed at the all-day Thursday sewing bees held in the Clayfield School of Arts. Her other charitable activities include a keen interest in all work connected with the Brisbane Women's Club, especially in their war work section.

## To go abroad with A.I.F. hospital staff

SPORTS girls, especially cricketers, are proud that Miss Vera Thomas, of Sydney, will accompany the 2nd A.I.F. abroad as secretary to the Second Australian Military Hospital.

Miss Thomas is assistant secretary to the New South Wales Women's Cricket Association, and she has been given leave of absence "for the duration."

In addition to her former work as secretary to the Attorney-General of New South Wales (Sir Henry Manning), Miss Thomas has been actively interested in war work as a V.A.D. and has helped with the Comforts Fund for the 2/1st Battalion and the 2/3rd Battalion.

## Members of Younger Set hold dances for soldiers

DANCES and parties for members of the Victorian Scottish Regiment are arranged by the Younger Set girls led by June Aimers and Vida Ritchie.

While the Regiment was in camp at Mt. Martha, Miss Aimers and Miss Ritchie rented a hall at Mornington for a big dance.

They took 150 girls down from Melbourne in cars, arranged for the transport of the men to and from the camp, and organised supper.

The party was so successful that a second dance was planned to be held during April.

Funds for the parties are supplied from small dances and picture nights organised by the girls.

## How I remove UNWANTED HAIR from ARMS and LEGS



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Every packet of Breakfast D'Light contains 2 Picture Cards of Famous British Warships. Collect the full set of 50. Send three 3d. stamps to Box 215D, G.P.O., Sydney, for handsome Album.



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## TWO BRITISH WARSHIP PICTURE CARDS IN EVERY PACKET

## From the SHADOWS of the War



## To Glorious Health!

Depression, backache, body pains and kidney trouble, that was the Great War's legacy to Nurse A.R.F. To-day, thanks to De Witt's Pills, it's a different story. Read this letter:—

"I left England after the war, having done a great deal of nursing. As a result I suffered years of backache, depression and all the symptoms of kidney trouble. I obtained no lasting relief until I started taking De Witt's Pills. The first dose did me good—now I am in perfect health."

\* Name withheld—medical etiquette.

You, too, can end the depression, pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble just as quickly. Start with De Witt's Pills to-day. Relief from the first dose is followed by permanent benefit. Then YOU will begin to enjoy life. Body pains and backache will go. Vigour and vitality will return and you will feel and look years younger. No matter how ill you may be . . . no matter how long you have suffered, you can get back health and strength by taking

## De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

For Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. From all chemists, prices 1/9, 3/- and 5/6.

## Betty's "racey" narratives

Rules of racing appear so complicated to us girls

By BETTY GEE

It would simplify matters for us racegoers if the racing stewards applied warnings before, instead of punishments after, in cases where they suspected a horse was not to be allowed to do its best.

This was done at a recent meeting away from Sydney. The stewards noted a marked drift in the betting and warned the jockey that they would keep a sharp watch.

THE jockey replied that there was never any question that the horse would not be doing its best. He got it away in the lead and it was never caught and won the race.

It turned out afterwards that the horse was owned by the jockey's mother.

The racing rules are funny about such matters. In Victoria they prevent any woman owning a horse "who is the wife of, or, being a female, resides with a trainer or jockey or bookmaker."

This includes mothers, but why call them "females"?

Of course if a jockey is married or lives away from his family, then his mother or his sisters can nominate horses.

Dickie says the object of the rule is that if the owner, being the wife of a jockey, trainer, or bookmaker, or a "female" living with him, becomes disqualified, the said jockey, trainer, or bookie cannot be allowed to go unscathed and draw his livelihood from racing.

Dickie says a similar rule operates in Queensland, and a funny complication arose. A jockey was disqualified for pulling a horse. He was one of a large family living with his father, mother, and several brother jockeys.

The point arose whether the father would have to ask him to leave home so that he would not be harboring a disqualified person.

If the lad remained, would all the horses in his father's stable become automatically disqualified, though owned by persons who had nothing to do with the disqualification?

Dickie says the Q.T.C. is a human, kindly body, and waived enforcement of this angle of the rule.

Reverting to the Victorian rule, Dickie says it cost a horse the Derby in 1930.

Warwick Farm (Sydney) trainer C. O. Battye entered Tregilla as a yearling in the Derbies of two years hence in his wife's name. Ipso facto Tregilla became ineligible for the Victoria Derby, though the fact was

not discovered until he had won the Sydney Derby.

He couldn't have lost the Victorian blue riband, Dickie said, because Balloon King and Vellmond, the horses he beat in the Sydney classic, fought out the Melbourne finish.

And the first prize was over £5000. Fancy a woman being robbed of all that by a mean old rule.

It must have broken poor old Tregilla's heart, or else it put a hoodoo on him or something, because he never won another race.

## Jockey protected

AND now, getting back to the stewards warning a jockey before a race that he is being closely watched, the funny thing is that a rule prevents you or me from doing that.

If you put your five shillings on your fancy at 3's, and saw his price drift to 8's, you couldn't run down to the dividing fence and wave your umbrella at your jockey as he did his preliminary, shouting: "You've drifted. Beware. I'll be here to meet you with this if you don't win!"

Maisie says why can't you offer such friendly advice to the jockey and try to make him see the error of his ways?

But you can't tell a jockey any-



Fearless is the page boy's tip for City Tattersall's Cup.

thing. Not even the best way to ride the horse he's on.

There was a case last week. And the stewards dug up an old rule about "tampering with a jockey," which was made when the first two racehorses stampeded at the Ark.

Maisie says she's glad I told her this.

She's been shouting horrible epithets at jockeys ever since I took her racing, such as: "Why don't you let that horse's head go?" and "Do you think this is the Snail's St. Leger, you slugger?"

She still yells herself hoarse, but now she gets up at the back of the grandstand so the stewards won't catch her, she says.

City Tattersall's Club will be racing at Randwick next Saturday, and I have a very secret tip about Fearless for the Cup.

But whatever I do I'm going to have a tiny bit on Bel Oiseau in the Place Tote for the Cup, too. He's a real money spinner, backing him for a place.

Lady Dunottar is the one to get on in the Trial Handicap, and Scarlet Circle has been bottled up for the Club Welter, the Head Walter says, and he had the tip, he declares, straight from the owner.



When you are driven frantic by itching, burning, prickling scalp—when you feel you'd like to tear your hair out—when ugly dandruff flakes and fallen hairs disfigure your shoulders, and weak crackly hairs come out in your comb . . . that's "Perm-ized Scalp!"

Harsh chemicals and burning, dragging, "perming" machines, harden the hair fibres—make them split and lose their lustre. Hot air driers parch the scalp, dry out the natural oils, destroy the softness of the hair.

Act now to waken up your scalp—stop the itching—cleanse out the dandruff—re-strengthen the poor suffocated hair-cells and re-nourish.

Get Crystolis-Rapid a specialist's successful, stimulating tonic treatment. Start to-night! Crystolis is a clean, shiny liquid you can apply every night—without mussing up the waves! Its special action penetrates deep down into the hair roots, cleansing out tight, choked-up pores—destroying the hidden hair-wrecking

dandruff germ—and revitalising hair richness.

Decide not to suffer even one more day from the discomfort and spoiling look of "perm-ized" scalp. Get Crystolis-Rapid from your chemist, TO-DAY.

"I am a hairdresser and, coming in contact with scalp troubles of all descriptions, I have much pleasure in saying that in every case I have recommended CRYSTOLIS—results have been satisfactory."

—R. E. GOLDSWORTHY.



## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, April 10.—Special Session: "Roaming the Wide Range."

THURSDAY, April 11.—June Marsden—"Solving the problems and choosing careers of boys and girls."

FRIDAY, April 12.—The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party.

SATURDAY, April 13.—"Music in the News."

SUNDAY, April 14.—June Marsden—Gardening by the Stars; Astrology for Business Folk; Analysing the influence of different planets on humans.

MONDAY, April 15.—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, April 16.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.







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Unusually hair may now be removed permanently in the privacy of your home by using the wonderful ELECTROLYSIS outfit. No discomfort. No chemicals. Contains own electricity. Results obtainable cheaply at any torch counter. This safe, simple, easy method never fails. Import restrictions may cause rise in price, which at present is only £1. POST FREE with full directions. SEND NOW. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.  
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## DO YOU KNOW?

### GLAMOROUS Inda belles

THE GLAMOROUS BELLES OF OLD PERU CHEWED THE LEAF OF THE COCA TREE TO MAKE THEM INSENSIBLE TO PAIN BEFORE HAVING GOLD FILIGREE WORK INLAID IN THEIR TEETH. TODAY, WE KNOW THERE IS NO

BEAUTY LIKE GLEAMING PEARLY TEETH WHITENED AND PROTECTED BY KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN, free from dental decay germs.

his BITE was his signature!

IN THE MIDDLE AGES THE MOST IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS WERE SEALED WITH THE IMPRESSION OF THE TEETH MADE IN THE HOT WAX OF THE SEAL.

DENTAL DECAY starts with BACTERIAL MOUTH

"BACTERIAL MOUTH" IS ONE OF THE GREATEST CAUSES OF DENTAL DECAY. "BACTERIAL MOUTH" BEGINS WHEN TINY FOOD DEPOSITS ARE LEFT BETWEEN THE TEETH TO DECAY. KOLYNOS BUBBLES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH AND FLOATS AWAY THESE DANGEROUS FOOD DEPOSITS. KOLYNOS KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS. LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN. YOUR TEETH GLEAM AND GLISTEN WITH NEW LUSTRE. REMEMBER KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY DENTAL CREAM.

ON A DRY BRUSH IS ENOUGH.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 and 2/.

COLONEL MARCH sat down behind a broad desk. He looked at the desk, at the windows, at the fire, at Inspector Roberts, his second-in-command. Then he seemed to come to a decision.

"To your first two questions," he answered, clearing his throat, "I can reply. Mr. Wilson died round about eleven o'clock on Friday. And it seems that he died of fright."

Chase could not understand the brief look of uncertainty, almost of terror, on Kathleen's face. But she spoke.

"So he was actually in the bedroom, dead, when Dr. Chase and I were in that flat?"

"He was."

"And is it—well, is it medically correct to speak of death from fright?"

"It is," said Colonel March with abrupt vehemence. "You've hit it, Miss Mills. That is why it has been given over to me, to what we call here the department of Queer Complaints. There never was a complaint queerer than this, for there are almost no precedents in law. Let's make a supposition. Let's suppose that this is murder."

It was a new and unpleasant word. Chase stirred, but Colonel March's eye remained bland.

"I only say, let's suppose it. Suppose I find a way to frighten someone so that his heart and nervous system are shattered as though by a blow from a gigantic hammer; that, in non-technical language, is what the medical report means. I do not kill an invalid or a man with a weak heart, mind you. I choose a victim whose heart and nerves are sound, like Mr. Wilson. I do not touch him. But I expose to him, as though on a photographic

plate, a mere sight so terrifying that his system cracks, and he dies."

Colonel March paused.

"Well, theoretically," he went on, "I am guilty of murder. That is the law. But could you get a jury to convict? I doubt it. I should say it would be impossible even to get a manslaughter verdict. Find a way to kill someone by fright, and you can commit murder almost with impunity."

Chase did not like this, because of its effect on Kathleen.

"As an interesting theory," he interposed, "it's all very well. But is there any suggestion of murder?"

"What's our alternative?" inquired Colonel March, spreading out his hands. "That the empty flat is haunted? That we are beset by ghouls and hobgoblins? That a man dare not sleep at night for literal fear of his reason or his life? I can't believe it, my friend. The only other possibility—" He stopped, breathing rather heavily.

Then he went on in his normal tone. "Miss Mills, Dr. Chase, it's only fair that you should hear the evidence. Inspector, will you ask Mr. Hemphill to come in?"

They waited. James Hemphill, the letting-agent, was not slow at coming in. He was a young, affable, harassed man who seemed to regard the affair less as a death than as a further bedevilment among all the complaints. He sat down gingerly in the chair Colonel March indicated. He did not look at Chase or at the girl.

Colonel March seemed puzzled. "Mr. Hemphill, I should like to take you over certain points in the statement you've already given to the police. Now tell me. You knew that Mr. Arnot Wilson meant to spend several hours in flat number eleven on Friday night?"

Chase felt rather than saw Kathleen sit up.

"Yes, I did," said Hemphill, after clearing his throat several times like a nervous orator.

"In fact, you supplied him with the key he used to get in?"

"Yes, I did."

"And you saw to it that the light in the passage was extinguished so that he would not be seen when he did go in?"

"Yes, I did."

"Why did he want to spend some hours in that flat?"

Hemphill's bristly eyebrows seemed to stand out like antennae. "Oh, it was this crazy story about number eleven being—you know, something wrong with it. He was interested. He said he'd always

## The Empty Flat

Continued from Page 12

wanted to see a ghost. And I still think I didn't do anything wrong to let him."

"Had he any other reason, Mr. Hemphill?"

"Well—"

"Had he any other reason?"

"Well," repeated Hemphill, after a swift, brief look at Kathleen, "he seemed to have some idea that Miss Mills was—you know, leading a double life. He thought it was very funny, he went on and on about it. He said if he listened for a few hours in the next flat on Friday night he could catch her red-handed with her—you know, her boyfriend. Hemphill's face seemed to swell with apology. "Look here, Miss Mills, I'm dashed sorry, and it was a rotten trick; but I didn't see any actual harm in it. That's why he didn't tell you he was there."

The very face and presence of the dead man seemed to peer into the room. Arnot Wilson had often said that he was "just interested" in things.

"Oh, no. No actual harm," said Kathleen through her teeth. "It's so absolutely characteristic of him that I'm not at all surprised."

"Then there it is," explained Hemphill, with white-faced relief. "He took that radio along with him. You see, those flat-walls aren't very thick. He was afraid someone in one of the other flats might hear him walking about and might call the police. His idea was that the noise of the radio would cover him. It's very difficult to locate the direction of sound, as you probably know, and he thought that when the other tenants heard the radio they would never connect it with an empty flat."

"He was right," observed Douglas Chase. "And even with all due respect for the dead, I might add that he was a confounded old gossip who deserved what he got."

"One moment," interrupted Colonel March, whose eyes never left the letting-agent. "Admitting that he brought the radio, can you explain why he put it on with such shattering loudness that it might have roused the whole building instead of concealing his movements?"

"No, I can't explain it."

"When did you last see him alive, Mr. Hemphill?"

"ABOUT eight o'clock on Friday night. He came round and fitted up the radio in the living-room. He got rather grubby doing it, and I asked him whether he would like to wash. He said no, he would go home and wash; then he would have some sandwiches and port there, and come back about eleven. Then he left at about eight-thirty."

Colonel March walked his fingers along the edge of the desk. He seemed even more heavily disturbed.

"Eight o'clock. It was dark then; and I think there are no lights in the flat?"

"No, there aren't any lights. But I had an electric torch."

"How did Mr. Wilson relish the prospect of a vigil in the flat alone?"

"I think he was scared as blazes, if you want the truth. He tried to hide it; it was all ha-ha, my lad, and pigeon-breasted walk; but he didn't like it one little bit. I told him there was nothing wrong with that flat! There isn't! Then the agent's grievances came pouring out. "My company say to me, 'Why did you let him do it?' I did it to show there was nothing wrong with that flat. Who's the loser by all this? I'll tell you, I am. I shall lose my job, just notice that. But I maintain I did my duty."

"And a man died. Thank you, Mr. Hemphill; that will be all for the moment. But don't go. There is just one more witness," Colonel March added to the others, "whom you ought to hear. Inspector, will you bring in Mr. Delafield—Maurice Delafield? Delafield has been Mr. Wilson's manservant for fifteen years."

The manservant was ushered in. Colonel March spoke to him almost gently.

"You were with Mr. Wilson a long time, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"You liked him?"

"Yes, sir," said Delafield. His voice had acquired a sort of thunderous hoarseness; for one bad moment Chase was afraid he would break down and weep. But he stared steadily back at Colonel March.

"Now, we have just heard from Mr. Hemphill that Mr. Wilson left him at about eight-thirty on Friday night, with the intention of going home. Did he go home?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he do there?"

"You see, sir, he hadn't had any dinner, he was so excited about this ghost-hunting—if you see what I mean. He had a plate of sandwiches and three glasses of port."

Please turn to Page 54

LOOK! THERE'S SKINNY!

THE REASON WHY TEDDY RICKS AT HIS FOOD AND DOESN'T PUT ON WEIGHT, MRS. GRAHAM, IS REALLY DUE TO HIS SLEEP. YOU SEE, CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP. THIS USES UP THEIR ENERGY.

PLEASE TEDDY, DARLING, EAT IT UP. IT'S GOOD FOR YOU.

THE KID'S NOT HIMSELF. LOOKS PALE, NERVOUS. YOU'D BETTER TAKE HIM TO DR. THOMPSON.

TO DOCTOR THOMPSON GAVE TEDDY A THOROUGH EXAMINATION.

WHAT CAN I DO TO BUILD HIM UP?

HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING AT NIGHT ALSO USE UP ENERGY, AND NATURALLY IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED, THEN CHILDREN GET FINICKY AND LOSE WEIGHT. IT'S REALLY NIGHT-STARVATION. SO GIVE HIM HORLICKS.

SIX WEEKS LATER YOUNG TED'S A BIT OF A SLOGGER, EN?

THAT'S ANOTHER FOUR TO TED.

IF your child is cranky, nervous, losing weight and just picking at his food, then put him on to Horlicks right away. Horlicks soon brings back the appetite and changes paleness and listlessness into radiant, good-tempered vitality. Children love the delicious flavour of Horlicks—especially when it's made with the Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6. Economy size, 2/9. Special pack with mixer, 2/-.

HORLICKS GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION





# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and  
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are investigating the mysterious happenings in the swamps near the estate of  
**COLONEL RICH:** A cotton planter. The Colonel's daughter, **DOT:** Has been frightened by the ghostly figures they have seen, and  
**JEFF:** Her fiance, calls in the Sheriff to investigate. Jeff

is angry with Mandrake for interfering, but the Sheriff and Colonel Rich laugh at Mandrake's story of pirate figures in the swamp where pirates' treasure is supposed to be hidden. Jeff kisses Dot and leaves the house to meet  
**LIL:** His secretary. They go to a cafe and he tells her of his plans to make money quickly. Mandrake and Lothar follow and surprise them. **NOW READ ON:**



AS MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR RIDE HOME, THERE IS A SUDDEN RIFLE SHOT. . . .



A FRONT TYRE EXPLODES -- THE CAR CAREENS WILDLY!



THAT WAS CLOSE! LUCKY WE WEREN'T SPEEDING--OR IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CURTAINS! MUST HAVE BEEN A BLOW-OUT!

ME HEARD GUN SHOOT.



YOU'RE RIGHT, LOTHAR! THE TYRE WAS PIERCED BY A BULLET! IT WENT THROUGH HERE--AND HERE! SEE THE DENT IN THE WHEEL!

WHO DO IT? MAYBE --MAYBE PIRATE HAUNTS COME OUT OF BAYOU AFTER US!



NONSENSE, BUT WE HAVE RUN SMACK INTO TROUBLE DOWN HERE. WE'LL HAVE TO SEE IT THROUGH! DON'T MENTION THE ACCIDENT TO ANYONE.



OR WAS IT NONSENSE? OH, BOSH! WITH JEFF AND THE SHERIFF IN SOME KIND OF CONSPIRACY AND JEFF DECEIVING DOT WITH THAT OTHER GIRL--IT'S ALL GETTING TOO COMPLICATED. I GUESS I NEED A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.



AND IN THE DARK OF THE NIGHT...



WELL--!

LATER, WHEN MANDRAKE AWAKENS..



LEAVE THE COUNTRY WITHIN 24 HOURS, OR YOU WILL LEAVE IN A BOX!



I'LL KEEP THIS NOTE SECRET FOR A WHILE. IF I COULD ONLY THINK OF SOME EXCUSE TO GO BACK TO THE BAYOUS, WITHOUT RAISING SUSPICION. OF COURSE-- LAFITTE'S GOLD!



NOW HE'S GOING TO LOOK FOR LAFITTE'S GOLD! ISN'T THAT FUNNY SHERIFF?

TOO BAD I HAVEN'T GOT ANY DEPUTIES. I'D SEND THEM ALONG TO HELP YOU CARRY IT, MANDRAKE.



ANY OBJECTIONS, JEFF?

ME? WHAT DO I CARE WHAT YOU DO? I'M NOT AT ALL INTERESTED.



I'M LYING. I'LL WATCH EVERY STEP YOU MAKE.

SAY, WHO SAID THAT?



VENTRILOQUISM COMES IN HANDY IN REVEALING A GUILTY CONSCIENCE. BUT WHAT'S HE GUILTY OF? ONLY TIME WILL TELL.



SEARCHING FOR LAFITTE'S TREASURE IS JUST AN EXCUSE, LOTHAR. WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THOSE "HAUNTS" ARE ALL ABOUT.

ME NO GO.



WE'VE GOT TO GO, LOTHAR, BEFORE THEY ACT FIRST. I DIDN'T TELL YOU, BUT LAST NIGHT I RECEIVED--

ME WON'T GO. HAD ENOUGH GHOST STUFF.



LOTHAR, I NEED YOUR HELP.

ME NO LIKE GHOST STUFF, ME FIGHT ANYBODY ELSE, BUT ME NO LIKE-- WON'T GO--



NEVER BEFORE ME SAY NO HELP TO HIM. ME Sissy BABY, SCARED Sissy BABY.

TO BE CONTINUED





## RELIEF if you suffer SKIN TORTURE

Are you tortured and disfigured by skin trouble? Cuticura Ointment will quickly relieve you. A touch of Cuticura Ointment arrests the tormenting itch of Eczema instantly and often a 1/3 tin is sufficient to commence the healing process. Applied to burns and scalds, Cuticura cools and soothes the fiery pain with magical effect. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples and rashes vanish after one or two applications. Cuticura safeguards against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, festering and gatherings, all yield to the soothing, antiseptic powers of this world-famed healer. Buy a tin and get relief today! 1/3 and 2 1/4 tins.



## Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter ounce box of Orlex Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolor the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

"THEN he had got himself mucked up in the dirt at the empty flat, so he said he would have a bath and change his clothes. He was always very particular about that. He—the pinkish tinge had come back to Delafield's eyelids; his voice was hoarse again—he had his bath. Then he read the evening papers, all jumpy-like, and about ten-thirty he told me to fetch round the car. He drove away alone; and that's the last I saw of him alive."

"Tell me: you laid out the suit of clothes he wore that night?"

"Yes, sir. I laid it out."

Selecting a paper from a pile on his desk, the colonel handed it across.

"Here we are. Here's a list of all the things found in Mr. Wilson's pockets when the body was discovered: or in the flat itself, for that matter. 'Address-book. Fountain-pen. Key-ring, six keys. Separate key to flat number eleven. Watch and chain. Note-case with eight pounds in notes. Ten and ninepence in silver and coppers.' Will you check this over carefully and tell me whether it is everything he took with him?"

Though Delafield tried hard, his dry fingers rustled and shook on the paper. It slipped through his fingers, and he gave it a curious despairing look, like an angler who has lost a fish.

He said desperately:

"I'm very sorry, sir. I'm not scared. Honestly, I'm not. But I haven't been well. Mr. Wilson wouldn't even let me shave him recently; he would say, over and over, over and over, 'You will be cutting my throat one of these days; and then they will hang you, because I have remembered you in my will.'"

Delafield sat down again, after picking up the paper, holding it in two hands, and putting it on Colonel March's desk. He continued to talk in the same vein until Kathleen cut him short gently.

"Does anybody doubt, please," she said, "the sort of man my esteemed Mr. Arnot Wilson really was? Or, as Dr. Chase says, whether he deserved what he got?"

"That's not true, miss! It's not!"

"True or not, it is hardly our point," interrupted Colonel March, in a tone he very seldom used. They all looked at him; his sandy eyebrows were drawn down, and his eyes were as fixed as though he were trying to draw the witness under hypnosis. "I have asked you a question, Mr. Delafield. Is that list correct?"

"Yes, sir."

## The Empty Flat

Continued from Page 52

"You're positive he took nothing else?"

"Positive, sir."

"I see. Then I am glad to inform you," observed Colonel March, "that this is not a supernatural crime or a supernatural death."

There was a change in the atmosphere as palpable as a chilling or darkening of the room. Colonel March alone seemed unaffected by it.

"It was murder," he went on. "The victim did not die of fright. He died from a cause commoner and better known. I said a while ago that there was another possibility. It remains to be seen whether I can prove this. We discarded the other possibility after the post-mortem, because circumstances seemed to rule it out. And yet there is just one other way in which a man can be killed with no other symptoms, external or internal, than that terrible hammer-blow to the heart and nervous system."

Hemphill spoke in a high voice. "If there aren't any symptoms, I don't see how you can prove it, though I hope to heaven you can. But how would you kill a man like that?"

"By passing a current of electricity through his bath-water," said Colonel March. He turned to Delafield. "Would you care to tell us how you killed him, or shall I?"

Inspector Roberts rose to his feet at the other side of the room, but it was not necessary. Delafield sat with his large-knuckled hands pressed together, nodding. Otherwise he did not move; but it was as though the shabbiness of his face increased.

"I'll tell you," he said simply. "If only you'll honest-to-God believe it was an accident."

"One moment," urged Colonel March. He hesitated; and his forehead was clouded. "I want you to understand that you are not obliged to answer—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Delafield, making an off-handed gesture. "I want these gentlemen and this lady to bear me out. I didn't mean to tell you unless you guessed it. But I didn't mean him any harm."

With the same air of tolling lucidity he unclasped his hands and held them up.

"These did it," he explained. "Maybe you know, sir, how warm Mr. Wilson liked to have the house? And how he had portable electric fires going everywhere all day, even in the passages and in the bathrooms?"

"Yes," said Colonel March quietly. Delafield nodded. "I dropped one

of the electric heaters into the bath," he said. "That's all. That's how bad and simple it all was. Mr. Wilson told me I might do it. Over and over he kept telling me how I might do it, not meaning to. It was a kind of nightmare with me, thinking I might do it with these hands; and then he joggled my arm—"

"You see, sir, Mr. Wilson read in the paper long ago how several people had got killed like that. At Bristol, I think it was. Accidents. It was a cold day, and they had propped them fires up on ledges by the bath. You wouldn't think people would be foolish enough to do that, but that's what they did. Mr. Wilson didn't do that, of course. But he liked lots of heat, and he liked to have the fire standing close to the bath."

"He was frightened of things like that. Over and over he said to me, 'Don't you do that to me, or they'll hang you for murder.' Like the shaving, you see, sir. It got so I couldn't look at an electric fire in the bathroom without being nervous. And he read up on the symptoms of being electrocuted like that, in a book called 'Taylor's Medical Jurisprudence.' I think it was; him being a lawyer and all; and he was surprised at what the symptoms were."

"I expect I was off-guard on Friday night, with him talking so much about ghosts. He got into the bath. Then without thinking he called to me to move the heater closer to the bath. I picked it up in my hand, not thinking either. All of a sudden he shouted out to me, and said: 'Put it down, you doddering old fool!' and made a grab for my hand."

AGAIN Delafield examined his hands. It was very quiet in the room. Kathleen had got up and put her own hand on his shoulder.

"It fell," he added.

"Afterwards I was afraid they would hang me, just like Mr. Wilson said, if they knew how it happened. I thought if I could pretend it happened some other way they wouldn't find out. It said in the book that the symptoms for this kind of electrocution were the same as the symptoms of death from fright; and poor Mr. Wilson had always been frightened of ghosts and the dark."

"So I moved him. First I dressed him: which wasn't hard, because that's what I've been doing for years. I carried him downstairs. That wasn't hard either, because I'm a pretty hefty specimen, as you can see; and he wasn't what you could call big. The car was at the door. I wasn't much afraid of being seen moving him, because the night was so misty."

"I had his key to the flat, and I knew what he was going to do. I knew the light would be out in the hall leading to the flat; and the service-door was near that. I put him down in the bedroom of the flat about eleven o'clock. Then I turned on the wireless and left. I put it on loud and strong so that somebody should find him soon; I didn't want him lying there all that time alone."

"That's all. Maybe he was difficult, but I've served him for fifteen years, and you sort of get used to people. He didn't die hard; just a kind of a cry, and he fell back. All the same, I can't forget it, so I've been wanting to tell you. I suppose they'll hang me, but I swear I didn't mean any harm."

Kathleen tightened her grip on his shoulder. Chase, drawn by currents of sympathy as strong as electric currents, faced Colonel March. "Sir," Chase said, "they surely won't—"

Colonel March shook his head. He studied Delafield with a long, thoughtful look.

"It he is telling the truth," said the head of Department D-3, "they assuredly won't. I question whether anything will be done to him at all. And somehow I suspect he is telling the truth. I shall turn in my report to that effect."

Kathleen blinked a little, and the more so when Chase's fingers closed round her hand.

"May I—er—apologize for what I was thinking about of you?" she said to Colonel March. "Perhaps Arnot Wilson was right after all; perhaps I do think I know too much. But will you kindly, kindly enlighten a scientific curiosity on just one point? How on earth did you know what had happened?"

"O H, that?" granted Colonel March, blinking and suddenly chucking at the vehemence with which she assailed him. "That wasn't difficult. The Queer Complaints department had much trouble with a doorbell-ringer at Hammersmith. It certainly wasn't difficult once you had grasped the crucial fact that Wilson had not died in the flat; he had been conveyed there after death."

"It seemed almost certain he had not walked there in life, because he had failed to take something he would never have gone there without. We did not find it either in his pockets or anywhere else in the flat. Everybody commented on Arnot Wilson's morbid fear of the dark. I could believe he might screw up enough courage to go there, particularly since he had the added incentive of spying on you. But I could not believe he would face the prospect of several hours alone in a supposedly haunted flat without taking along either an electric torch, a candle, or even a box of matches."

(Copyright)

## THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

THIS week, instead of our usual talk, I should like to pass on to you some excellent news that has reached me from Bebarfalds. It concerns EVERY young lady in N.S.W. who happens to be engaged. Just read about it.

## BRIDE'S HOME-PLANNING CONTEST

Every engaged girl longs for the day when she will be able to select her own furnishings for her own home. Whether that time is near at hand, or far distant, really doesn't matter, for in Bebarfalds contest you are permitted to walk through Bebarfalds store and choose a complete home scheme for under £100. Country residents may choose from our book, "How To Get Your Money's Worth When Furnishing."

## £600 in Prizes

There is no entrance fee and nothing to buy. Just write to me, or call in to see me, and I will see that you get your FREE Competition form and instructions. Remember, there's £600 in prizes waiting for you if your selection is planned tastefully.

- 1st Prize, Value, £50.
- 2nd Prize, £35 in Goods.
- 3rd Prize, £15 in Goods.
- 100 Consolation Awards of £5 each.

Send Coupon for FREE Entry Form.



To Miss Mary Sheraton,

## Bebarfalds

Opp. Town Hall, George Street, Sydney.  
As I cannot call, please send me:  
( ) Bride's Home-Planning Contest Form.  
( ) How to Get Your Money's Worth When Furnishing.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... W.W.3.4.4

## HARSH LAXATIVES were turning her into an OLD woman!



If you are constipated—always taking strong laxatives and purges to make yourself regular—it's ten to one your food is to blame.

You see, our modern foods lack bulk. In fact, they get almost completely absorbed into the system. The residue of waste matter they form is too slight to make the bowels act . . . and so you get constipated . . . No amount of harsh purgatives or strong laxatives can give permanent relief. Moreover, their unrestricted use is harmful. What your system needs is "bulk"—the kind of food that forms a soft, bulky residue that the bowel muscles can easily "take hold of". Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively, aids elimination.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning. Do this every day, and you'll enjoy perfect daily "regularity". Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day!



# THE HOMEMAKER

April 13, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## SOFT SHOULDERS . . .

SOON you'll be swinging into the dancing season again . . . Smooth, satiny shoulders, lily-white or honey-tanned from a long outdoor summer, will rise gracefully from lovely evening gowns . . . Will YOUR shoulders add grace to YOUR appearance?

By  
JANETTE



BEAUTY of the shoulders is not only a matter of soft skin and rounded contours. It is also a matter of a softly-relaxed line.

Beauty specialists and exercise people agree that the worst things they have to contend with are worry, nerve strain and tenseness principally concentrated at the back of the neck.

The characteristic posture of the modern woman is one of tight shoulders. And the picture has been further complicated recently by the emphasis on the chest.

Women, especially the younger set, dash about with their chests up and their shoulders tight, attempting to make the most of whatever busts they have.

So the first essential in this business of acquiring shoulder beauty is to learn to relax.

Relaxing will release that tight clutch at the back of your neck, give your shoulders a softer line, and also help to keep face wrinkles at bay.

And there's no better way to do this than to lie flat on your back on your bed for ten to twenty minutes, consciously relaxing every muscle in your body, especially the shoulder and neck muscles.

And don't forget your face muscles. No use to relax your body and still hold your mouth in a grim line.

If you find it difficult to relax completely try this method: Lift your right leg about two feet from the bed. Relax the muscles from the toes up, and let the leg fall in a dead weight on the bed. Now do the same with the left leg.

Now consciously relax the body. Next raise and relax and let fall the arms. The rest should be easy.

Finally, push all worries out of

your mind and concentrate on pleasant thoughts.

Twenty minutes' complete rest like this, quite apart from improving your shoulder-line and your posture, will work wonders for your nervous system, storing up renewed energy and doing as much good as if you had two or three hours of sleep.

If you are worried with superfluous flesh around your shoulders, try these exercises:

### Special exercises

**STAND** erect, with your arms held at each side at shoulder level. Tense the muscles. Slowly bring your arms forward and cross them in front, still at shoulder level and extended stiffly, with elbows straight. Return to starting position. Repeat this, alternating right over left, left over right.

Next fold your arms over your chest, raise your elbows out and to shoulder level, clench your fists and tense all your muscles. Pull your arms apart and straighten out slowly. Reverse this motion.

Another exercise is: Stand erect, upper arms at shoulder level, elbows bent, hands touching shoulders. Keeping the hands at shoulders,



raise the elbows as far above the head as possible. Lower your elbows to your chest, then swing them back as far as possible.

These exercises will also help to round out the too-thin shoulders.

To improve skin texture, scrubbing with tepid water and a pure olive-oil soap is splendid. So is massage with a good beauty cream. This massage is also soothing for the nerve centres at the base of the back of the neck column and under each ear where nerves are apt to become tired and congestion is created.

As to make-up for evening wear . . . The safest preparation to use (unless you have a naturally satiny skin that needs no make-up) is a liquid powder in a tone to match your skin—flesh, cream, or suntan. Smooth over carefully and finish off by dusting with ordinary face powder and you will get an attractive matt surface.

But be careful to wipe away any surplus powder, for nothing is more annoying to your dancing partner or unfair than to leave a grey film of powder on the sleeve of his dress suit.



A SMOOTH and slightly suntanned skin makes it possible for Linda Darnell, Fox star, to wear an off-the-shoulder evening frock with advantage. In attractive contrast, her dark hair worn in a long bob falls softly on to her bare shoulders.



The Bette 'Cross-Swathie'

"More of everything. More brightness for sport; softness for street; sparkle for cocktail hour; glamour for formal occasions. More elegance all the time."

... Fashion Summary.

What could be more glamorously elegant and sparkling than this "Cross-Swathie" coiffure . . . Daring, yet tasteful; exotic, yet dignified . . . The fascinating swathing and ringlet-ends are tomorrow's own—created by NORMAN FLOHM, Sydney's gifted hair stylist—and he tells how all such elaborate "hair-do's" can be kept in place, easily, firmly.

### "DAMP-SET"....this year's hair secret

"In first making the hair soft, pliant and wave-holding, Velmol also brings forth the full lustrous silky glamour. It works perfectly on any hair, and a regular four-minute Velmol 'damp-set' enables you to preserve the smartness of an expert hair-dress."

Yes, to keep the full beauty of a fashionably-moded head, both socialites and screen stars now "damp-set" with Velmol. Whether your style is a simple coiffure or a luxurious extravagance—give yourself the thrill of a lasting salon smartness by using

Velmol to "damp-set" it—and to keep it always "just right"! No more need for bunching under "invisible" nets . . . if you will spend just 2/- for a bottle of VELMOL . . . today — from your Chemist or Toilet Counter. Take the advice of leading hair stylists!

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair!)





## Delicious and economical HOME-MADE BISCUITS

BE a wise woman—have a stock of these dainty home-made biscuits on hand always. For afternoon teas and suppers they are simply ideal. Below, we give you a basic recipe from which you can make quite a variety of different biscuits.

By MARY FORBES  
Cookery Expert in The Australian  
Women's Weekly.

WHEN making biscuits it is a wise plan to cook a fairly large quantity—this saves fuel and time.

While one tray is cooking, make up another biscuit, using the same mixture, but adding ingredients, fillings or toppings that alter the flavor and appearance of the biscuits.

Store in airtight tins and they will keep fresh and crisp for a considerable time.

Many different varieties of biscuit can be made from the one foundation mixture, viz.:

- (1) Coconut Wafers.
- (2) Coffee Creams.
- (3) Raspberry and Coconut Fingers.
- (4) Almond Meringue Biscuits.

### FOUNDATION BISCUIT MIXTURE

Eight ounces sugar, 8oz. butter, 1lb. flour, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons cornflour, flavoring, cherries, nuts, butter cream filling.

Beat butter, add sugar. Add 2 yolks and 1 white of egg, and beat in well. Sift flour, cornflour, cream of tartar and carb. soda together 3 times. Add to mixture very gradually and work into a stiff dough. Add a little milk if necessary. Divide into 4 equal portions. Wrap in waxed paper and leave in ice-chest for several hours to set firmly.

From one portion make

#### COCONUT WAFERS

Add two tablespoons desiccated coconut and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Work well together. Break off pieces the

size of a walnut, flatten out thinly by pressing with a fork across and across. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 10-12 minutes until lightly browned and crisp.

From second portion make

#### COFFEE CREAMS

Add 1 dessertspoon coffee essence to mixture. Roll out very thinly, cut out with small round cutter, place on shallow buttered tin and prick well. Sprinkle half the biscuits with chopped walnuts and leave the rest plain. Cook in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 10-12 minutes. When cold join together a walnut top and a plain top with coffee cream filling.

#### COFFEE CREAM FILLING

One tablespoon butter, creamed well. Add gradually 4 tablespoons sifted icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon strong coffee essence, beat well until a creamy consistency. Place a small quantity between biscuits and press together.

From third portion make

#### RASPBERRY AND COCONUT FINGERS

Roll out the mixture into a fairly thick oblong sheet. Prick well, spread thinly with raspberry jam and cover with a thick layer of coconut, made by mixing together 1 cup coconut, 2 tablespoons sugar and a few drops of almond essence. Moisten with a little milk and spread on biscuit mixture. Cook in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 15-20 minutes. Cut into fingers when nearly cold and leave on the tin to cool.

From fourth portion make

#### ALMOND MERINGUE BISCUITS

Roll out biscuit mixture into strip

4 inches wide. Cut into fingers. Prick well and cook for 6 minutes in moderate oven (325 deg. F.)

In the meantime beat stiffly the white of egg (kept from recipe), add icing sugar a little at a time until the mixture is thick enough to remain on biscuits. Add almond essence to flavor. Spread middle of biscuits with meringue and sprinkle with chopped almonds. Return to oven to set meringue without browning.

#### BRANDY SNAPS

Ten ounces treacle, 10oz. sugar, 7oz. flour, 6oz. butter, 1oz. ground ginger, 1 teaspoon ground nutmeg. Melt butter in a basin, add treacle. Add slowly the dry ingredients. Place 1 teaspoon on a buttered tin. Bake in very moderate oven about 10 minutes until it spreads and sets. Remove from tin and roll round wooden handle and leave to set. Just before serving, fill with whipped, flavored cream.

Cook only two snaps on the one tin at a time, as the mixture spreads during the cooking.

#### (UNCOOKED) CHOCOLATE AND WALNUT BISCUITS

Four ounces butter, 4oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 egg, 1lb. coffee biscuits or similar biscuits, 1 cup chopped walnuts, few drops vanilla.

Place butter, sugar and cocoa in saucepan and allow to melt over low heat till it begins to bubble gently. Then add beaten egg and vanilla and stir till thick. Take off fire and add biscuits that have been rolled out rather finely and chopped walnuts. Work all well together and press into a buttered swiss roll tin. Leave until cold and set. Cut into fingers and keep in airtight tins.

#### WINE BISCUITS

Four ounces butter, 1lb. flour, 3 dessertspoons sherry, 1lb. castor sugar, yolks 2 eggs, little grated lemon, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, some walnuts, almonds, a few crystallised cherries, angelica, and silver cachous.

Cream the butter and sugar, add grated lemon rind, then beaten yolks and sherry, and lastly flour and baking powder sifted together. Put half in a forcing bag and rose pipe,

and force out into fancy shapes on a greased tin. Decorate tops with chopped nuts, pieces of cherry, and cachous, and bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 15 minutes until very lightly browned. Cool on sieve and keep in a tin with tightly-fitting lid.

Add more flour to mixture if too soft, else it spreads in cooking and loses its shape.

#### INDIVIDUAL LEMON BISCUITS

Four ounces sugar, 4oz. butter, 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 egg, grated rind half lemon.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add lemon rind. Add egg and beat well, then add cream of tartar and flour sifted together.

Mix soda in a little water, add and mix all together. Roll out and cut into fancy shapes. Bake in a moderate oven about 15 minutes until crisp and a pale fawn color. When cold, ice with different colored icings and write a child's name on each biscuit, using royal icing and a writing pipe.

#### PEANUT BISCUITS

Two tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg well-beaten, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons milk, 1 cup finely-chopped peanuts, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Cream butter, add sugar and egg. Mix and sift baking-powder, salt and flour; add to first mixture; then add milk, peanuts and lemon juice. Drop from teaspoon on buttered biscuit tray 1 inch apart, and place half a peanut on top of each. Bake 12 to 15 minutes in moderately slow oven (325deg. F.).

#### OATMEAL BISCUITS

One egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup melted butter, 1 cup melted lard, 1 tablespoon treacle, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 cups rolled oats, 1 cup raisins or nut meats cut fine (or 1 cup each), 2 cups flour.

Beat egg, add other ingredients. Mix well. Arrange by spoonfuls on buttered biscuit tray. Press flat with fingers. Bake in moderately slow oven (325deg. F.).

#### HONEY MUFFINS

Two cups cereal flakes, 1 cup butter, 1 cup honey, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch of salt.

Cream butter and honey. Gradually add beaten egg, milk, sifted flour, baking-powder and salt and cereal flakes, mixing thoroughly. Bake in buttered patty pans or in paper patty cases in a moderately hot oven for 12 to 15 minutes and lift cooked muffins on to a cake cooler. Enough for 18 deep or 24 smaller-size muffins.

#### CEREAL FLAKE BISCUITS

Two cups cereal flakes, 1 cup flour, 1 cup coconut, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 tablespoon treacle or golden syrup, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 2 tablespoons hot water, pinch salt.

Mix sifted flour and salt with cereal flakes, coconut, and brown sugar. Dissolve butter, treacle, and carbonate of soda in hot water. Combine two mixtures. Bake in small heaps on greased baking pans in a moderately hot oven for about 4 hour until firm and crisp. Store when cold in airtight containers. Makes 24 biscuits.

#### CHOCOLATE CRACKLES

Five ounces rice bubbles (4 cups), 2½oz. fine coconut (1 cup), 8oz. icing sugar, 2½oz. cocoa (3 tablespoons), 8oz. copha.

Stir dry ingredients together; melt copha and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. Makes 2½ to 3 dozen chocolate crackles.

#### GINGER SNAPS

One-third cup treacle, 3 tablespoons shortening, 1 1-8th cups flour, 1-8th teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon salt.

Heat treacle to boiling point and pour over shortening. Add dry ingredients, mixed and sifted. Chill, roll, and bake 8 to 10 minutes in moderate oven (350deg. F.).



## Cooked Sausages & Vegetables

A tempting ready-prepared meal the whole family will enjoy. So delicious and so quick . . . Tasty Pork Sausages in a choice blend of nourishing Vegetables—a dish you'll certainly enjoy. Also Rosella Curried Sausages & Vegetables.

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Beans in Tomato Sauce.  
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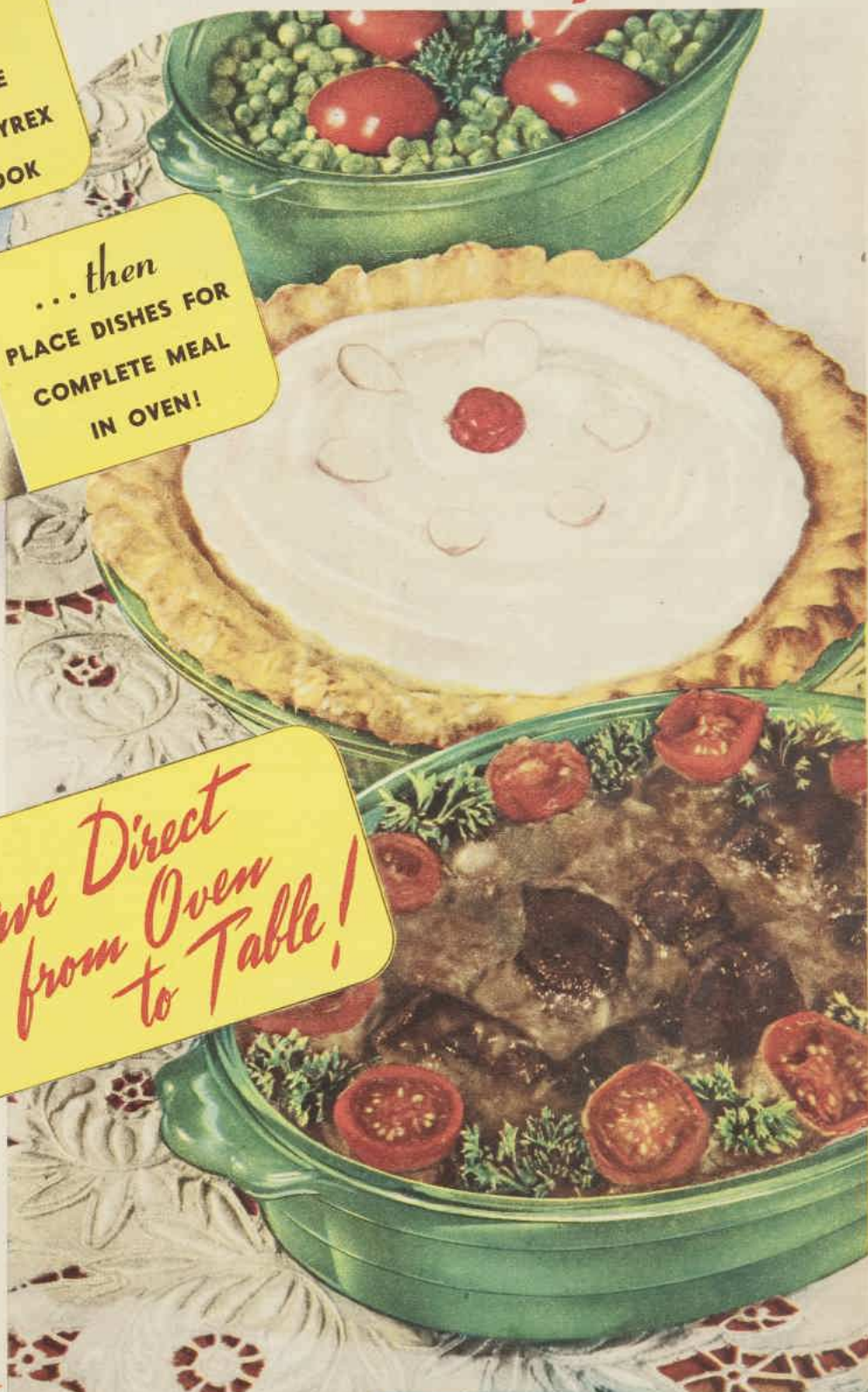
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## PRIZES FOR THESE RECIPES

**T**ODAY'S selection of prizewinning recipes is worth clipping and pasting in your cutting book for future reference. All are novel and appetising and many are suitable for special occasions.

You too can enter this weekly best recipe competition.

First prize of £1 is awarded every week for the best recipe

SELECTED by our cookery expert as the best for the week from the entries in our weekly best recipe competition, a fascinating contest open to all readers interested in cookery.

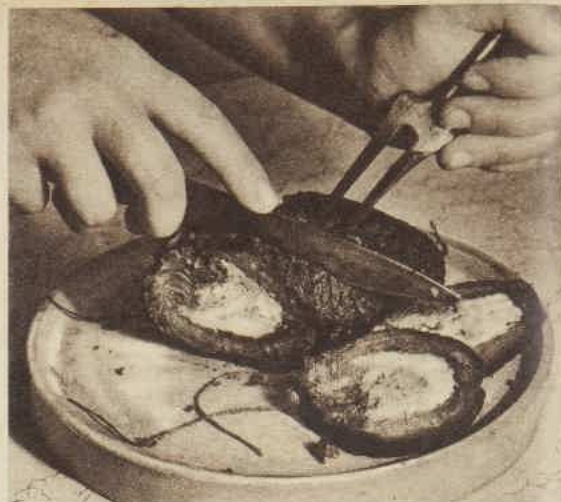
received, and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

Write your recipe on one side of the paper only, stating the ingredients required, and then the method. Add your name and address and forward it to this office.

### ROAST RABBIT WITH APPLE AND RAISIN STUFFING

One rabbit, 1 cup each soft crumbs, seeded raisins, and chopped apples, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 2 slices minced bacon, 1 egg, salt, and pepper.

Truss rabbit as for roasting, mix together all ingredients for the



ROLLED SAVORY STEAK is delicious served hot as a main dish or just as nice served cold for luncheon. See recipe this page.

### YOU'RE NOT GOING TILL YOU'VE EATEN YOUR BREAKFAST!



"I was at the end of my tether. No matter how much I coaxed and threatened, I couldn't get Nancy to eat her breakfast."



So I asked the doctor's advice. "She needs a breakfast to tempt her appetite," he said. "I'd give her Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. Kiddies always like them, and they're very nourishing."



"Ooh, listen, Mummy," said Nancy, as she poured the milk over her Rice Bubbles next morning. "They say Snap! Crackle! and Pop!" Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are just the energising breakfast every growing child should have.



ALL READY TO SERVE. No cooking needed with Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—just pour them straight from packet to plate. Sold at all grocers, oven fresh in Kellogg's exclusive wax-tite innerseal packet.

R.17



SALADS ALWAYS HELP to make your table look attractive. Here's a potato salad served with a covering of finely-chopped lettuce and a ring of sliced cucumber.

stuffing, fill rabbit with the mixture and sew up. Rub with dripping and bake in a steady oven for two hours, basting frequently. Serve with baked vegetables and gravy.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

### ICEBOX CHOCOLATE CAKE

Two ounces unsweetened chocolate, 1 tin condensed milk, 1 egg, 12 sponge fingers.

Add milk to melted chocolate, and stir over heat till mixture thickens. Beat yolk of egg and add to hot chocolate. Cook for 2 minutes. Stiffly beat white of egg and add.

Line bottom and sides of glass dish with sponge fingers. Pour in chocolate mixture, and freeze in refrigerator for 8 hours or more. Serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Bond, 38 Duchess Ave., Fivedock, N.S.W.

### CHERRY-BLOSSOM CAKE

Two eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons cherry jelly crystals, 1 cup milk.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add eggs and beat well. Sift in flour and jelly crystals. Add milk and mix well. Bake in moderate oven. When cold, ice and sprinkle top with jelly crystals.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Martha Longe, 51 Gregory Ter., Brisbane.

### SAVORY MUFFINS

Muffins, onion, cayenne, tomato sauce, cheese.

Take required number of muffins for supper, split in halves and toast till light brown. Then add chopped onion, cayenne, small quantity of tomato sauce, shredded cheese. Put this between the muffins and put in oven again for a few minutes till cheese is melted, then serve very hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Aileen M. Riordan, 12 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

### CHINESE CHEWS

One cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup finely-chopped walnuts, 1 cup preserved ginger cut finely, 2 eggs well beaten, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, pinch of salt.

Beat eggs and sugar well, sift in flour, baking powder and salt; add fruit and, lastly, essence. Bake in well-greased baking tin, spreading mixture out thinly, for 15 to 20 minutes. Leave in tin until cool. Cut in small squares and sprinkle with icing sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Cavanagh, South Kuminin, W.A.

### COLD POTATO SALAD

Cold cooked potatoes, raw carrots, spring onions, cold cooked vegetables (peas, beans, cauliflower, etc.), hard-boiled egg.

Cut cold cooked potatoes into half-inch cubes, allowing 1 large potato for each person, then grate finely one or two raw carrots and mix well with the potato cubes until they are thickly coated. Place in a suitable salad bowl and add some finely-chopped spring onions. This forms the base for the salad.

Add any other cold cooked vegetables such as peas, beans, cauliflower, etc. Arrange with border of finely-cut lettuce round the edge and sprinkle with finely-chopped hard-boiled egg.

Serve the dressing separately.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. W. Cox, 117 Lestrangle St., Glenunga, S.A.

### ROLLED SAVORY STEAK

One pound skirt steak well floured, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 grated onion, 1 hard-boiled egg, 3 tomatoes, 4oz. breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon spice.

Make paste of all ingredients except steak. Spread paste evenly on the steak and mix up well. Place in baking dish with plenty of dripping. Roast for 2 hours in moderate oven, basting frequently.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. M. Henderson, P.O. Rawdon Vale, via Gloucester, N.S.W.

### PAVLOVA

Three egg-whites, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar, whipped cream, fruit for garnishing.

Beat whites to a stiff froth. Then add sugar in three lots, beating all the time; lastly add the vinegar, stir in well.

Butter well some kitchen paper and spread on the bottom of an inverted sandwich tin (eight-inch size). Shape meringue to the size of tin, building up the sides, leaving the thickness on the bottom. Cook in warm oven, 250deg., for 1 hour exactly.

When cooked, the centre of meringue should be like marshmallows, and crisp on the outside. Lift off paper and fill with whipped cream and decorate with strawberries, raspberries, preserved pineapple, or cherries.

Coffee Meringue may be made with the addition of few drops of coffee essence and one tablespoon cornflour instead of the vinegar. Fill with whipped cream and decorate with chopped walnuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Les Ford, 34 Bute St., Murrumbidgee S.E., Vic.

### KENTISH CHEESE

One pound onions, 1lb. cheese, salt and pepper, mashed potatoes, 2oz. margarine or dripping.

Slice onions into a deep baking dish and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Over onions slice cheese, taking care to cover top of the onions completely. Lay margarine or dripping in knobs on top, then cover with mashed potatoes. Bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. J. Combe, 125 Eglinton St., Kew EA, Vic.

### FRUIT GINGERBREAD

Ten ounces flour, 1lb. golden syrup, 6oz. butter, 6oz. moist brown sugar, 6oz. sultanas, 2 eggs, 1 1/2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 cup milk.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream till it is quite soft. Add dry ingredients to creamed butter and sugar, stir well. Warm milk and syrup, add carbonate of soda to milk, and stir syrup and milk into butter. Mix thoroughly.

Stir in beaten eggs and fruit and pour into a lined tin. Bake in a slow oven for about an hour or till firm and well risen. Do not make mixture too stiff.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Pt. Rd., Huntley's Pt., N.S.W.



# EMBROIDERED JACKET for your new costume

Needlework  
Notions . . .



AN EASY-TO-MAKE little petticoat for infants, with dainty embroidered design. Available now at our Needlework Department.

## Sweet petticoat for baby

VERY simple in design, and so simple to make, too. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced with the pattern already marked, ready to cut out and make up and embroider.

It is traced on pale pink, pale blue, and cream Ingola, material which washes and launders beautifully, and will give long wear. It is obtainable in sizes infants to twelve (12) months.

Work the embroidery in satin-

THIS is a very delightful jacket, and one which will prove very useful for your new autumn suit. It may be obtained from our Needlework Department, traced on white,

cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green pure Irish linen in a very fine quality.

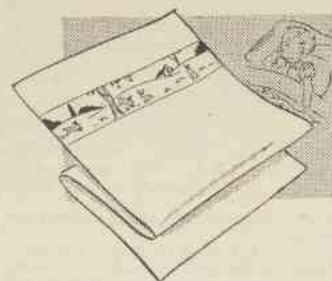
The sizes obtainable are 32-inch, 34-inch, 36-inch, and 38-inch bust.

The embroidery should be worked in satin-stitch and stem-stitch, and any color scheme may be chosen. We suggest tones of wine, in various shades worked on pink or cream linen. If your suit is green, however, work in darker shades of green and brown.

Price 7/6 complete, postage included.

Paper pattern only, 1/3. (No transfers available.)

Cottons for working may be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 2/6d. per skein.



DAINTY COVER for baby's cot. Ready traced in a simple and cheery design.

stitch and stem-stitch in pastel shades of Flousselle, which may be obtained from our Needlework Department in cream, blue, and pink at 3/6d per skein.

Price, 4/9 complete, postage free.

Paper pattern only. Price 1/-. No transfer available.

## Miss Precious Minutes . . .

COOKERY books so easily become soiled and shabby when in constant use. Give them covers of oil-balm, then you can wipe them with a damp cloth and dry them as often as they need it, and they'll come up looking fresh and clean.

VELVET frocks can be successfully cleaned at home if you sprinkle powdered pipeclay on and leave it overnight. When you brush it off next morning with a soft brush the dirt will come away with it.

WHEN door knobs or knockers or bells must be polished, take a large piece of cardboard and cut a hole in the centre just large enough to fit over the knob. Then you can polish away to your heart's content with no fear of smirching the paintwork round the knob or knocker.

THOSE patches of grease and oil in the garage are very ugly, and someone's always liable to bring them into the house on their shoes. Spread a square of sawdust a few inches deep just where the car stands.

IT seems so wasteful to cut a whole lemon in order to get just a small squeeze of juice. The lemon will keep fresh if you pierce a hole with a steel knitting needle and squeeze. The hole will close up and the lemon be good for days afterwards.

IF you have a refrigerator, of course you will know that milk, eggs and butter are inclined to absorb strong smells. But even if you don't possess this modern food storer you will need to keep these foods well away from onions, herrings, apples, and other strong-smelling foods in the pantry.

## DELIGHTFUL . . . BABE'S COT-COVER

A VERY charming design cot-cover for the little tot. It measures 24-inch to 36-inch, and is obtainable traced on cream, pale blue, and pale pink Ingola, which material washes and launders beautifully, and gives long wear.

The design is worked in satin-stitch and stem-stitch, and the edge is worked in blanket-stitch. Turn a small hem around the edge when the embroidery is finished, and work in a wool to match, or even a shade darker than, the color Ingola chosen.

Price, 3/11 each, postage free.



IDEAL for your new suit, a jaunty, figure-hugging jacket with lavish embroidery.

## EVER FEEL JADED



## EARLY IN THE EVENING?

Sleepy after meals? Jaded early in the evening? Irritable, nervy? Have headaches and occasional pains in the back and legs? Sallow skin, dull eyes?

All signs of constipation.

You are "regular"? Many who are regular have constipation without knowing it. Their elimination is not complete. So poisons get into the bloodstream, and they feel vaguely below par. For this condition there is an honest prescription. Doctors recommend it unhesitatingly because it is not a patent medicine. The analysis is printed on every bottle, so doctors know what they are prescribing. It is not a drug, and the dosage is so small it cannot form a habit.

For half a century it has been doing people good. Like many doctors' prescriptions it is basically and unalterably right. Unaffected by change, which is not always progress, or by fashion, which is mostly fad. Take it and you will find your step lighter and your mind brighter and your energy greater. In a word—

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

# KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

K.C. 1240



"It's so thorough, I now use  
Bon Ami for everything!"

You'll be surprised to see how fast Bon Ami does your everyday cleaning chores... how thorough it is on even the dirtiest jobs. And you'll be thankful to find it gives you the additional advantage of safety. For Bon Ami contains no harsh, gritty ingredients. It doesn't scratch or dull surfaces. Instead, Bon Ami leaves your stove, kitchen sink, baths and other fixtures with a glistening polish—makes them easier to keep clean.

## Bon Ami

the better cleanser  
for baths and sinks



"hasn't scratched yet!"



## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By . . . A DOCTOR

## WHEN A CHILD "CHOKES"

Prompt action is called for

**P**ATIENT: I'm glad you got here so quickly, doctor. I was afraid little David would choke at one stage, and I didn't know what to do. What is the correct thing to do when a child chokes? I would like to know in case this should happen again.

Doctor: There are several things you can do in such an emergency, Mrs. Orr. A doctor is not always at hand, and, obviously, if a child is choking something must be done quickly or he may die before help is obtained.

One thing you must not do is try to remove a foreign body from a child's throat by inserting your finger and pulling out the object or pushing it down.

Of course, lots of lives have been saved in this fashion, but there is always a danger that instead of improving matters it will only make them worse.

Often the only result of such action is to push the object farther down the throat until it is firmly embedded and very hard to remove.

A safer method is to pick up the child, turn him upside down, and slap his back vigorously. This is crude, but often effective. The child coughs, and if he can be made to cough hard enough the obstruction is expelled.

When the object swallowed is so small that it only partially blocks the windpipe the child will recover fairly quickly. He will be able to breathe well enough, and won't be in immediate danger of losing his life.

In such a case, don't try crude methods of removing the object.

Leave it where it is, and take the child to a doctor. He will be able to decide what is the best thing to be done.

One important thing to remember is that in some cases there are no symptoms for hours or even days after the first choking bout, but do not be misled by this. Have the child examined.

You see, when a small object like a tack or a button or a peanut gets into the windpipe it may lodge either in the voicebox (the larynx) or the windpipe itself (the trachea), or it may go down the whole way and lodge in either of the lungs. If the object is not removed, complications, often serious, may ensue.

Of course, when an object is choked upon it need not necessarily go down the windpipe. It may go down the food passage (the oesophagus) and become caught on its way to the stomach.



NEVER let baby sleep with a toy which has glass button eyes. If kiddies refuse to be separated from their favorite dolls, remove the eyes of the toy and embroider new ones in white cotton.

When this happens the child will be able to breathe normally, but he may complain that it hurts when he eats, or he may refuse food altogether.

If you suspect that your child has swallowed any foreign object, consult your doctor! In some cases the object may be high enough in the throat to be seen. In others it may

need an X-ray photograph to reveal it.

But do not hesitate to seek advice. Remember that in these days skilled surgeons are able to perform very delicate operations and remove objects even from the lungs.

Obviously, the best thing to do is to prevent choking. Accidents will happen, of course, at all times and places. But there is no need to invite a choking fit by offering chunky or lumpy food to a young child.

Beware of fruit seeds, peanuts, and small, hard lumps of meat. Censor a young child's toys and give him only those that are not likely to harm him.

Babies should be allowed to play only with toys that are too large to be swallowed. Rubber animals with "squeakers" that may become detached, animals with "button" eyes, and similar objects should never be handed to the young child. Small lucky-dips for children are also a potential danger in this way.

Also, whenever possible, all tacks, nails, pins, buttons, beads, and small coins should be kept out of reach of little prying fingers.

Choking—like many other accidents—can be avoided in nine cases out of ten.

## "DON'T BE SHY"

HOW often has that been said to children? But you can't overcome that shyness until you know what it is and the cause of it.

It is generally based on a sense of inferiority, and the symptoms are blushing, hand tremors, dislocated breathing, fidgets. Often extremely shy kiddies suffering from an inferiority complex compensate themselves by blustering, throwing scenes.

You can cure the child by getting it used to the circumstances that give it the jitters.

If it's going into a crowded room and meeting a lot of strangers, try to be as tactful as possible when introducing the child to your friends. Make it an art, and talk cheerily to the child, don't let it feel that it is in a stilted, unfriendly atmosphere.

## For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM  
BABY'S EXERCISE  
AND DEVELOPMENT

ALTHOUGH rough playing and careless handling of babies and little children are not good for them, simple physical exercises of the right kind can be started in the early months, long before baby begins to walk.

These are very beneficial for toning up the muscles, curing constipation, and helping later towards good posture.

Baby's "daily dozen" should be given regularly each day before the bath, starting with a normal, healthy baby, by the time he is two months old.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau.

This will be forwarded if a stamped addressed envelope, together with the request, is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299Y, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

## In Peace or War



## MARMITE SERVES MANKIND

## THE SIEGE OF KUT

During the first World War (1914-1918) a number of Australian Light Horse men and other British Troops were cut off from fresh food supplies during the siege of Kut — Mesopotamia.

Bombardment and attack were repulsed with a gallantry that thrilled the world, but suddenly disease — the unseen enemy — began to accomplish that which guns had failed to do. Lack of fresh food and essential vitamins began to play such havoc with the health of the defenders that the fall of the city seemed imminent.

Aeroplanes were rushed to Kut with supplies of Marmite which were successfully dropped by parachute to the defenders. The effect was astounding, the men recovered rapidly — Marmite had done its bit!

## THE FREE GIFT COUPONS FROM MARMITE

Combine WITH THOSE OF EIGHT OTHER SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS . SANITARIUM PEANUT BUTTER . BIXIES KWIC-BRU . GRANOSE . WEET-BIX . SAN-BRAN CERIX PUFFED RICE . CERIX PUFFED WHEAT

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QUICK GIFTS

38 POINTS

All Linen Glass Cloth, in modern fancy design and four colours, hemmed, size 22 x 32. Postage, etc., 3d.

38 POINTS

Linen Glass Cloth, various sizes, different coloured patterns. Postage, etc., 3d.

42 POINTS

Hard-wearing Thirsty Bath Towel, guaranteed fast colour, green pattern, size 20 x 40. Postage, etc., 6d.

264 POINTS

Ingram Alarm Clock, attractive case, four different colour schemes. Postage, etc., 1/-.

SMALL KNIFE: 35 points

SMALL FORK: 34 " TEASPOON: 16 " + Postage, 3d. each. All high grade quality.

371 POINTS

"Excel" Electric Iron, comfortable, modern moulded bakelite grip, guaranteed 1 year. Postage, etc., 1/3.

156 POINTS

One 18-piece floral china Tea-set. Postage, etc., 2/-.

WHAT TO DO! All gifts are available at the following addresses: —  
SYDNEY 13 Hunter Street.  
MELBOURNE York House, Little Collins St., Opp. Australia Arcade.  
PERTH Gift Shop, Central Arcade, Hay St.  
HOBART 43 Elizabeth Street.  
LAUNCESTON 32 Charles Street.  
NEWCASTLE Car. Tudor St. and Park-way Ave., Hamilton.

If you cannot call, send your coupons in separate package (with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue at free gifts.

This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia.

# Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS

1.10.36



# Cosy Jumper and Scarf

... in an effective ribbed stitch

**A**N engaging style that has already endeared itself to overseas fashion authorities because of its air of simplicity and casual chic. Start knitting it now for the long winter months ahead.

**Materials.**—9oz. "Sun-glo" shrink-proof 4-ply fingering wool, shade 347 (grey); 2oz. "Sunbeam" crepe wool, shade No. 2182 (rust); pair No. 9 needles and No. 11; 3 buttons; 1 crochet hook.

**Measurements.**—Length from top of shoulder, 20in.; bust, 36-38in.; length of sleeve seam, 10in.

**Abbreviations.**—K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together; d.c., double crochet; g., grey; r., rust.

**Tension.**—6 sts. to inch; 8 rows to inch.

## BACK

Using No. 11 needles and g. wool cast on 104 sts. Working 1st row into back of sts. work in rib of k 1 p 1 for 3in. Increase 1 st. Change to No. 9 needles.

**Next Row:** \* K 2, p 2. Repeat from \* to last st. K 1.

Repeat last row, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row, until increased to 113 sts.

Continue in pattern, and when work measures 12in. shape arm-

**START** now to knit this winter-proof jumper. An acceptable fashion feature is the open, easy-to-slip-on front, with its three smart buttons. The accompanying scarf is done in a pretty basket-weave pattern.

holes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 8in. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

## FRONT

Using No. 11 needles and g. wool cast on 108 sts. Working 1st row into back of sts. work in rib of k 1 p 1 for 3in. Increase 1 st. Change to No. 9 needles. Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 117 sts.

**Next Row:** Work 57 sts. Leave remaining 60 sts. on spare needle. Cast on 6 sts. work in pattern to end of row. Continue in pattern and when work measures 12in. shape armhole by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of the next row; k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 5 rows; then every 2nd row 5 times. Continue in pattern and when armhole measures 8 inches shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Cast off remaining st.

Join wool at centre-front and cast on 5 sts. Work in pattern, making a buttonhole on the 3rd and 4th rows and 2 more 2 inches apart.

**To Make Buttonholes:** Work 3 sts., cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

**2nd Row:** Work to last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., work 3 sts.

Shape armhole and shoulder to correspond with left side.

## SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and g. wool cast on 56 sts. Working 1st row into back of sts. work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 inches. Increase 1 st.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 75 sts.

Increase 1 st. each end of every 4th row until increased to 99 sts. Work 8 rows.

K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 15 sts. Cast off.

ANYONE can knit this serviceable jumper. The pattern, so effective, is very simple. So, too, is the basket-weave stitch featured in the accompanying scarf.

## SCARF

Using No. 9 needles and r. wool cast on 36 sts. Work 1st row into back of sts.

**1st Row:** \* K 4, p 4. Repeat from \* to last 4 sts. K 4.

**2nd Row:** \* P 4, k 4. Repeat from \* to last 4 sts. P 4.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows.

**5th Row:** \* P 4, k 4. Repeat from \* to end of row.

**6th Row:** Repeat 1st row.

Repeat last 2 rows for 34 inches. Cast off.

## TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Pleat sleeves into armholes. Work one row of d.c. around revers, back of neck and front opening. Sew buttons on left front.

## Hints for Knitters

**NEEDLE SIZES:** The difference made to a fabric by a change in the size of needles is about half a stitch to the inch, providing the same wool is used. For example, with size 6 needles, 54 stitches to the inch, on size 7, 51 stitches, size 8, 48, and so on. It is impossible to give any accurate decimal, as there is no standard of plying or cording a wool, which makes it so necessary to gauge anew with every different wool before commencing to knit. Otherwise there is no means of deriving accurate measurements.

**KNITTING GLOVES:** Gloves can be knitted in any yarn, wool, silk, cotton or string. Winter sports and country gloves are generally in wool, used single or double; golf or riding gloves in double cotton or string; evening gloves in silk. Sets of 4 or 5 needles are necessary, and the shape of a glove can be considerably improved by varying the gauge in shaping the tips of the fingers, thumb and wrist, changing to needles two or more sizes smaller for this purpose.

It is often expedient to work the gauntlet of a glove on larger needles and use the yarn double. The fingers and thumb are more easily worked on short glove needles specially

made for the purpose. The needles, together with the yarn, will determine the gauge.

**TENSION:** Good tension is acquired by allowing the wool to run easily over the fingers when knitting, the control being even, neither strained nor slack, but masterly.

Hold the needles and the wool lightly, easily. Pass the wool over the needle and, once it has "clicked" past the crossed needles, do not strain, but take the loop through, and off the needle.

Insert the needle into the next loop, and here, if necessary, tighten the wool a little before throwing it to form the next stitch.

**CASTING-OFF:** Take a crochet

hook and draw a new loop through the first knitted stitch on the needle. Do the same through the second, then draw the second loop through the first. This is then retained on the needle and a new loop drawn through the third stitch, which is in turn drawn through the second, until all the stitches have been crocheted off. Finally the wool is cut and drawn through the last loop.

## YOU CAN DRESS BETTER

By learning how to make your own frocks and at the same time you will

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Individual Tuition. Absolutely no class instruction  
FRENCH COLLEGE OF DRESSMAKING

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NEW, QUICK



Stops perspiration instantly.  
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Use before or after shaving.  
Keeps underarm dry 1-3 days.  
Ends perspiration odour.  
Won't irritate skin or rot dresses.  
Non-greasy • stainless • soothing.

GET ODO-RO-NO CREAM TODAY  
from all good Chemists and Stores.  
1/- and 2/-

## BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

### Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste. If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood, causing nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent and scanty passages with smarting and burning show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. Used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today—the remedy that will make you well and keep you well.

"I Save Money by Using OLD DUTCH. It Goes So Far."



"I proved it by dating the tin"



\* "I put the date on a tin of Old Dutch when I opened it. It lasted and lasted. So I know I save money by using

Don't Miss This!



Old Dutch—that it costs less to use than sandpapers or gritty cleaners." Old Dutch goes so far because it is made with Seismotite, whose tiny flakes lie flat and cover more surface. Because it doesn't scratch like sandy, gritty cleaners, it gives protection to bathtubs, wash basins, sinks, pots and pans, etc. Buy 3 tins of Old Dutch Now—one for the Kitchen... Bathroom... Laundry or Garage. It saves time and steps.

## GET THIS 4-PIECE UTILITY SET FOR YOUR KITCHEN

3 OLD DUTCH LABELS and 3/4 brings you this imported American set comprising 3-inch blade, 7-inch overall, Grapefruit or Orange Knife, curved and serrated blade to loosen fruit from skin; 3-inch blade, 7-inch overall, Vegetable and General Purpose Knife for slicing, mincing, etc.; 2-inch blade, 4-inch overall, Peeling Knife for apples, potatoes, etc.; and 4-inch blade, 11-inch overall Spatula for spreading icing, turning scones and grills, scraping pans, etc. All have stainless blades, ground with razor edges. Send now while stocks last.

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Please send me the 4-piece Quikset Utility Set for which I enclose windmill panels from 3 Old Dutch Labels and Postal Note for 3/4.

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# TREES . . . can make your home!

TREES help to make a home. They add grace and beauty to the garden and every house should have a framework of foliage to form a background of green or color.

—Says OUR GARDENER

WHEN my boy came to me with his homework and asked me to hear him recite a verse he had to learn, he lisped, "Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree."

Grace Kilmer wrote that poem "Trees" never thinking that school-children would have it passed on to them as a classic, or that the lines would puzzle thousands of them.

Unblessed by the gift of poesy, but appreciating to the full anything that will assist in the preservation of our wonderful native trees, I explained to the boy exactly what the poet meant.

He gazed wonderingly round the landscape, for the place where I lived was devoid of trees of any kind. Only blocks of flats broke the skyline, or ugly electric light and telephone poles.

"Why haven't we trees in our garden?" he asked, and I had to tell him that the garden was far

too small, but I made a mental resolution that I would not stay there long, and to-day I live out where the birds raise their voices in song every day from a myriad of trees.

Not only do trees help to make a home, but they go a long way towards preserving the climate by attracting rain. They hold the soil together, retain the rainfall, and are a permanent asset.

Nature is versatile and provides an infinite variety of shape and color in foliage, as well as height and habit, and if carefully chosen even the smallest garden can have a shrub or a tree that will give pleasure.

In our big cities to-day the architect has combined with the landscape gardener in preserving as far as possible the native trees.

I have given much thought and time to the study of trees suitable for the small home, and find that many of the introduced varieties are totally unsuited to gardens.

Lombardy poplars, many of the pines, pepper trees, camphor laurels and erythrina indica or coral trees



TREES not only beautify this home, but they increase its value and add to the attractiveness of dwellings surrounding it.

are some of those that should never be planted in small gardens.

They are mostly far too hungry, too tall, cast too many leaves or needles, or their roots cause damage to pipes and sewers, to be given positions close to the house.

Dwarf-type conifers, on the other hand, add beauty and character to the home, and lend themselves as permanent growing ornaments, not only to the actual planter and owner, but to surrounding homes.

A friend of mine who has planted hundreds of trees in his big garden realises to-day that he not only beautified his property, but has added considerably to the attractiveness of homes surrounding it.

They have a background that cost them nothing, a windbreak and protection belt that will endure for many years, thanks to a thoughtful neighbor.

There's a tree for almost every position in the garden, whether it be wet or dry.

From the lowly wattle tree or big shrub to the tallest eucalypt or pine, each has a niche of its own in the garden.

## For small gardens

FOR small gardens I can recommend flowering peaches, plums, quinces, and cherries, or even the lovely pink-flowering almond.

The cone-bearing conifers and taxads are mostly small, and lend themselves in a wonderful way to the gardener with taste.

Cupressus sempervirens, or Italian cypress, is full of character and beauty. Its spire-like shape and rather sombre dark green foliage break up the paler foliage of deciduous trees.

When used as a single specimen in the middle of a lawn or at the entrance of a drive it becomes part and parcel of the scheme of things, and a landmark.

The tall, elegant liquidambar, the foliage of which in inland districts turns all colors, is another distinctive tree.

In recent years many people have planted sequoia, the mammoth redwood of California. This tree needs

## Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are even just a little hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parment (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone losing hearing or who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

TREE-PLANTING time is fast approaching. You will soon be able to set them out in positions where they will add beauty and utility to your home and become permanent assets.

Make your selections now!

will pierce the blue haze of the Australian landscape.

Yet a man can hold a sleeping forest in his hand—a mere ounce or two of seed of these mammoths of the plant world.

Have you ever tried to grow a tree from seed? There's lot of fun in it, and not a little interest. Our native eucalypts set enormous quantities of seed, few of which, for want of favorable conditions, ever come to anything. But if gathered fresh and sown under garden conditions they do even better than when grown in the bush.

Some of the finest jacarandas I have ever seen came out of a pod nearly a quarter of a century ago. To-day they are 25ft. tall and covered with lovely smoke-blue flowers every year.

Red-flowering gums, too, have been grown from seed, and in twelve years they have reached 15ft.

Some of the gardeners in the warmer parts of Australia try the Australian nut, macadamia terni-folia.

It develops from a hard-shelled nut into a lovely tree six to eight feet tall in about four or five years, and in eight years will bear big trusses of the world's best nut.

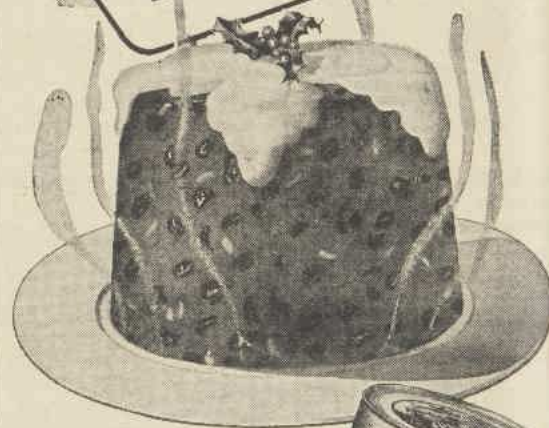
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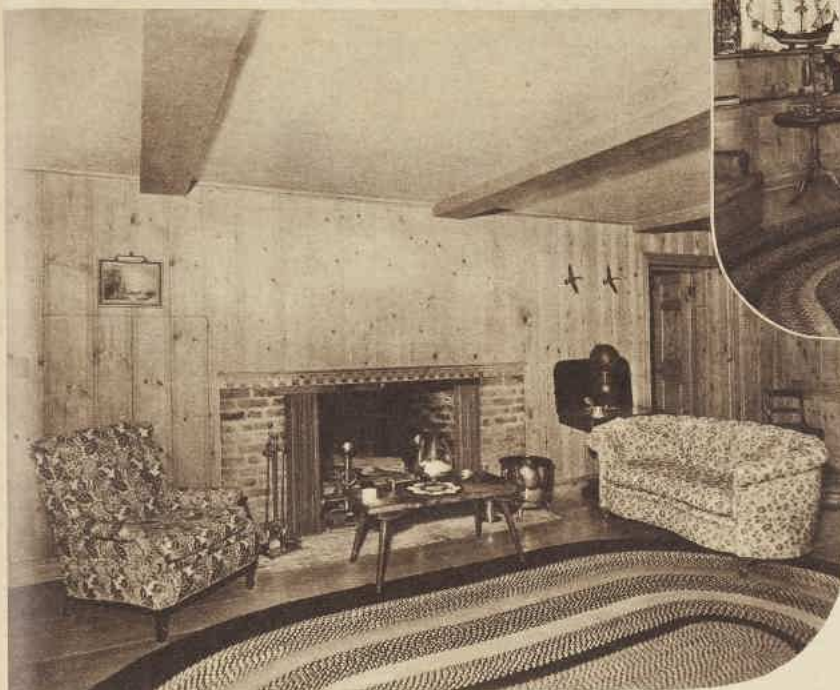
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For simple comfort and distinction . . .

## COLONIAL FURNISHINGS

• Traditional timbered and stone walls, hooked rugs and chintz-covered chairs reminiscent of an earlier graceful period can be used with great success for furnishing present-day lounge-rooms.



LIVING-ROOM for all members of the family, furnished and decorated in early Colonial style. The attractive beamed ceiling and timbered walls of knotted pine and open brick fireplace make a perfect background for the furnishings.



ANOTHER VIEW of the living-room, showing the big hooked rug on the polished wood floor, the chintz-covered chairs, the wide windows at one end and the open fireplace with the kettle on the hob. These rooms are in the home of James Cagney, Warner Bros. star.

**F**URNISHING fashions may come and may go. But if you can manage to furnish your lounge-room in a distinctive style that follows no style of the moment slavishly, then your room will retain its charm for many a long day, when others look horribly out of date.

Adaptations of period styles are useful for this reason, and perhaps one of the most charming styles, because of its versatility, is the colonial.

There's an air of simple charm, comfort, and good taste about a well-furnished colonial room that does not fade with the years.

So if it's a sturdy simplicity you want, together with distinction, study the pictures on this page.

Here the early colonial period has been adapted to modern comfort with great success. The house in this case was built with the furnishings in mind, so that walls were correctly treated to begin with.

For the most part, knotted pine was used throughout for walls and ceilings except in the case of the den shown at the top of the page, where the wall on the fireplace side is of stone and cement, an unusually attractive treatment.

Similar woods to knotted pine obtainable in this country are knotted cypress.

A feature of the rooms shown here is the gay hand-hooked rugs on the polished wood floors.

The making of these rugs is still a traditional art among American lovers of early colonial furnishings.



AN ATTRACTIVE and comfortable man's room furnished in adapted early Colonial style—timber and stone walls, polished wood floor, with gay hooked rug, big leather-covered armchairs, lots of books, occasional tables and the little knick-knacks loved by a man.

many women making rugs for their own homes. They are both beautiful and serviceable, and often last for generations.

The two photographs on the left are of the same lounge-room, and that on the right of a man's den and library.

In the lounge-room with its beamed ceilings the whole of one wall at the end is taken up by wide windows where the sunshine streams through muslin curtains.

The chairs, modern in their comfort, but colonial in style, are up-

holstered in bright patterned chintzes in old-time designs.

Note the artistic arrangement of the pictures, but don't try this unless you've a good sense of harmony.

Note, too, the unusual bird ornaments on the wall. As a concession to the comfort demanded by most men, the den is equipped with big leather-

covered easy chairs, but other old-world features in the form of occasional tables, the fireplace, and its fire irons are in keeping with the furnishings of the lounge-room.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

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Here you see a Pond's Investigator interviewing one of the thousands of women who answered questions like the one above. From the answers to these questions we gathered all the information that was necessary to make this new improved Pond's Face Powder.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS

10 APR 1940

# Treeholm HOUSE

Australian Women's  
Weekly NOVEL,  
April 13, 1940

by EDITH HOWIE



SUPPLEMENT — MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY



# TREEHOLME HOUSE

By EDITH HOWIE



I HAD accepted an invitation to go dancing with Ross Jameson. He is not important. Merely one of the boys with whom I once went to school.

But at least, after the loan company failure that resulted in father's ruin and death, it did not seem to make a great deal of difference to him that I was no longer Marcia Stafford, of Stafford Avenue, but only Miss Stafford, stenographer at Danbridge, Danbridge & Havens. He still looked me up once in a while, and that evening I was grateful for his call because I was tired.

It is difficult to become accustomed to being poor. I was tired, physically and mentally. Tired of the monotonous routine of the office; tired of myself; tired of living.

Ross was a dull young man who drank too much, but an excuse to dress up will do wonders for a girl. When he called I was powdered and polished and groomed within an inch of my life, and felt better for it.

"It's still early and a grand evening," he said. "Suppose we drive in the country for a while."

"There is nothing I would like better," I told him, and turned the key in the door of my tiny apartment.

It was June, and lovely in the country. We passed the bridge with its lights now just beginning to twinkle. The car took a long hill with ease. For a couple of miles or so after it, one follows the turns and twists of the hills, gradually climbing higher but making little progress in actual distance from town. You can look all over Montfort from the top, and it is a view of which I never tire.

I was looking down towards the valley when I heard Ross give a low whistle. I jumped. "What's wrong?" I said, turning to him.

He had slowed down and was staring at twin lights that blazed before us on either side of a stone gateway.

"Lisa Gaunt must be back," he said slowly. "Know her, don't you?"

I shook my head. "No." He turned to stare at me. "That straight? Don't you really?"

"No," I said. "Oh, I know her by sight, of course, but, really, Ross, I never was one of Lisa Gaunt's crowd. It was too fast for me."

"That so?" he said, but it seemed to me he was scarcely aware of what I'd said. He continued to gaze at those lights as if hypnotised by their brightness.

All of a sudden, with a strong twist of the wheel, he swung the car into the driveway.

"What are you doing?" I said in alarm,

although what he was doing was perfectly obvious. We were on our way to Lisa Gaunt's house; we were going up the road to Treeholme House.

"Nothing," Ross answered shortly.

The gateway lights were behind us. We were climbing a long paved road that led between some kind of a high dark hedge.

"Ross!" I said. "Listen to me—we can't go up there. I've told you I don't know Mrs. Gaunt. You can't just appear at someone's house like this—"

"Certainly you can," he interrupted. "She won't care. That's what those lights mean. When they're lit, it means Lisa's home and her friends are welcome."

"Her friends, yes," I said, "but I'm not her friend."

"Her friends and anyone they bring with them."

I tried other tactics.

"Ross—please! Let me out here, then I'll walk back. I'd rather. Really I would. If you want to go on, you go. But I don't know these people; I'm not dressed for it—"

"Don't be silly, Marcia," he said. "It's all right. I wouldn't take you if it weren't, Lisa won't mind. She'll like it. You'll like her, too."

I doubted that.

"And anyway we'll only stay a few minutes."

We were rounding another curve. Before us, backed by distant evergreens, the house stood blazing with lights. It was like a beacon in the dark of the night.

Ross once more brought the powerful car to a slow crawl.

"That's it," he said in a hushed tone. "We're here—Treeholme!"

I have said that we had been climbing. Treeholme House stands on the very top of a hill, the highest point around. It looks down upon the village at its feet in much the same fashion as Lisa Gaunt was supposed to look down upon those who dwelt in that village.

It is built somewhat after the English fashion, long and large and low. It sprawls a trifle. "Too big," Montfort said critically, "for just two people." That was true.

The house boasted eight or ten bedrooms and half as many connecting baths, to say nothing of living-rooms, a library, a breakfast-room, a formal dining-room, a ball-room, a billiard-room, a gun-room, an immense baronial hall with a great mahogany staircase leading upwards to a balcony across the back. There were also the servants' quarters and such hidden mysteries as the kitchen, the cellars and the butler's pantry.

There was even a butler.

There were those in Montfort who declared that Lisa Gaunt was imitating the wealthy of other cities when she built her home out in the country. I thought so once

myself. I know better now. I know that if Lisa Gaunt had had her way, Treeholme House would have stood in the centre of Montfort's public square. She needed an audience—she was lost without one—and it would have meant nothing to her that this audience, curious, hostile, condemning, were none other than the "yokels" she laughed at with her friends.

But it was John Gaunt who chose to have his house built in the circle of the hills. It was cunningly hidden. The architects who built it did their work well. No one, from road or highway or hilltop or town, ever glimpsed more than the chimneys of the stone house. The rest was hidden as securely as Lost Lake, upon whose legendary shore John Gaunt had built his home.

Treeholme House itself rapidly became almost a legend. Only a dozen or so of the town people had ever been permitted to pass its stone portals, but stories of its splendors travelled, spread by those who had gained admittance.

The very artificiality of the Gaunts' life as we knew it made for fantastic imaginings. Whom else did we know who ordered red and black caviars by the case, who owned cars driven by a Japanese chauffeur, who gave house parties to which guests from distant cities came? Lisa Gaunt—even her name was exotic, provocative! And when her car went sliding past and you caught a glimpse of her lovely discontented face, white as a flower above her dark furs, the contrast between her life and yours would be most forcibly brought home to you.

About John Gaunt there was less mystery. The Gaunt Mills had been in Montfort for sixty years. He had been born in an old brick house on Walters Street. He'd attended school in Montfort along with the children of the men who worked his father's mills. Unlike them, he had gone on to university, and for the next four years Montfort saw little of him.

Upon his graduation he married, not a Montfort girl, and took his bride to Europe for their honeymoon. It was only his father's death that brought him back, and when he returned he brought his wife with him. Within a week of their return the news got about that John Gaunt had bought two hundred acres south of town including the famous Lost Lake, and that he proposed building a home out there. Architects appeared, but to our disappointment the house was not even started until a high stone wall had been built along the highway side of the property. After that, all we knew was casual gossip from the workmen. In time the house was finished and a city decorator arrived.

Many were the tales told of the effects created to frame Lisa Gaunt's beauty—but to most of us it was only hearsay. It always



would be. Lisa Gaunt had early let Montfort know that she had no interest in its affairs.

Of course, with John Gaunt it was different. He played golf at the country club. He had served his turn on the board of the Chamber of Commerce. He gave his money freely for whatever drive or charity Montford wished, and, if he was not active in church affairs, at least plenty of his money went to St. Peter's Church, where the Gaunts had had the same pew for generations.

It was through St. Peter's that I had my only contact with the family. Little Bobby Gaunt was in the class of infants I still taught in the church school. He was a beautiful youngster with a head of tawny curls and huge grey, dark-lashed eyes. A stiff uniformed English nurse always came with him to the church and sat in a corner of the classroom until it was time to go home.

It was then, into this sort of household, that Ross Jameson proposed to project me. As we drove up before the entrance, my hands were like ice. I thought of Lisa Gaunt's beautiful remote face and I was afraid.

A MAN had appeared, apparently from nowhere, to take the car. Ross spoke to him absently as he helped me out. As I took his hand, I had the queer sensation that he had completely forgotten me; that it was only his outer self who was attending. The more important part of him was preoccupied with something else.

We went up the low stone steps and the door swung open. A man took Ross' coat. A maid appeared noiselessly to take mine. Then we were walking across the huge hall towards the great mahogany staircase. I had a confused impression of tapestries spread on dark wood before a woman stepped out from a wide doorway, and I forgot everything else.

It was Lisa Gaunt. As she stood there, she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her hair, black and silky soft, rippled from a centre part to a knot low on her neck. Her eyes were large, grey, dark-lashed—like Bobby's—wide-spaced under straight winglike brows. Her nose was delicate, her mouth young and soft and red as a poppy. She wore a coral-colored lace dinner dress that fell to the ground and left shoulders and slender white arms uncovered.

Her glance at us was careless, insolent almost.

Ross took a step forward.

"Lisa!" he said. "You've come back!"

She came alive. It was just that. Before she'd been a beautiful statue, now life was breathed into her. She held out both hands and he caught them in his.

"Jamie, you darling!" she said, and I was subtly disappointed. Her voice was wrong. I didn't know why, but it was. It wasn't lovely enough for her. It was husky but not with the huskiness that charms. It had a raucous note—oh, a tiny one, I admit, but it was there.

Ross hung onto her hands so bemused that he completely forgot me. I stood there feeling like a fool and doubtless looking like one.

Lisa herself rescued me. "Jamie, you're forgetting. Won't you introduce your friend?"

"This is Miss Stafford, Lisa. She—she's an old friend—a very old friend, Mrs. Gaunt, Marcia."

She was charming to me. She put one

arm about me and drew me into the long room beyond the doorway where some twenty people were grouped around a table.

In swift succession I was introduced to half a dozen people, none of whom I had ever seen before. There was a Dr. Saunders, a Mrs. Hoyt who had a beautiful head of red-gold hair, a Mr. Chet Miller, a Miss Delight Haughton, and a grey-haired, grey-bearded man of forty or so named Colonel Winger. Apparently Mrs. Gaunt considered that she had done her duty in introducing me to these five for she nodded to me rather vaguely and drifted off, one slim hand loaded with diamonds laid on Ross Jameson's arm.

"Dr. Saunders, I'll leave Miss Stafford to you," she tossed over her shoulder. "Do look out for her, won't you? See that she meets everyone."

"Charmed," said Dr. Saunders, looking at me from head to toes. I did not like Dr. Saunders. He was one of those elderly gallants whose eyes have an amorous glint. And he purred.

I did not have a good time that evening. Dr. Saunders did not see that I met everyone. There was a good deal of drinking and my elderly escort did more than his share, supplementing the Gaunt cocktails with occasional pulls from a flask of his own. He insisted upon a quiet stroll in the garden, where he finally became so wobbly and so affectionate that I deserted him.

I wanted to go home. No one paid any attention to me. There is nothing duller than a drinking party to one who does not drink.

I looked for Ross Jameson, resenting the position he had placed me in by his idiotic insistence on coming to Treeholme House, but I could find neither Ross nor Mrs. Gaunt. Eventually I took refuge in the library when I saw Dr. Saunders making his unsteady way in from the garden.

It was a smallish room, with books running solidly to the ceiling. Books, golden lamps and a sense of peace.

At first I thought I was alone. Then John Gaunt's tall form rose from an easy chair in the shadows. He was a slender man with a blank wooden face, and he had been sitting there in a dark corner of this quiet room, nursing a highball glass.

"Oh, hullo!" he said and his tone matched his face. "Alone?"

"I was," I said. I suppose it sounded rather pointed, for he raised his eyebrows imperceptibly.

"I'm to take it it was by your choice?" There was something about him that seemed solid and dependable.

"To tell you the truth," I said frankly, "I came in here to get away from someone." This time one eyebrow went higher than the other.

"Interesting," he commented. He put down his glass and took out a cigarette case. "May I offer you a smoke?"

I shook my head.

"No? How about a drink?"

Again I shook my head. "I'm sorry, but I don't drink."

The match, with which he was lighting his cigarette, went out abruptly. Over it he stared at me.

"Then—what are you doing here?"

At that I began to cry. I couldn't help it. "I don't want to be here—I didn't want to come. But I couldn't help it. I was out riding with a friend—and when he saw the lights he drove in. I—I couldn't help myself."

He laid down the cigarette. With care. "Who was he?"

"A lawyer—Ross Jameson. I went to school with him—"

"Yes. And what has happened to him? Won't he take you home?"

"I don't know," I said. "I haven't seen him for hours."

"Hmm," he said. "Neither have I, but then I've just arrived. Suppose I look him up for you. Or is he the gentleman from whom you're hiding?"

"No," I said. "He isn't. But if you'll call a taxi I won't bother Ross."

He continued to look at me for some little time.

"If you'll permit me, I'll drive you back myself." He was not smiling. He was entirely grave.

"If you would," I said in turn, "I'd be very grateful."

"I'll have them get my car," he said, and crossed to the door.

He stood in the doorway for a moment. He looked at me over his shoulder and smiled.

"Apache dance goin' on out here. Want to look?"

As he spoke, I recognised the heavy beat of the music. But I did not move.

"No? Julia Carson's worth watchin' mostly."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but—all I want to do is go home!"

He came over to me then and patted my shoulder reassuringly.

"And I'm going to see you get there. Now. You wait here." He glanced about the room, and then suddenly he picked up his discarded glass and closed my reluctant fingers about it. "What? Can't hold it even? Bit of a prig, aren't you?" Suddenly he became very earnest. "Believe me, my dear, sometimes when you're in Rome it's wisest to do as the Romans do. And in this house there are safer things to be than conspicuous."

His words sent a little chill down my spine, and I clutched at the glass so hard it's a wonder it didn't break.

"There—that's right. All you need to do is hold it, and if anyone comes in tell 'em you're waiting for me."

Before closing the door, he turned again. "My name's Gaunt," he said, and departed.

I don't think I was any happier after he departed. I sat there and shivered, and wondered what in the world he'd meant by saying it was not always "safe to be conspicuous" in that house. The very fact that it was John Gaunt who had said it gave it a meaning whose importance seemed unlimited. It made me sorer than ever that I was in the place.

When he came back, within a few minutes, he carried my linen coat thrown over his arm.

He said, "Ready?"

As we came into the hall, the butler was descending the stairs.

"Nurse asks if you can come upstairs for a moment, sir. Master Bobby's crying again."

I saw John Gaunt's eyes narrow.

"Very well, Reeves." He turned to me. "It's my little boy. I'll have to go up for a minute. D'you—would you mind comin' along—or would you rather wait here—"

"I'll come if I may," I said. "You see, I know Bobby. He's in my Sunday school class."

John Gaunt looked at me, his eyebrows high.

"Good lord!" he muttered. "A Sunday school teacher! All right; come along." We found Bobby scarlet-cheeked, sitting



up in his crib. His eyes were large and dark, the pupils dilated until scarcely any grey showed. He had been crying.

"Now—now, what's this?" his father asked.

The nurse, the starchy Englishwoman I had seen at church, answered him. I thought she looked pale, but her voice was composed.

"I think Bobby had a bad dream," she said. Then, in a lower voice, "But it seemed wisest to send for you, sir."

Bobby by this time was snuggled in the circle of his father's arm.

"Hello, Miss Stafford," he said shyly. "Well, but look here, Bobby," John Gaunt said harshly, "a dream's nothing to cry about. A dream's not real. A dream can't hurt you—not possibly."

"It wasn't a dream," Bobby objected. He looked languid now. His vivid color was fading. "Someone did come in—I know they did—" His voice kept getting lower and lower.

John Gaunt bent his head to hear.

"Who did, Bobby?" he asked, and I was surprised to hear a note of strained expectancy in the question. "Who came in?"

"Someone did. But I don't know who came in—"

He was getting excited again. He bounced a little under John Gaunt's restraining hands.

"How do you know anyone was here?" It was the same low voice, the same note of hushed waiting.

"I woke up and it was dark, and someone was there and I could see them—and then I began to cry—and a nurse came." It ended in a whisper close against his father's coat lapel.

Over Bobby's head, I saw John Gaunt's eyes seek the woman's in a long meaning scrutiny. She was pale; there was no doubt about it.

"Mr. Gaunt," she said earnestly, "There was no one here. How would they get into his room—past me—or out again?"

"I don't know," he said slowly. "I wish I did."

His glance dropped to rest for a long moment upon the golden head beneath his chin. Then,

"Look here, Bobby," he said in a tone so suddenly matter-of-fact that I jumped.

"There wasn't anyone here; there couldn't have been. Didn't nurse come when you began to cry?"

The little boy nodded.

"Then how could anyone—any real person—get out of this room except through the door? And nurse would catch them—certain sure! Do you see?"

"Uh-huh," Bobby said. He glanced sweetly upward at his father from beneath long, thick eyelashes.

"And now, will you go to sleep and stop all this nonsense? You're too big a boy to make a fuss like this."

"I'll go to sleep if she tells me a story," he said, and pointed to me.

His father sighed with resignation, but I noticed no lessening of the clasp he kept about the boy.

"I trust you can tell a story?" he said to me.

"Of course I can," I retorted. "What—"

"David and Goliath," Bobby ordered happily.

So I told the ancient tale, and before it was finished the little boy was asleep. While the nurse tucked him into bed, John Gaunt stood looking down at him with a strange expression.

"You'll stay with him?" he asked the woman.

She nodded, her finger to her lip.

"I wouldn't have gone to bed at all if I'd thought—"

"Oh, you need your sleep. You do enough. More than a dozen. If he wakes again—"

He hesitated for a moment. "I'll be back within twenty minutes. Tell Reeves if you want me."

She made a gesture of assent as we left the room.

"That's the fourth time that's happened," he told me on the stairs. "It's beyond me. He thinks someone comes into his room—"

He broke off abruptly. We had reached the last steps on the grand staircase. There were others in the hall now, and from one of these groups a figure detached itself and came to stand at the foot of the stairs.

It was Lisa Gaunt, and before the steady menace in her eyes, mine quailed. However, when she spoke, it was not to me, but to John Gaunt.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm afraid I shrank back, but his clasp on my elbow was firm, reassuring."

"I'll be back at once, Lisa. I'm taking Miss Stafford home."

"Oh!" Her voice was icy. "Is that—necessary?"

"I think it is."

She shrugged but she did not give ground an inch.

"Let whoever brought her here take her back."

He shook his head.

"Sorry, Lisa. I told you I shan't be long."

For a minute their eyes clashed. Then she stepped backward.

"Really!" she said, and there was a world of meaning in that one word.

Then John Gaunt did what seemed to me a strange thing. He moved away from me—abruptly. He put one hand on her wrist, drew her close to him.

"Don't be cross with me, Beautiful," he said carelessly.

She pulled her hand away pettishly but her manner was softer.

"Promise?" she said like a pouting child.

"Cross my heart," he said soberly.

It sounded like the most ardent gibberish to me. I suppose I looked as disgusted as I felt because I saw John Gaunt eyeing me thoughtfully when we got in the car.

"Mine is a strange house, Miss Stafford," he said. Then he added as a commentary: "And a strange household."

I thoroughly agreed with him.

On the way home he said suddenly: "I knew your father. I knew him very well. It wasn't his fault that the loan company failed. But tell me about yourself. What have you been doing? How have you been getting along since—since—"

"Since the family fortunes went smash? What does a girl do when she has to adapt champagne tastes to a beer income overnight? I work, Mr. Gaunt. I'm a stenographer in a downtown office. I'm a very capable stenographer, too."

"Do you like your work?"

"The work—yes. The job, no."

"Why not?"

"I'm afraid it isn't going to last very long. The firm is cutting down, and new employees go first."

"Would you consider another position?"

"Consider it? I'd jump at it," I told him.

"Did you ever hear of Francis O'Neill?"

"The explorer?"

"Right. O'Neill is at our place just now. My wife has persuaded him to stay with us until he gets his book done—I don't know quite how she did it. I understand his publishers wanted to keep him in the city. But Lisa and he thought otherwise. O'Neill's at Treeholme."

It was the first time I'd heard it pronounced correctly. "Trelm." Like everyone in Montfort, I had always divided it into two distinct syllables—Tree Holme.

"Trelm." I liked the sound of it.

"Does he want a stenographer?" I asked a little breathlessly.

"As a matter of fact, he does," John Gaunt said. "He arrived last Wednesday ready for work, expecting to find his secretary ready too. But in the meantime a wire had arrived from the secretary saying he had just been married and was sailing for France on his honeymoon. O'Neill's been high and dry ever since. He's tried a couple of local people, but he says they can't spell. I sent my own secretary over one morning but—confound it!" he said boyishly, "I can't spare her. I need her myself."

"What makes you so certain I can spell?" I asked.

"Can you?"

"Yes," I said. "As it happens, I can."

"You'll probably have to live at Treeholme, you know."

"Shall I? Why?" I wasn't sure I cared for that.

"O'Neill likes to work at strange times. Early—or late."

"How long would it last?"

"Six months, perhaps," he said and then added, watching me, "It's hard work—have no doubts about that—but it's well paid. One hundred and fifty a month and you'd have no expenses."

"Mr. Gaunt," I interrupted, "for one hundred and fifty dollars a month, I'd work like a Trojan and live in a hut."

"You'd be interested, then?"

"Very."

"To-morrow is Saturday. You aren't working in the afternoon? Suppose I call for you."

"That," I said trying to keep the tremor out of my voice, "would be very kind of you, Mr. Gaunt."

If I had any misgivings about going to Treeholme House they were settled by the slip I found in my pay envelope at noon next day. . . . your services . . . regret . . . no longer required . . . unavoidable necessity . . .

Now I had to get that job. I waited at the apartment in something of a panic. Perhaps Mr. Gaunt hadn't meant a word of it. Maybe he had forgotten all about me. But he hadn't. At four o'clock the big foreign car, with a Japanese chauffeur at the wheel, glided sickly into our street, and a few moments later Mr. Gaunt was rapping at my apartment door.

"It's settled," he said in reply to my questioning glance. "If you'll pack, you can move out to Treeholme now."

And that was how I came to Treeholme House.

IT seemed an entirely different place by daylight. Once inside the huge gates, I found the roadway, with its close dark hedges, lovely rather than forbidding; and when we left them behind and came out into the open expanse before the house, from where we could look down upon formal gardens sloping to the waters of Lost Lake, I exclaimed aloud at its beauty. John Gaunt gave me an odd glance as he helped me



from the car. Three big police dogs were snapping warily about. John Gaunt gestured towards them.

"Our advance guard," he said. "You'll have to make their acquaintance if you're to be here."

"Guard?" I repeated.

"We're afraid for the boy," he said. "Kidnapping!"

One of the penalties of wealth, I thought, as we went on into the house.

The butler took Mr. Gaunt's hat.

"Mrs. Gaunt and Mr. O'Neill came in about ten minutes ago, sir, and Mrs. Gaunt asked that tea be served in the library."

"Very good," John Gaunt said. "This way, Miss Stafford."

There were two women there before the fire where a magnificent silver tea service waited. The elder one, in black chiffon with piles of well-waved white hair, I knew must be Lisa Gaunt's mother. Lisa herself sat low in an opposite chair, whacking at her booted feet with a riding crop. She did not look up as we came in.

"Make yourself at home, darling," she said in her odd throaty voice. "And if you'd rather a cocktail—" She looked up and went on without a change of expression. "Sorry, I thought it was Frank."

"Lisa, you remember Miss Stafford?"

She got slowly to her feet and came towards us.

"Should I, Johnny?" she asked, wrinkling her forehead in lovely bewilderment. "Oh, of course, Miss Stafford—you were here last night, weren't you? With Ross Jameson. And then Johnny took you home—that's right, isn't it?"

"Yes," I agreed. I could have added "in spite of your objections," but I didn't.

However, I forgot her feline thrust when I looked at her. Beauty such as hers beggars description. There can be no words for it.

"Do you know my mother—Mrs. Carver?" she asked. "I hope you like tea, Miss Stafford—Johnny, ring for Reeves now, will you, dear? Frank'll be along any moment—but if you'd prefer a cocktail—"

I said that I preferred tea. Then Reeves, the butler, and a tall fair man arrived almost simultaneously although through opposite doors. I judged that this must be Francis O'Neill. He was big and blond, with skin darkened and hair bleached to the same tawnyish shade. His eyes, which were blue, startlingly so in his brown face, had an odd remote quality. He disquieted me.

"Tea, Miss Stafford?" Lisa was saying greedily and impersonally.

John Gaunt bore down on me with a plate of sandwiches in one hand and Francis O'Neill by the arm.

"This is Mr. O'Neill," he said breezily. "The gentleman for whom you've pledged yourself to work."

"It's very kind of you, Miss Stafford," said Francis O'Neill. I liked and felt reassured by his grave, quiet voice.

Lisa Gaunt gave me a long, considering look.

"Are you, Miss Stafford? Going to be Frank's secretary?"

"If Mr. O'Neill is willing," I said.

"Willing is not the word. Instant," smiled O'Neill.

"How nice," said Lisa Gaunt. "Why didn't you tell me, Johnny?"

I couldn't tell whether she thought it was nice or not.

"I was leading up to it. Beautiful, by degrees," he said. "The fact is that I can't spare Manda Lou any more. I need her at the office myself. So—exit Manda Lou—enter Marcia!"

Lisa Gaunt said, "Ring for Reeves, Johnny. Ask him to send Mrs. Harris here." She turned to me. "Don't bother to dress, Miss Stafford. We'll have the quietest dinner ever."

Mrs. Harris was the housekeeper. She was a tall thin woman dressed in black. She had a long, heavy-jawed face and grey hair carefully Marcelled. She entered the room looking neither to right nor left, and placed herself in front of Lisa Gaunt.

"This is Miss Stafford," said Lisa Gaunt. Mrs. Harris inclined her head. "Will you see that the Rose Room is ready for her?"

At dinner I met for the first time another member of the household, Gordon Curran.

He was John Gaunt's cousin and the titular manager of the mills.

Rumor had said many things of Gordon Curran. An unattached young man, he was an object of interest to the girls of Montfort, where unmarried eligible men are always at a premium, and Gordon Curran was eligible.

For myself, I was disappointed. I felt the tales about him were much exaggerated. He seemed to be an entirely ordinary young man, resembling his cousin too much to be called good-looking—a little less dark than John Gaunt, not quite so tall, slightly less vacuous in appearance. He showed no particular interest in me, giving me a curt, unsmiling bow, and then, as we went towards the dining-room, resuming his conversation with his cousin.

What he was saying seemed to have something to do with the mills, and John Gaunt listened to him good-humoredly although a trifle absently. It seemed to me he was keeping both ears and eyes upon his wife. I wondered why.

There were only the five of us at dinner. Mrs. Carver did not appear. Later on I was to learn that she almost never did, preferring a tray in her room to sitting across the table from her son-in-law, of whom she was very much in awe. In all the time I was there, I never heard her address him voluntarily or, out of his presence, speak of him as other than "Mr. Gaunt."

What conversation there was was carried on by the men and myself. Lisa Gaunt sat silently at the head of the table, eating almost nothing, wrapped in her own thoughts. Her husband ate little more than she did. There was still that shadow of a frown on his forehead. His eyes looked at once angry and worried.

We had coffee in the drawing-room where Francis O'Neill came to me and suggested that we begin work about nine o'clock. He had promised to play a few games of billiards with Curran, but he'd be in the library about that time and if I'd be ready . . .

I nodded. After he went I compared my wrist-watch with the mantel clock. It was only a quarter past eight. The Gaunts had disappeared. I decided to take a walk through the grounds.

Out of doors it was half twilight, with the thin edge of a moon showing above the trees. Soon it would be risen in full white glory. Down below me, terrace after terrace dropped to the lake, across whose dark waters the faintest moonstreak lay.

I walked aimlessly along one of the paths. I had no very definite idea about where I was going except that I meant to get down to the edge of the lake. Water had always fascinated me, and the very name, Lost Lake, had a charm all its own.

I was strolling along, walking between lilac and honeysuckle hedges and thinking how beautiful these grounds must have been in early spring and how lovely they probably would be this autumn, when I heard voices. Strangely out of key with their surroundings. One high and terrified, the other terrible in its cold chill anger.

I stopped still where I was.

The voices seemed to come from beyond the lilac hedge and a little to my left. I had a sudden queer shivery sensation.

I had started on mechanically, because I had no wish to be found eavesdropping by the owners of either of the voices, when abruptly one of them cut off in a queer choked gurgle.

Now ordinary quarrelling is one thing. This was something else. It automatically changed the situation. If it were murder . . .

It was not murder. However, I suppose it very well could have been. What I now saw through a gap in the hedge was John Gaunt with his hands about another man's throat, shaking him back and forth as a terrier shakes a rat. His voice came to me strange and grating.

"Tell me where she got it. And if you gave it to her—by heaven, I'll kill you!"

His victim was the Japanese chauffeur, whose eyes were fairly popping out of his head. His hands flapped uselessly in the air and he made horrid choked sounds.

John Gaunt, with a last shake, released him. The man reeled backward.

"So she does get it from you?"

The Japanese, clutching at his bruised throat, made no answer.

"Phuugh!" Gaunt said in a tone of terrible disgust. "Get out of here. Now. Reeves will send your things down to-morrow."

"To-morrow," the Japanese said sullenly. "I pack my own things to-night; I go to-morrow."

John Gaunt raised his wrist.

"In ten minutes," he said inexorably, "I shall call the lodge. If you have not gone through those gates, I shall hunt for you—with the dogs."

The measured deadliness of the tone sent a chill of horror over me. The other man's nerves broke before it. His eyes widened. He gasped out something inarticulate, turned and fled.

Slowly, John Gaunt lowered his arm. He settled his coat, passed a hand over his unrumpled hair and then drew out a cigarette case. He was fumbling with a lighter as I tiptoed away. Unseen, I hoped.

Terrace by terrace, I made my way down to the very border of the lake where the waters lapped softly against the shore. To my left, I glimpsed the bright roofs of the cabanas and I turned that way. I saw a stone seat close to the water's edge. I would sit there for a moment before beginning the long climb back to the house.

I was close beside the seat before I noticed that there was something else there. I say "something" advisedly. Death is the great neutraliser. And this woman was dead. She lay on her face, with her feet neatly pointed towards the walk and her head and shoulders in the lake.

It was the English nurse. Bobby's nurse. I knew it long before I had dropped to my knees with a half sob and caught at her shoulders to drag her away from the cruel water. I pulled her up upon the pebbly walk, where I turned her over and saw her face.

There was none of that peace that death ordinarily brings in that face. There was terror in the wide-open eyes, in the writhen



lips. Death had struck suddenly. I was shaking uncontrollably as I rose to my feet. Help lay above me in the house. I began to run wildly up the bricked walks, up the terraces, down the honeysuckle alley, my heels clicking and my teeth chattering almost the same rhythm.

For some reason or other it was not John Gaunt I thought of finding. There were ways of reviving drowned people. Artificial respiration. It was Francis O'Neill I wanted, Francis O'Neill for whom I sought. He was an explorer. He would know what to do.

The alley made an abrupt turn. For a second, I glimpsed a white shirt from before I ran squarely into a man's arms. "Here!" said John Gaunt. "What the devil is this?" and I had time to notice that his voice was once more easy, indolent, unhurried.

"It's the nurse," I gasped. "You know—Bobby's nurse. She's down there. I found her. She's—oh, I think she's dead!"

He let me go so suddenly that I staggered with the recoil.

"Where? Show me!"

"In the lake; I pulled her out—"

He shed coat, waistcoat and tie as we ran down the terraces. He was rolling up his sleeves as we came out on the walk.

The body still lay where I had left it, a pitiful dark heap. John Gaunt knelt beside it. He touched one of the limp hands, felt for the heart, and shook his head.

"I'll have a go at it, but I'm afraid it's no good."

"Can I help?" I offered with chattering teeth.

He had begun to manipulate the limp body.

"Go up to the house like a good child. Send Gordon and Frank here. Tell Reeves to get a doctor—pulmonologist—he'll know. Don't let them disturb Lisa. Find out about the boy."

Which, after all, might very well be the crux of the whole situation. I had forgotten Bobby. Now I remembered him and fled.

THE hall at Treeholme was empty except for a black-dressed maid. She stopped when I called to her.

"Where is the little boy's room? Take me there. At once."

The rest could wait for a moment. I had to know about this. So did John Gaunt.

We met Reeves coming down. I sent the maid back with a gesture, told him what had happened. He glanced back the way he had come.

"The boy, miss?"

"I don't know," I said honestly. "I was going to find out."

We went swiftly, an inviolable unspoken fear dogging our footsteps. Reeves opened doors. Finally, he said, "In here, miss."

We tiptoed in. It was a triple suite of rooms known as the nursery-playroom, alcoved bedroom, bath and open balcony. There were two beds in the bedroom; the closest to the door was unoccupied. In the other one the little boy slept. From a chair close beside the bed, another black-dressed maid rose to look inquiringly at us.

I paid no attention to her. I pushed past her. I touched him; I had to. My hands were full of the sensation that other body had provoked. He was soft and warm, and did not want to be disturbed. I bothered him. He moved his head impatiently in his sleep.

"Thank heaven!" Reeves said behind me.

I turned to the girl.

"Why were you here?" I demanded.

She bridled a little at being questioned in that way by someone unknown to her. She looked at Reeves.

"Nurse had to go out and she didn't like to leave the little boy alone. She asked me to stay here until she came back."

"I see," I said slowly. There was no point in telling her any more. I said, "What is your name?"

"Doris, miss."

"Then, Doris, will you stay here until I come back?"

"Yes, miss."

Obediently she sat down in the chair drawn close to the bedside.

Reeves and I went out. In the hall, I said, "Mr. Gaunt did not want Mrs. Gaunt disturbed about this."

"No, miss."

Something in his tone made me look at him quickly, but his face was impassive.

"Are Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Curran in the billiard room?"

"Yes, miss. Shall I find them for you?"

"No," I gave him John Gaunt's message. "I'll tell them myself."

He had taken up a phone, dialled a number. Now he said: "Drowned, you said, miss?"

I nodded.

"Poor creature," he said. "Or maybe it was one of her heart attacks."

I lingered, loath to stay yet somehow impelled.

"She had heart trouble?"

"Indeed yes, miss. Taking drops she was, by the doctor's orders."

His words somehow reassured me. A heart attack sounded logical. It would explain how she died. I was sorry for her, of course. Anyone would be, but still a death from natural causes . . .

I sent the others down to John Gaunt with strict orders to tell him that Bobby was all right, and then I went up to relieve Doris.

Bobby was still sleeping. After she had gone, I locked the door. I was in no mood for visitors; and should the mysterious person of Bobby's dreams take advantage of the commotion in the house to pay another visit to the nursery, I meant to make the way as difficult as possible.

I went out on the balcony and looked down towards the lake, but I could see nothing. Presently several cars roared up the driveway. They were met by someone, presumably Reeves. Then, for a long time, quiet reigned.

It was nearly one o'clock before John Gaunt tapped on the door.

"Everything all right here?" he asked when I let him in.

I nodded and he crossed over to the crib and stood looking down at his son. The events of the night had left him white, weary, of a sudden older.

I had retreated to the balcony. Now he followed me. He shook his head at the question in my eyes.

"No—dead, poor creature. She was dead when you found her."

"What was it?" I asked a little unsteadily. His eyes met mine levelly.

"She had a bad heart. She knew it. This might have come any time, the doctor said."

I continued what seemed to me a logical train of thought.

"Any sudden excitement, probably; or any shock—"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking—wonder-

ing. It seemed a strange time for her to leave Bobby, that was all."

"It was," he said frowning. Then, "What are you getting at?"

"I told you—nothing." I waited a minute before continuing. "Doris said she went out to meet someone. I only wondered who it was. And why."

"The deuce!" he muttered. Then, "No, nothing to that. Things have to hang together in some style, don't they? This one doesn't."

"Had she any relatives in this country?"

"There's a sister. I wired her."

He looked so worn that I did not pursue the matter further.

"Would you like me to stay here with Bobby to-night?" I asked.

In some way the question offended him. His eyebrows lifted.

"You didn't come here as nursemaid, Miss Stafford," he drawled.

"What difference?" I said angry now.

"If I can help—"

His mood changed abruptly. He put his hand over mine.

"Of course it would help, my dear. It isn't that. You've had rather a shock yourself. You need a good night's sleep."

"Who would stay with him?" I interrupted. "You?"

He compressed his lips.

"No. Unfortunately, Mrs. Gaunt is—ill. I can't leave her alone. I had thought of O'Neill. Or Reeves."

"I had better be I," I said with decision. He was silent for a moment. Then:

"I shall be grateful," he said simply.

So that was settled. I slipped down the hall to my own room for a few things, while he stayed in the nursery, sunk in a big chair, turned so that his eyes, strangely hungry, rested on the crib where the little boy slept. He rose when I came in.

"If you want anything during the night," he said and my heart contracted for a moment, remembering the mysterious intruder, "there is a bell here that rings in my room and another in Reeves'."

"Yes," I said.

He waited a moment, one hand on the door.

"Shall you lock this?"

"No," I said firmly. "I think not."

His eyes met mine gravely.

"A pleasant sleep," he said.

The door closed. I was alone, save for Bobby, sweetly asleep in his bed. I shivered a little. But I did not lock the door.

I couldn't sleep. I was awake with the awareness that makes you afraid to close your eyes lest sleep be victor in the contest. The deep amber glow of the night light gave the room a strange half twilight.

Somewhere a clock chimed—hour or half hour, I could not tell. Sounds in the house had long since ceased.

Bobby stirred. My eyes went to the sleeping child. I wondered what he would say when he awakened to find a stranger with him. What would they tell him about his nurse?

Dead! My mind sheered off. Whom had she gone to meet? Had she been alive? Or had the other, coming to the appointed place, found her dead?

Murder was an ugly word. What motive of love or hate or fear could the poor Englishwoman have inspired? What had she that anyone could covet?

Her job! John Gaunt had spoken of kidnapping. She had been the little boy's nurse. Her death had left the child at least momentarily vulnerable. Suppose this had been part and parcel of some mas-



strous plan, key to its successful working out?

I told myself that I was overwrought. But I could not sleep. I closed my eyes, but I could not shut out the procession of faces, Reeves and Doris and Francis O'Neill and Gordon Curran, with his queer likeness to his cousin, and Lisa Gaunt.

What was the matter with her? Why wasn't she here, watching over her son? Somewhere, deep in the grounds below, the dogs began to bark.

My heart missed a beat. I remembered, the Jap chauffeur. Suppose he had come back. John Gaunt had threatened him with the dogs.

My eyes fell upon the doors leading to the balcony.

They were slowly opening. Frozen, I watched the narrow crack of darkness widen between the doors. A controlled, deliberate movement.

Wider—slower—until it seemed to me that I could see the tips of careful fingers.

Almost paralysed with terror, I reached backward—backward—groping for the bell pull. My arm brushed against the bedside lamp. As my fingers closed on the velvet ropes, the lamp tottered and fell with a deafening crash of glass.

I saw the doors open. I had a glimpse of a dark figure—faceless, sinister—and I pulled again and again at the velvet ropes until one came loose in my hand.

The figure advanced into the dim light. I screamed then, and fainted.

THE room was no longer in darkness. I was aware of light and movement beyond my closed eyes. There was a sound of splashing, and I heard John Gaunt say, "This will do it." Water stung my face with sudden shock. I uttered a cry and opened my eyes.

There were four men in the room. Reeves, the butler—stout and portly, gorgeous in Paisley-patterned pyjamas and scarlet robe; John Gaunt, still in dinner jacket, his face imperturbable; Francis O'Neill, in pyjama trousers, reaching swiftly for a sheet to throw across his shoulders when he saw that I had regained consciousness. At the foot of the bed Gordon Curran stared soberly at me, with his hands deep in his dressing-gown pockets.

John Gaunt held a water carafe and a towel with which he had been wetting my face.

"All right?" he asked quietly. "Good girl."

My eyes flashed swiftly towards Bobby's bed. It was empty. The child had disappeared. But John Gaunt quieted my unspoken fear.

"Bobby's all right. He's been taken to my room. Your scream woke him up."

My eyes then went to the balcony doors. They were closed.

"Did he get away?" I asked.

"Did who get away?"

"Someone was on the balcony. He opened the door; he was coming in—"

They exchanged glances. "Tell us about it," John Gaunt said.

I told them what I had seen. They listened, frowning. When I was done there was a silence. John Gaunt said: "Reeves and Frank and I got here at almost the same time. Gordon's room is at the end of this hall. He heard the lamp go over. He was standing in his doorway trying to locate the noise when we raced along. So we all came in together, the four of us. The lamp was on the floor, you were on the

bed in a dead faint, Bob was awake—and the balcony doors were closed. We tried them. They were locked."

"But I saw them open," I protested feebly.

No one spoke. They stood there like silent images. Then Gordon Curran walked over to the doors and pulled on them and then swung around on me.

"My dear girl," he said, "be sensible. These doors are locked on the inside. How could anyone have opened them?"

"On the inside?" I repeated.

"The key is here."

He threw it into the air, caught it in one hand and then laid it on the dressing-table. His glance at me was triumphant.

I tried to keep a tight hold on myself, to make my voice even, without feeling.

"Then what do you think did happen—in here?"

Francis O'Neill evidently felt that this was his question. He shifted the sheet a little.

"Look here, Miss Stafford, you've had a shock. More than one of them tonight. They've been too much for you. Fact is, they'd have been too much for most men. An experience like yours down by the lake—"

"I see," I interrupted slowly. "You think that I was dreaming, that my nerves have been playing tricks on me. Is that it?"

He nodded. He seemed relieved.

"Is that what the rest of you think? You, Mr. Curran?"

Curran shrugged.

"Well, there was the key, y'know."

"Reeves?"

The poor butler crimsoned until his face almost matched the violence of his robe. He looked at John Gaunt for guidance, but found no help there.

"It sounds likely, miss," he managed at last.

"And you, Mr. Gaunt? Do you think I was dreaming?"

He was standing behind the others. For the tiniest fraction of a second his finger touched his lip, a gesture of caution, it seemed to me. Then he stepped forward.

"The evidence seems conclusive, doesn't it?" he said in a colorless voice.

"Very well," I said slowly. "Perhaps I did dream it. But, even if I did, would any of you gentlemen object to looking out on the balcony to see if there is anyone there?"

"I think we owe Miss Stafford that," John Gaunt said, and took up the key.

Of course there was no one there.

"I don't care whether there's anyone on that balcony or not. I won't stay in this room. Can't I—"

The expression on John Gaunt's face interrupted me.

"No one expects you to stay here, Marcia. I'm keeping Bobby in my own room for the rest of the night, Reeves."

"Yes, sir?"

"You'll remain here until I come back."

The butler came forward. I saw the glance that passed between master and man, and something else that I think none of the others did. As Curran and O'Neill crossed to the door I saw something pass from John Gaunt's hand to that of his servant. It was a revolver.

I moved about collecting my things.

John Gaunt watched me, then crossed the room and once more unlocked the balcony doors and went out. Reeves and I, equally anxious I should judge, watched the opening through which he had disappeared. When he reappeared, scowling a little, hands in his pockets, I know that I for one drew a long breath of relief.

Meticulously he saw that the doors were locked again before he looked at me. I was ready.

The halls were dim and silent. From the room at the far end, Gordon Curran's room, there came voices and the faint smell of tobacco, where Curran and O'Neill were presumably enjoying cigarettes and a rehash of the late excitement.

The room which had been mine for that brief interval between tea and dinner was quiet and friendly. It seemed like heaven to me. I paused at the door to say good-night, but John Gaunt pushed past me.

"I'll have a look around," he said quietly. He did, quickly opening and closing doors, glancing behind curtains, even peering under the bed.

"There's nothing here," he said, coming back to me. "You won't be afraid?"

"Not here," I said. "But, Mr. Gaunt, that was no dream to-night. You must believe me. There was someone on that balcony."

"Yes," he said.

Prepared as I was for his disbelief, I was taken off my feet.

"You believed me?"

He shrugged a little, impatiently.

"Surely. Why not?"

"But—you let the others—you—"

"It's best that the others think it was a dream."

"I see," I said slowly, but I didn't. It was a worse mystery than ever. What difference if the others did know?

"We've been able to keep things quiet so far," he said. "I mean about Bobby's notion that someone visits that room at night. Only Reeves and I knew. And Nurse, of course."

"And I," I said.

"And you."

Diffidently I asked: "Is it kidnapping you fear?"

His look was strange.

"Perhaps. I don't know."

I became impatient.

"You must know something. You must be afraid of something. It's not all indefinite. It can't be. It doesn't make sense. To-night—"

"To-night there was a man on that balcony."

"A man?"

"Or a woman. He—or she—left these behind."

He took a pair of gloves from his pocket. White cotton gloves, the kind used for all sorts of rough work, gloves that could be bought in any hardware store.

"Useful," he said dryly, "as a precaution against leaving fingerprints."

"Then why were they left?"

"Panic, perhaps. You screamed. He had to get out of there at once. He dropped the gloves in his hurry."

"But he remembered to lock the door on the inside."

John Gaunt looked at me soberly.

"That," he said, "is what doesn't make sense."

THE breakfast-room was bright and sunny at seven o'clock next morning, as I sat there with John Gaunt and Bobby.

John Gaunt had sent a maid up to request my presence.

"I'll have to drive to the city with O'Neill," he explained. "When I come back I'll bring a man with me to look after Bobby." He put one hand on the child's curly head.

Bobby looked up from his oatmeal.

"I'd druther have Nanna," he said.

"Nanna has gone away," John Gaunt



answered. "For a long time. Somebody has to see that you brush your teeth and comb your hair. And I'm beginning to think that it's a man's job. Miss Stafford will look after you to-day—"

"What's a man's job?" demanded Francis O'Neill bolsterously, as he came into the room and took the chair next to me. "Good morning, Miss Stafford. How are the boogey men? What's a man's job, Johnny?"

"Getting you up early so we'll be able to get off by eight," John Gaunt told him, looking at his watch. He stood up. "Through, Boba? Want to come along? We'll be at the garage, Frank."

"Fifteen minutes," O'Neill said, and watched him go. He turned to me then. "What does Johnny think of that affair last night?"

"There doesn't seem to be any need of thinking anything, does there? Since the key was in the lock and on the inside of the door..."

"Hmm," he said noncommittally.

"Is there anything you'd like me to do this morning?" I asked after a moment. "Surely a secretary must earn her salary."

"Things did get a bit beyond us last night, didn't they? Well—the chapters that are done are in the top desk drawer. You might look them over. The outline for the book is there, too. I work from my diary. That's in the ebony box on the desk. If you care to run through that... Know anything about the Mayans?"

"Vague things," I said. "Something about their religion."

"Yes. There's a couple of shelves of books in there if you'd like to read up, get familiar with names and places. You'll find maps. We probably won't be able to do anything more now until Monday."

I thought rebelliously that I might as well have stayed in my own apartment and missed all the horror of the past night, but I didn't say so. I simply sat there waiting until he should finish his breakfast and it would be time to go and get the little boy.

The garages were large, some little distance from the house and adroitly out of sight because of skillful landscaping. Their wide doors were open. The cream-colored foreign car stood on the driveway, its long bonnet pointed towards the gate. Inside I had a confused impression of space, of cement floors, of cars lined against the wall. Bobby, buttoned into miniature coveralls, was rolling a tyre in a circle, and John Gaunt and a blond young man were doing things to the engine of a light truck.

As we came in, John Gaunt wiped his hands upon a grimy rag.

"If that's not right, take it down to the Mill garage; let Galway look to it."

"Okay," the blond young man said, grinning. He had a nice grin, I thought.

John Gaunt now turned his attention to us.

"All right, Miss Stafford, here's your heavy duty. Oh, by the way, this is Bill Griggs, who'll be driving for us from now on. He'll take you where you want to go, or see that you have a car to drive yourself. Let Reeves know. Frank, I think you know Bill."

"I've been wondering if I didn't," O'Neill said. He put out his hand, and it was done so simply, so decently, that my heart warmed to him.

"Last spring, fishing, wasn't it? And we put up at your camp in the storm? And you gave us buckwheat cakes and maple syrup for breakfast? Jove! I shan't forget them in a hurry. I don't suppose cooking

will come within your duties here?" he finished wistfully.

Griggs' grin became more engaging. "I expect that'll be up to Johnny," he said. His color rose. "To Mr. Gaunt," he amended.

"Johnny'll do," said that gentleman. "Bill and I went to school together," he said as if in explanation. "This isn't his usual line. He's a draftsman, but things have been a bit dull lately."

"You don't need to be so careful of my feelings," Griggs interrupted. "He means I was busted and darn glad to get the job."

"Put it any way you like so long as we understand each other," John Gaunt said agreeably. "But let's keep it Bill and Johnny."

Griggs shook his head.

"You won't want your chauffeur calling you by your first name when you've got friends with you," he objected reasonably.

"I drive for myself mostly," John Gaunt said. "I don't trust many people with that baby." He indicated the car.

"I suppose I should be honored," O'Neill observed. He was gazing affectionately at the briar pipe which he held cradled in his left hand. "What happened to the Jap?"

"Oh, I had to get rid of him," John Gaunt answered vaguely. "You'll probably have to snap into it with Mrs. Gaunt," he said, turning back to Griggs. "Click your heels and touch your cap and all that. Think you can get away with it?"

"Me?" Bill Griggs stuffed his hands deep into the pockets of his trousers. "Sure. I've seen lots of movies. Like this?" He illustrated, opening a limousine door deftly, his face the wooden mask of the perfect servant. He grinned at his employer. "How'm I doing?"

A line had faded from John Gaunt's brow. "You'll get by."

Bill Griggs said simply, "I'll have to."

On the face of it, it was a statement of fact, the desire of a man to make good at a job badly needed, but to ears like mine, made aware by the events of the preceding night, it was more. It was a pledge, a promise, given as such and so taken. And I thought: this is no accident. This is deliberate. Planned. This is another of his men. He's filling the gaps. He's getting ready for something. What? I shivered.

John Gaunt glanced at his wrist watch.

"We ought to be off," he murmured.

"Well... Look here, Bob." Careless of the effect of the gravel drive upon his well-pressed trousers, he knelt and drew the boy within the circle of his arms. "You'll do just what Miss Marcia says to-day, won't you? Be a good boy—stay with her—no running away or being a nuisance!"

It must have been old familiar ritual. Bobby's chubby hand made some sort of a salute.

"Okay, chief," he said in his high treble. The car roared and was off. Bobby ran after it a yard or two, waving wildly at its wake. I remained where I was, just within the shelter of the garage doors, against one of which Bill Griggs lounged. His gaze, speculative rather, was on the boy.

"That's a swell guy," he said, and I knew he didn't mean Bobby.

For myself, I was once more beneath John Gaunt's spell. I said "Yea."

Griggs' next question startled me a bit. "What's he afraid of? It's got something to do with the kid, I know that—but what?"

"I don't know," I said honestly. "Kidnapping, perhaps."

"Yeah; that'd fit in, I guess. A man'd be scared all right if it was a question of his kid, where he wouldn't about himself. You can't be with a kid all the time; you've got to trust someone."

"He's trusting you and me to-day," I said. "Yeah," Griggs said. "Maybe we'd better shake on it."

So we did and his clasp crushed my hand. "He's a swell kid," he said. "I don't blame Johnny—look here!" He pulled a gun from his hip pocket. It was a little thing, dull, bluish. "Johnny gave me this this morning. Told me if I saw anybody sneaking around the place to shoot first and ask questions afterward. What'd you think of that?"

I didn't know, but as I shepherd Bobby towards the house, I couldn't help wishing that as John Gaunt seemed to fear some danger very real and concrete, he also felt it desirable to provide me with a gun.

WE spent a quiet morning in the library. While I read, Bobby amused himself with a variety of toys brought down from the nursery. The time went by so rapidly that it was hard to believe, when Reeves came to summon us, that the time had already arrived for lunch.

Luncheon was served in the breakfast-room. We were alone save for Mrs. Carver, for Lisa Gaunt did not appear.

Mrs. Carver was garrulous.

I learned a great deal from her about the Gaunts. Supplementary information for the most part. Lisa Gaunt had been a show girl, one of the beautiful nonentities who parade gorgeously down brilliant staircases, glorified for and by her beauty rather than for her brain or ability. John Gaunt had seen her first on a week-end trip made to celebrate a Varsity victory. The show was new, so was Lisa Carver. Only she had been Lisa Carver then.

"It sounded foreign—sort of," Mrs. Carver said naively.

He had fallen head over heels in love with the most beautiful face he had ever seen. They had married immediately upon his graduation in spite of his father's opposition, and had at once sailed for Europe to get away from the notoriety imposed upon them by the newspapers. They spent one year in Europe and then Randolph Gaunt died, and his son came home to take up the task of running the Gaunt Mills. Perforce Lisa came with him.

"She didn't want to come," Mrs. Carver said. "Lisa liked Europe. Travelling and buying clothes, and she met dukes and lords and princes, and Mr. Gaunt bought her a string of pearls that an Indian rajah had collected. She didn't want to come home, but Mr. Gaunt put his foot down. He's a determined man when he wants to be, for all he seems easy-going, and she had to come back. Back!" Mrs. Carver looked around wistfully. "Here! To this!"

"But I think it's lovely here, Mrs. Carver," I said. Something was evidently expected of me.

"Out in the country like this? For a girl that was used to the city. Huh! He might as well have locked her up in a gaol. I told him so. I even said to him once, 'Mr. Gaunt, supposing you're busy and can't get away, what's the matter with Lisa and me going?' But he wouldn't hear of it. He won't let Lisa out of his sight. She dropped her voice. 'He's that jealous—you wouldn't believe it.'"

She sighed, shaking her head. I thought luncheon would never end. But it did.



eventually. Mrs. Carver went towards the staircase murmuring something about a nap, and Bobby and I were left alone in the great hall.

"What'll we do now?" asked Bobby. It was after two o'clock.

"We could go for a walk," I suggested, whereupon Bobby caught at my hand and eagerly dragged me towards the door.

We descended the terraces slowly, for Bobby had to inspect numerous un-understandable things. We idled along the lake shore, skipping stones. We walked past the cabanas. Behind them a gentle rise of land tempted us. Beyond the peak of the rise the land sloped sharply. We ran downhill, the bushes catching at our clothes.

The trees grew thickly here. They had not been landscaped into ordered trimness. Their interlaced branches made the sky seem gloomy. The ground was dark with pine needles. Rory, the big collie, had come with us. He bustled about sniffing.

"It's nice here," Bobby said. "Can we come to-morrow again?"

"I don't know," I said, amused. "Perhaps."

"Nanna never let us go here," he volunteered after a minute. "She said we had to stay where we could always see the house."

I whirled about. Behind us, the gentle slope of the hill cut us off from lake shore and the friendliness of the house. In front of us and all about us there was nothing but trees and undergrowth. All at once the trees seemed to be growing more thickly, the gloom deeper. We were alone—Bobby and I and Rory.

"Well," I said, trying to keep my voice casual, "don't you think we'd better be getting back?"

Bobby reached out a dirty little hand. Holding it, I paused to whistle to Rory, who had halted, ruff bristling, to growl a little.

"He sees sompin'," Bobby said.

"A squirrel," I said. "Come on, Rory."

And then, I saw what Rory had seen. And I knew it was too late.

A man was coming towards us between the trees.

I gathered Bobby's hand closer in mine. "Come on," I said. "Let's go and see if he is ready."

But Bobby's curiosity was piqued. He hung back.

"Who's that?" he asked, pointing with his free hand.

"I don't know," I said. "Come on, let's run up the hill."

It was sheer bravado. Testing my luck. I knew that it wouldn't work, that my luck had proved bad, that I wouldn't be allowed to get away. I was not, therefore, surprised when the man behind me spoke.

He said, "Just a minute, sister." Then I saw that he came well attended. Between the trees, walking back and forth or sitting with loling tongues, were the great Alsatian dogs, the guardians of Treeholme House.

I said inanely, "Be careful; those dogs are dangerous."

He looked around at the dogs, and then threw back his head and laughed.

"Those dogs? Lord love you, sister, those dogs wouldn't hurt me; not if you told them to."

As if in support of his words, the biggest of them—the one they called Sain—came forward and thrust its nose beneath his hand, seeking attention. He closed his fingers in a rough caress.

"I could set these dogs on you first."

I had no doubt that this was true, and all of a sudden I was afraid again.

"What do you want?" I asked.

His bold eyes swept over me and then rested on Bobby, who had remained perfectly quiet beside me, his hand tight in mine.

"That Gaunt's kid?" he asked.

I did not answer. I gripped Bobby's hand tighter and began to walk towards the lake shore. He followed.

"Listen," he said. "I got a right to know. I'm the kid's uncle. I'm Nick Carver."

We had crossed the high point of the hill by this time. The house was in sight and I relaxed a little.

"Don't you believe me?" he persisted.

I stopped.

"Bobby," I said, "who is this man?"

Bobby did not answer. He shrank closer to me, that was all. I looked at the man.

"You see?"

"That don't mean nothing," he objected. "I never saw the kid before. He never saw me. And I'm his uncle all right."

He was keeping pace with me, and behind him the dogs trailed peacefully. We had reached the first line of steps and had begun to climb when, ahead of us, I saw the polished glare of puttees.

"Oh, Griggs!" I called.

He turned. "Yes, Miss Stafford?"

"Bobby is fired. Will you carry him up to the house, please?"

"Certainly, miss." Griggs came back, swung Bobby to his shoulder and went on ahead. The dogs followed.

"What was the idea of that?" growled Nicholas Carver.

I did not answer him. I hurried ahead. I could hear his footsteps as he trailed along behind me.

I crossed the lawn towards the house. Nicholas Carver followed. Griggs was waiting by the door with Bobby. Griggs glanced at me inquiringly, then touched his cap and walked away, puzzled.

Nicholas Carver followed me up the steps. Reeves opened the door. His glance, impassive, impersonal, flickered over Nicholas Carver, then came to rest somewhere above my head. I saw, however, that Reeves recognised the man.

"Is Mrs. Gaunt here?" I asked him as I stepped into the hall.

"Mrs. Gaunt is in the library, miss."

"This gentleman says he is Mr. Carver. Is that true?"

"I believe so, miss," replied Reeves, and departed.

"Well," Carver said triumphantly, "satisfied?"

"Quite," I said. "Your sister is in the library."

"Fine. Is the old lady staying here, too?"

"Your mother? Yes."

"Lead the way, then. Surprise!" chuckled Nicholas Carver.

I CAN'T say that I thought Lisa Gaunt was glad to see her brother. It was old Mrs. Carver who welcomed him. Lisa contented herself with, "Well, Nick, so you're back."

"Yeah. I'm here. What about it?"

"Nothing at all, my dear. Wait until Johnny hears. He'll be so—pleased." Her tone was feline. "Planning to stay, are you?"

"And if I am," he said angrily, "what

about it? Ain't you my sister? It's a funny kind of a sister who can't put her own brother up for the night—"

Lisa's voice cut across his softly. "If it were only for a night."

"You wouldn't have me staying at the hotels when you got beds up here."

Lisa's tones were sleepily malicious.

"Are you broke, Nick? Be honest, now."

He stared at her.

"Lisa, you're hard. I never even saw the kid till to-day."

"I've only been married six years," she reminded him, "and it was the better part of the first two years before Johnny packed you off. I'm warning you, don't blame me if your welcome isn't as warm as you'd like it. Blame yourself. Now, Nick, let's understand each other before Johnny gets here. You're broke, aren't you? And you've turned up here again, hoping Johnny'll be willing to pay to get rid of you."

Here Mrs. Carver broke in querulously. "Now, Lisa."

But Lisa paid no attention. She was leaning forward, her eyes on her brother. Her voice had softened. "Or that, perhaps if he doesn't, I will." She finished with a gesture.

Nick Carver was staring at her with unfriendly eyes.

"There's something devilishly crude about you, Lisa."

"What made you think you could stay here?"

Her voice fell quietly, dead as a lash. Unexpectedly, it was Mrs. Carver who was moved to protest.

"My goodness, Lisa. Why shouldn't Nick come here?"

"Be quiet, mamma."

"I won't be quiet. I'm going to say what I think. Lisa Carver, even if it is just for this once. Of course, Nick's going to stay here until he finds some place he wants to go to. I'm surprised at you! I guess Mr. Gaunt wouldn't send him away with no place to go."

"Mr. Gaunt wouldn't do what?" asked John Gaunt from the doorway.

We all turned. Behind him, I saw O'Neill and a strange young man.

Lisa smiled enigmatically.

"We have a guest, Nick's here, Johnny."

"I see," said John Gaunt slowly. "How are you, Carver?"

Carver slouched forward then to shake hands, his manner an amusing blend of servility and insolence.

"I ain't complaining, Johnny. How's yourself?"

John Gaunt's hand was on his son's curly head and his eyes were grave, but he said evenly, "The years alter many things, Carver. Perhaps I alone remain unchanged. O'Neill, do you know my brother-in-law?"

Carver was once more all anxiety to please.

"I've heard of you, sir," he told O'Neill.

John Gaunt, who had been conferring with the butler, now swung about, a cocktail shaker in his hands.

"Oh, and by the way," he said in an almost exaggerated off-hand manner, "this is Pete Devaney, who's to be Bobby's new guide, philosopher and friend."

Lisa Gaunt made a little face, but she looked at the newcomer with interest.

Pete Devaney was tall and dark and not too good-looking. He had a nice smile, white teeth, and the long, slender hands that you associate with artists. That was all I had time to notice, because the clatter of John Gaunt's cocktail shaker forestalled concentration.



"Anybody want a drink?"

I had already decided that "tea" was only a name in Treeholme House. I seemed to be the one who took tea. For the rest, it marked a convenient hour at which cocktails could be served.

Under their influence, the room quieted down. Lisa Gaunt and O'Neill murmured together. Mrs Carver had disappeared. John Gaunt sat before the fireplace, the little boy on his knee, and Nicholas Carver stood before him, a glass of whisky and soda cradled in his hand. The ugly lines had smoothed out of his face.

Pete Devaney crossed to my corner and drew up a chair.

"Mind if I talk to you? Gaunt said you knew more about what happened here last night than anyone else."

So I told him, as quietly and simply as I could. He was a good listener.

"Well," Devaney said when I had finished, "at least I've got some idea what to look out for. You say the doors were locked on the porch when you went to bed?"

"No, I don't know that. They were closed. But the key was on the inside and the door was locked when—"

"Tell me, Miss Stafford," he said confidentially, "does everyone in this house carry a gun?"

"What?"

"Please don't get upset. I thought you knew."

"I'm sorry, but I didn't," I said. "Who does?"

"Well, Gaunt, for one. At least he had a gun in the pocket of his car. The chauffeur for another."

"Is that all?"

"No-o." His tone was deliberate. "The butler—what's his name?—Reeves. And Mrs. Gaunt's brother, Carver."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Everyone I'm certain of. Oh, of course, there could have been a gun in Mrs. Carver's knitting bag. We'll leave out Mrs. Gaunt for the present."

He sat back frowning.

"Pete," said John Gaunt, "you're tired, aren't you? Want to go to your room?"

"If I could get a wash," Devaney suggested.

"Yes. I'm wondering—Bobby! His voice had all the enthusiasm attending a new and brilliant idea. "You could take Pete upstairs, couldn't you? To your room—he'll have to sleep there to-night. And show him about things?"

Bobby nodded soberly. Obediently he came over to Devaney and held out his hand.

"Come on, Mr. Pete," he said.

"All right, Mr. Bob."

The soberness vanished. The little boy giggled.

"That's funny," he said. "Mr. Pete, Mr. Bob."

Their departure was on that note.

"I've seen that guy before," Carver said suddenly.

The match, half-way to John Gaunt's cigarette, was held. "Where?"

"I don't know. Somewhere. I can't place him. What's he going to do—teach the kid? If you just wanted a bodyguard, I'd 'a' done it for you."

"You think," said John Gaunt slowly, "that I need a bodyguard?"

"Why not?" Carver returned airily. "Lots of rich men have had to come to it for their kids. It pays to be careful these days. Better than ransom, huh, Lisa?"

"Don't ask me," Lisa said carelessly. "I'm only the child's mother. I have nothing

to say about him. John attends to all that."

There was a silence. Then John Gaunt spoke to no one in particular.

"It is true that Bobby's been more or less under my care. It has seemed—necessary. I suppose Lisa has been cheated out of her baby. She has been very gracious, very generous, about it." He paused, then added slowly: "I try to make it up to her in other ways."

"Such as?" Lisa's tone was icy.

"Such as this."

From his pocket he drew a narrow dark case. He opened it and from it took an object whose frosty shimmer matched the cold of Lisa's voice. It was a bracelet, diamonds and emeralds strung in fairy lace work.

"Johnny!" said Lisa, and her voice was not cold. It was all warmth and sweetness. "You darling!"

He surrendered the bracelet with a little bow, and she held it up to the light. Her eyes were bright and greedy.

"It's lovely—lovely."

"Beautiful," O'Neill agreed. "Good taste, Johnny. Emeralds belong to you, Lisa—no doubt of that."

"It must be swell to have money," Carver said enviously.

For my own part I went from the room in a cold rage. I told myself that John Gaunt was a fool. To add to the present danger—whatever it was—he had brought into the house the constant menace of a fortune in jewels.

I shrugged my shoulders. Oh, well, what matter?

If I read mystery into the death of Sarah Ives, the English nurse, apparently no one else did.

The doctor certified that death had been caused by a heart attack. There was no inquest. The body was shipped to the home of a sister. The whole affair was smoothed over. That was the impression I got. Smoothed over.

And no one—neither John Gaunt nor Francis O'Neill nor Gordon Curran nor Reeves—referred directly or indirectly to my experience in Bobby's room. It was as if that incident had never happened. By next morning Treeholme House was like a pool after a storm. Smooth, unruffled.

THE day was hot. I spent all the morning taking dictation from Francis O'Neill. I lunched alone afterwards, struggling with a refractory typewriter. At three o'clock I gave it up, put in a call for the Montfort repair man and went down to the lake for a swim.

The beach, half shaded, half sunny, was deserted. I swam for a while and then spread a bath towel on the little pier and began to rub my hair dry. I had not progressed far when a door slammed and Peter Devaney appeared. He looked sober and stern.

"Come out to the raft, will you?" he said. "I want to talk to you."

Wondering, I swam with him to the raft, moored about a hundred feet out. When we got there he smiled disarmingly.

"There's no place so safe as a place like this. Don't trust rooms. Or telephones with extensions. Or shrubbery. Or darkness. Tell your secrets in the light of day. The brighter the light the better."

"I haven't any secrets."

I liked Peter Devaney. There seemed to be a comradeship between us because we were both new to Treeholme House.

"I have a secret," he said. "I am going to tell you. First of all, I'm not here simply to look out for Bobby. I'm a private investigator from the Holgate Agency. My name is Peter Devaney Holgate. But that isn't the secret."

"Why confide in me?" I asked him.

"I wonder. You arrive at Treeholme House, and on your first evening here a nurse is murdered and an attempt is made to kidnap Bobby."

I straightened up, shocked.

"Murder! Kidnapping!"

Peter Devaney was watching me closely.

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"John Gaunt has had warnings. I'm telling you this so you'll know what we're up against. He's had at least three written warnings within the month."

"What sort of warnings?"

"To the effect that if Bobby disappears, he is to sit tight and do nothing. It hooks up with the fact that the nurse, Sarah Ives, was murdered. However, don't worry. I'm not suspecting you of any complicity, Miss Stafford—Marcia."

"But how—why are you so sure Sarah Ives was murdered?"

Peter Devaney stared out over the water. "I've made a thorough search of the nursery. A few minutes ago I found a letter or rather a sheet from a letter. One that Sarah Ives was writing to her sister on the day she died. Apparently she put it there and planned to finish it later on. Perhaps after her rendezvous on the lake shore."

"What did it say?"

"Not enough. You see, someone had visited Bobby's room. On a kidnapping attempt, maybe. Or perhaps just a visit to get the lay of the land. At any rate, a suspicious visitor. And Sarah Ives had recognised this visitor. In her letter she said she was worried because of that mysterious visit to the nursery. More than worried. Afraid. Her letter was short, jerky, indignant. She finished on this line. To be frank, I am not altogether surprised. I have always distrusted—"

"Whom?"

"She didn't write the name," Devaney said.

I looked at him.

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Sometimes unscrupulous detectives have been known to fake evidence. I want you to come with me and see this letter. I left it where I found it. Then I want you to come with me while I ask Reeves a few questions."

"Reeves?"

"Yes. The nurse's letter indicated that she had discussed her suspicions with the butler. I want to confront Reeves with this letter, and I want to have a witness when I do it. I'm asking you to be the witness."

"I'll be glad to help, if I can," I told him. But Peter Devaney did not seem to be listening. He was watching a patch of shrubbery near the beach, and as I looked I saw a man emerge from beyond the bushes and go on up towards the house. The man was Nicholas Carver.

"That," said Devaney, "is one reason why it is safer to go out on to a raft when you want to tell secrets."

"He's a horrible man," I said. "I don't trust him."

"Why?"

I told him how Nicholas Carver had frightened me when I was walking with Bobby.



Devaney smiled thinly.  
"Nicholas and I are old enemies, you know. He's just out of penitentiary for embezzlement, and it was the Holgate Agency sent him there."  
This revelation, made so calmly and in a matter-of-fact tone, left me breathless.  
"He was released a couple of days ago," said Devaney. Then he added: "But I don't think we'll get anywhere by suspecting Nick. He couldn't have been the man Sarah Ives saw in the nursery because he was in the penitentiary at the time. Sarah Ives had never heard of Nicholas Carver and he had never heard of her. Now come up to the house with me and we'll go look for Reeves."

YOU see, Reeves, it's like this," Peter Devaney said when we reached the nursery.

"Like what, Mr. Devaney?" Reeves asked, bending forward to see.

"Wait till I find the darn spring," Peter chewed his lip as he thought. "There!"

There was a click and a drawer of the desk sprang out at us. It was empty.

"There's nothing there, sir," said Reeves after a moment's inspection.

"I know," Peter said. "You have to fumble around a bit to find it."

He pulled out a crumpled sheet of paper and handed it to Reeves.

"Is that Sarah Ives' handwriting?" Reeves nodded slowly.

"I believe so, Mr. Devaney."

"Read it."

Reeves obeyed, while I wandered over towards the window and Peter Devaney sat with his chin upon his folded arms.

Reeves put the paper down.

"Do you understand what she means when she says she talked it over with you?"

"I do, sir."

"Did she tell you whom she suspected?" Reeves looked troubled.

"She did, Mr. Devaney."

"Did you in turn tell Mr. Gaunt?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

Devaney's eyes were keen and cold.

"Why not?"

"Sarah Ives was a peculiar woman, Mr. Devaney. She may have been right—where the child was concerned she went a bit beyond herself, if you understand what I mean. I wanted something more than suspicion to go on."

"She says you agreed with her."

"I did in the main, sir. I thought it possible, even probable; but as to suggesting it to Mr. Gaunt, I did not feel I had the grounds. Suspicion alone is an unfair thing."

"Did Sarah Ives speak to Mr. Gaunt herself, Reeves?"

The butler shook his head.

"I do not know, sir. It was the morning of her death."

Peter—I was already beginning to think of him as Peter—had picked up a pencil and was balancing it along his finger.

"Do you think Sarah Ives was murdered, Reeves?"

The butler looked straightly at him.

"I do, Mr. Devaney."

"Yes," Peter was obviously thinking fast. "Why do you carry a gun, Reeves?"

The butler looked surprised.

"Mr. John's orders, sir."

"Not afraid for yourself, are you, Reeves?"

"I can take care of myself, sir."

"Then, please do so. Because, if Sarah Ives was correct in her guess, or if anyone besides myself has seen this letter, you may be in danger."

"I understand, Mr. Devaney. I am not afraid."

Peter turned now, speaking softly.

"Whom did Sarah Ives suspect, Reeves?"

The butler wet his lips. As he opened them to speak a bell shrilled somewhere.

He seemed to hear it with relief.

"That's madam's bell, Mr. Devaney. I must answer it."

Peter dropped the pencil for good and all.

"All right. We'll wait here for you."

"Yes, sir."

Reeves was gone. We heard his ponderous footsteps moving without haste down the hall. The bell rang again. Peter looked at me.

"That man knows something," he said slowly. "He's scared to death, and I'm not sure he hasn't reason to be."

He crossed to the desk and picked up the letter.

"What'll you do with that?" I asked curiously.

He gave me a queer little smile.

"Watch," he said.

As he spoke he tore the letter into fragments, laid them upon an ash tray and struck a match.

"You're burning it," I gasped.

"Right." He stood watching until the flame died. Then he took the ashtray out on the balcony and let the wind whirl the sooty fragments away. "A thing like that is dynamite, and no particular good to anyone. Its use is done. The smart thing is to get rid of it."

"Well, you did," I said.

He leaned on the balcony railing.

"Come out here."

We stood side by side looking down upon the fresh green of the wide lawn where sprinklers stirred.

"Mr. Gaunt must be back," I said presently. "There's Bobby."

"Alone?" Peter craned his neck.

"No, with Griggs."

"I'd better be getting down," he said, but he made no attempt to move. Downstairs a door slammed. He glanced at his wrist.

"Wouldn't you think Reeves would be getting back here? He's had time to answer a dozen bells."

I had been thinking.

"You didn't tell Reeves who you were."

"I didn't have to, Gaunt told him."

For some reason I felt as if a cold breeze had touched me.

"You don't think anything could have happened to him?"

"I'm not thinking." His eyes were on the hands of his watch. "How long ago was it that Reeves left to answer that bell? Twenty minutes?"

"I don't know," I said fretfully. "If John Gaunt's back, probably the others are, too, and if they are they may be keeping Reeves busy."

"That's true," Peter agreed. He lounged on the balcony rail but his eyes were alert and he seemed to be listening for something.

I was listening on my own account and I was hearing something. It came again, intermittently.

"Peter!" I said. "There's a bell ringing and ringing downstairs."

He left me abruptly and went to the door that led into the hall. He stood there listening.

"What does it mean?" I asked. "You don't suppose Reeves—"

"I hope nothing's happened to him. Come on; let's go and see."

We didn't have to look far. Just around the first turn in the hall, Peter saw it first

because he was a little ahead, and he swung about with a look of horror.

"Go back, Marcia!" he commanded.

"Don't look. Go on back to the nursery!"

"I'll stay here," I said. "I'm all right. See about Reeves. Is he—is he dead?"

"I'm afraid so," Peter Devaney said gently.

He left me then and went to kneel beside the body that sprawled on the floor; and the knife that had been thrust between the shoulders and whose handle gleamed dully in the overhead light.

Peter stood up. He looked at me and his lower lip was caught between his teeth.

"Dead all right," he said. "Poor old guy."

The sight of that knife was making me sick. I said imploringly, "Won't you—can't you take that knife—"

He shook his head.

"I mustn't, Marcia. This is murder and no doubt of it this time. We'll have to leave him as he is until the police get here."

The police! An idea struck me.

"Peter!" I said. "You're a detective!"

"I thought I was." There was a grim little twist to his mouth. He was staring at his feet. "It was true, you see. Reeves did know too much. And apparently his knowledge was straight."

"Then someone overheard us talking to Reeves and—"

"Exactly. Murdered him."

"Then you and I—"

He was looking at his watch. "Think you can run downstairs and find Gaunt? Get him here quietly without rousing the rest? I'll stay here."

I nodded. I even went a step or two, and then I had to stop and say, "You'll be careful?"

"Yes. I'll be careful." He patted the pocket of his coat comfortingly. "All right—Hurry, will you?"

I turned away, but there was no longer need for hurry. Because Doris had come quietly upstairs, presumably in search of Reeves, and was standing at the turn of the hall. Even as I met her eyes, she threw back her head and began to scream horribly. Abruptly the screams died. She slumped, sliding downward and lay still, a little heap of black and white.

"Never mind, Marcia," Peter said in a hard voice. "That's done it. If Gaunt didn't hear her, it'll be because he's dead too. And the rest of them as well."

With his words, some spring broke in my own brain. I began to shake uncontrollably. With a little sound of pity, Peter put his arms about me.

Someone was running up the stairs.

"Here!" called Peter. He let me go.

The footsteps came on.

"What's going on here?" asked John Gaunt. His eyes dropped to the sprawled figure on the floor and then lifted, and there was horror in their depths. "Not Reeves, Pete?" he said slowly. "Oh, poor old chap!"

"I'm afraid it was my fault," Peter said bitterly. "I took too long a chance, Gaunt, and he paid for it."

John Gaunt stood staring down at the twisted figure.

"It wasn't your fault, Pete," he said tiredly. "Knew something, didn't he? I thought so. He was afraid of something—"

He broke off abruptly. We could hear Francis O'Neill's voice.

"Gaunt! Gaunt! Where are you?"

"Here," John Gaunt called. "Come on if you like, but for heaven's sake keep the women off."

O'Neill rounded the corner, grunted and stopped short with the effect of slamming



on four-wheel brakes. He asked, "Dead?" quite calmly and turned back to deal with the others behind him.

"Just a minute," he said, meeting what was apparently a barrage of questions. "There's been an accident. The butler is dead."

"Reeves is dead!" It was Lisa Gaunt's voice. "Let me pass, Frank. No, I will go!"

Beside me, Peter made an impatient gesture.

"Will you take over, Gaunt, or shall I?" "You," said John Gaunt. He seemed sunk in apathy. No one who watched him would have guessed his grief to be anything but genuine.

Peter went by me. In the past few minutes he seemed to have changed, altered his personality in some subtle way. There was authority in his step and in his voice.

"Will you all be quiet for a moment?" he asked. "Reeves, the butler, is dead. He was stabbed. Miss Stafford and I found him a few minutes ago. It was Doris who screamed. She came upon the body unexpectedly."

"It will be necessary to notify the police. Possibly I need not tell you what that will mean. In a short time they'll be here, endeavoring to discover the murderer." His voice became harsh. "If you will take my advice, you will finish dressing at once and await their arrival. I need not warn you that this is no time to leave Treeholme for any purpose whatever."

He turned on his heel and came back to us. He stood for a moment looking down at the crumpled figure of Doris.

"Poor little fool!" he said. He bent and picked her up. "Will you look out for her, Marcia? Can I take her to your room?"

I nodded, and leaving John Gaunt in charge, we went to my room.

Peter dumped Doris rather unceremoniously in the centre of my bed and took my hands.

"Be careful, Marcia."

"Bobby—"

"Oh, yes." He frowned, hesitated. "You'd better slip down and talk to Griggs. Tell him to carry on."

"I will. And you'll be careful, too?"

"Yes." Suddenly he was in no hurry. He glanced at Doris. She was still unconscious. "Marcia, some of this will have to come out. No help for it. What I'm doing here—that is, who I really am."

He paused.

"But there's no reason, so far as I can see, why it all need come out now. I mean about the letter. What we'll do is this: I'll see Colonel Truax when he gets here—I've known him before, worked with him. I think I can make a deal with him. After all, I've got some inside information on this that he might find useful."

"If he listens to me, I'll get him to take my statement first, but it'll be this in the main: We called Reeves, understand, to ask him about a letter we had found in the desk, who it belonged to, etc. He had to go when Mrs. Gaunt's bell rang, but he promised to come back. When he didn't we went to look for him. Got it?"

I was still shaken but I said, "Yes, I think so. But the letter itself, Pete?" I asked. "What about it?"

"What? Oh, I see. Just an old thing Miss Ives left behind. Reeves identified her writing for us." He bit his lips suddenly. "I wish I'd kept that letter. That was a blunder and a half."

"Pete," I said. "I'm frightened."

"I know, dear. So am I, but—keep your chin up."

He kissed me and was gone.

I was rather unpardonably short with Doris when she came to, after being doused with icy water from the bathroom faucet.

"I'm not used to murders, Miss Marcia," she said.

"Well, you had better get used to them," I said hardly. Later on I was to regret this remark, one of those unthinking spur-of-the-moment sort of things that, stored up in a mean little mind and repeated to the proper person at the proper time, may make all kinds of trouble.

She shrank away from me. To reassure her, I encouraged her to talk.

"I saw Reeves, miss," she told me. "He was in the lower hall. Mrs. Gaunt had sent me down for her bag, and Reeves went by me. He looked black, miss. He said someone had rung Mrs. Gaunt's bell in the library, and when he got down no one was there. He said his feet hurt, miss."

"What did Reeves do then, Doris?"

"He went upstairs, and I went into the kitchen with a message for cook."

"Did you see anyone else downstairs or in the hall, Doris?"

She said, "No, miss," but I wasn't sure she was telling the truth. She looked frightened.

"How did you happen to come into the nursery wing?"

"Mrs. Gaunt wanted to see Mr. Devaney, miss." She shivered. "That was how I saw it."

"Yes," I said.

"Who do you think did it, miss?" she asked in a thick whisper.

I shook my head. "I don't know."

She leaned forward confidentially.

"I'll tell you who I think it was. I think it was that explorer."

"Mr. O'Neill?" At that moment, such a notion seemed ridiculous and I laughed.

"It's up to the police to find out who did it, Doris. Don't you think you'd better go and see if you can't help Mrs. Gaunt?"

"I'm afraid to go through the hall," she half-whispered.

"I'll go with you," I said.

I was afraid myself, but determined not to show it. I left her at Lisa Gaunt's door and went on downstairs.

Everyone, with the exception of John Gaunt and Peter, had gathered in the hall to await the arrival of the police.

Almost immediately there was a knock on the front door. No one moved—so strong is habit—until with a muttered imprecation Gordon Curran remembered that there was no one now to open the door for us and went himself. At the same instant John Gaunt came down the stairs.

"Colonel Truax?" he asked. "I am John Gaunt."

THERE were four of the police—the colonel, the medical examiner and two others. Bill Griggs afterward told us that two more constables were stationed, one at the front of the house and one at the back.

Colonel Truax was a tall, straight, soldierly-looking man. He shook hands with John Gaunt and then the little procession went up the staircase, all except one policeman who remained immobile by the front door. Gordon Curran returned morosely to the fire.

"I'm getting tired of this," he said to no one in particular.

"Of what?" Lisa Gaunt asked. "Nothing's happened yet."

"That's the trouble. It's this blasted sitting around and waiting."

"Where is Mr. Devaney?" Mrs. Carver asked.

"Upstairs," I said.

It was at this moment that Nicholas Carver strolled into the hall, and I was surprised to find that I hadn't missed him before. He saw the policeman at the door and blanched.

"What's that guy doing here?" he asked in a husky whisper.

I stood closest to him. When no one else offered an explanation, I told him. In some queer fashion, I sensed that he was relieved at the news.

"Who did it?"

I shook my head. His quick eyes took in the room. "Where's that Devaney guy?"

"Stop being an idiot, Nick," Lisa Gaunt ordered. "and for heaven's sake, if you haven't got a story that'll pass the police, make one up, will you?"

He turned sullen. "They can't pin nothing on me."

She looked at him coldly. "I hope not."

I do not know how long it was before Colonel Truax came down the stairs again. He was followed by one of the policemen and John Gaunt. Peter brought up the rear. For just a moment, over the heads of the others, his eyes met mine. It seemed to me he nodded imperceptibly, and I guessed that he had made his bargain with the colonel.

Colonel Truax was a fuss budget and martinet. On one corner of the table he placed something wrapped in a white handkerchief. I think all who saw it shuddered, knowing it must be the knife that had killed Reeves.

"I will ask each one of you to explain his or her whereabouts from four o'clock on, Miss"—he glanced down at a list he held—"Miss Stafford, will you begin, please."

There had been no chance to talk to Peter. Now, however, glancing his way, I received a reassuring nod. It heartened me.

I told my story in a voice that seemed strangely unlike my own. I had been swimming, had met Mr. Devaney, returned to the house, etc. As I told it, I was intensely critical of what I was saying. It seemed to me to be weak and full of holes. The palms of my hands were wet.

Colonel Truax asked me a few questions and then let me go. Again he consulted the paper in his hand.

"Mr. Carver."

Nicholas Carver was very definite about what he had been doing. He'd come home from town at—oh, say, three o'clock. He'd looked around for something doing—what precisely he didn't explain—and when he didn't find it he went to sleep. Slept till a little before five and then went down to the lake for a swim. Sure, he'd seen Miss Stafford and Mr.—Mr. Devaney. Then they went up to the house and he had his swim. He didn't know about the murder until about a minute ago, when Miss Stafford told him. How'd that happen? Well, he hadn't started his swim until late, and the water was warm, so he'd stayed longer than he'd first intended. There was no harm in that, because dinner wasn't until late on these warm nights—eight o'clock.

"You were on friendly terms with the butler?"

Nicholas Carver became wary. What did he mean, friendly terms? You weren't friendly with a butler, were you? So far as he knew, Reeves was all right in his place, which was opening the front door,



"Mr. O'Neill!" the Colonel called next. From his stand by the hearth, Francis O'Neill bowed.

"You are an archaeologist, Mr. O'Neill?"

"Something of the sort."

"But recently returned from—"

"Central America."

"Quite so. You are a guest in this house?"

"I seem to be a permanent resident. Mr. Gaunt was good enough to ask me to stay here until my book was written."

"You had known Reeves, the butler, before coming here?"

"No." Denial was instant.

"You were living in this house, Mr. O'Neill, by your own statement. This would involve some contact with the servants. On what terms were you with the dead man?"

"With Reeves?" Francis O'Neill wrinkled his forehead. "I—well, it's hard to say. A butler is an impersonal sort of creature. He's around and that's about all. He seemed to be an excellent servant and entirely in Mr. Gaunt's confidence."

"Where were you this afternoon?"

Francis O'Neill shrugged a little. "Really, colonel, I'm afraid you'll find this rather unsatisfactory. I dictated to Miss Stafford until noon, and then we went over to the Montfort Country Club for a foursome of golf. Griggs, the chauffeur, drove me over. I had lunch there. I played golf until—oh, say, a quarter past four, and then Mrs. Gaunt met me at the club house. We had a cocktail and came back here. I'm not sure what the time was—Griggs might know. Mrs. Gaunt said she was going to lie down for a while. I had a whisky and soda—got it myself—and then came up to my room. I was there when the maid screamed."

"When you came into the house, did you see Reeves?"

"No, come to think of it, I don't believe we did."

"Was that usual?"

"Well, not unusual. The maid, Doris, was in the hall. Reeves was more or less a law unto himself. It might have been the time he was upstairs talking to Miss Stafford and Mr. Devaney."

Colonel Truax consulted his notes.

"You speak of mixing yourself a drink. Where was that?"

"In the library."

The colonel put down his notebook.

"Did you ring for the butler when you went into the library, Mr. O'Neill?"

The question was asked so casually, with such little emphasis, that it had no importance at all, but it confirmed what the long delay had made me suspect—that Colonel Truax had interviewed the servants before he came to us, and that Doris' story of Reeves' fruitless call to the library had been told.

"No," he said shortly.

"Thank you, Mr. O'Neill," the colonel said smoothly. "Mr. Holgate."

There was a little stir when Peter answered.

"Your name is—"

"Peter Devaney Holgate," said Peter firmly.

"Your occupation is what, Mr. Holgate?"

"I am the head of the Holgate Agency. You might call me a private investigator."

I was watching the others. At this information, Mrs. Carver looked shocked, Lisa Gaunt disgusted. Francis O'Neill—I wondered if the emotion that flickered for a second across his face could possibly be

fear. The match with which he was lighting his pipe slipped through his fingers. He bent to pick it up, and when he straightened again his face was impassive. Nicholas Carver looked triumphantly about with an I-knew-it-all-the-time expression. Gordon Curran's face was sunk in shadow. John Gaunt's hand hid all but his mouth, which emerged beneath it, patient, close-lipped, somehow unbelievably sad.

"You were hired by Mr. Gaunt?"

"Yea. Mr. Gaunt had reason to believe that his son was in danger and he wanted protection for him."

"You are in the habit of going out on such cases, Mr. Holgate?"

"No. Ordinarily I should have detailed one of my men. Mr. Gaunt is a personal friend, however, and wished me to come."

"You spoke of danger, Mr. Holgate. What did you mean?"

"It is a little hard to explain. Kidnaping and ransom, perhaps. Perhaps something else. Threats can be rather vague as to their intent. There were a number of puzzling things."

"Mr. Holgate, how many people in this house knew that Devaney was not your name, and that you were not John Gaunt's son's tutor?"

"Three," Peter said thoughtfully. "Mr. Gaunt, Griggs, the chauffeur, and the dead man. I also told Miss Stafford myself this afternoon, and I should guess that Mr. Carver suspected."

There was a snort from Nicholas Carver.

"How did you spend the afternoon, Mr. Holgate?"

"I drove into Montfort and had lunch there. John Gaunt had taken Bobby to a circus in the new town, so I was free. I came back to the house, wrote a couple of letters, gave them to Reeves to post, and went down to the lake to find Miss Stafford. We sat on the raft for a while and talked. I told her that I had learned something I thought Reeves could explain, and asked her to come with me to see him."

"After we had dressed, we went to the house and asked Reeves to come upstairs to the nursery with us. He did. While we were talking, a bell rang and Reeves went to answer it. He did not come back. That was approximately five ten. We waited fifteen or twenty minutes and then went to look for him."

"Mr. Holgate, during the time you were talking to Reeves, did you learn what you wanted to know?"

The room became tense. You got the effect of people leaning forward for an answer. Someone there wanted terribly to know.

"I did not," Peter said gravely, and the tension relaxed. I felt it go and I knew why. Someone there knew himself for being temporarily safe at least. It was not a nice thought.

Later, I heard Gordon Curran saying unemotionally that he had lunched at the Mills, played a round of golf at the club, and had driven to Treeholme about five minutes past five. He had not seen Reeves. No, that was not unusual. Treeholme was understaffed, in his opinion. Reeves was probably busy. He had left his car in front and gone directly to his room, where he thought he must have gone to sleep. He had been awakened by someone screaming. No, he knew of no reason why anyone should kill Reeves.

Colonel Truax, dismissing him, did not look pleased.

"Mrs. Carver."

According to my idea, this was time

wasted. Mrs. Carver made me think of a laundress we had had at one time. She didn't hear nothin'; she didn't see nothin'; she didn't know nothin'; and if she had, she didn't intend to tell it. She was alternately terrified and stubborn, and altogether she made a most unsatisfactory witness.

"Mrs. Gaunt."

I hadn't expected much from Lisa Gaunt, and that was fortunate because I didn't get anything. I think she completely baffled Colonel Truax. She sat there, serene and lovely, as impossible to catch and hold as water.

When had she seen Reeves last? Really, that was hard to say. Probably when she was leaving for the club. Some time about half past three. She hadn't seen him when she returned. No, she hadn't. How was that? A shrug. It would be easily understood by anyone familiar with the customs of Treeholme. In her opinion, Reeves had made a most unsatisfactory butler. He had been spoiled. He was what was known as an "old retainer" and his length of service had given him an authority that virtually made him master, not servant. In effect, he owned Treeholme.

"Isn't that rather a strong statement, Mrs. Gaunt?"

"I do not think so," Lisa Gaunt said calmly.

Colonel Truax tapped a dubious pencil upon the table. "But Reeves' strong—er—handed notions were not a sufficient reason for murder, were they?"

Her answer astounded him.

"I should think so—yes. There were moments when I could have murdered him myself."

The colonel coughed.

"I do not take you seriously, Mrs. Gaunt."

"That," said Lisa Gaunt, "is, of course, your privilege."

For some reason her words struck a chill into my very soul.

It was obvious that the colonel was shaken. He mentioned that Mr. O'Neill had said the maid, Doris, was in the hall. That was correct. Certainly. Had Mrs. Gaunt asked for Reeves, rung for him, anything like that? No. She had gone upstairs to her room, telling Doris to come with her. Mr. O'Neill had remained below, saying something about a drink. She had not seen him go into the library but she presumed he had—there was a whisky decanter there and it was the logical place to go if you wanted a drink.

No, she had seen no one in the halls or elsewhere. She had sent Doris downstairs with a message to the cook suggesting a change in the dinner menu because of the heat. Yes, there had been a second message. It was while Doris was on her way with the second message that she saw Reeves' body and screamed. The second message was to Mr. Devaney, asking him to bring Bobby into the library ten minutes before dinner would be announced. It had so happened that she had not seen the little boy during the day.

"Thank you, Mrs. Gaunt." The colonel shuffled his papers and said, "Mr. John Gaunt."

There was nothing as far as I could see to be learned from John Gaunt's testimony. He had taken his son to the circus in the next town, driving his own car. They had reached the lodge a few minutes before five o'clock. He had stopped because Olsen, the gardener, asked him to look at a gate that wasn't working properly.



When Olsen mentioned that Griggs had just taken Mrs. Gaunt and Mr. O'Neill to the house, he had telephoned to the garage and asked the chauffeur to come for the little boy, who was getting restless. He had remained at the lodge fifteen or twenty minutes. When he drove up to the house Bobby was playing happily, so he spoke to Griggs and went on into the house. He heard Doris scream as he entered, and he ran upstairs.

Colonel Truax let John Gaunt go and unwrapped the knife. He held it still protected by the handkerchief before us.

"Has anyone seen this knife before?"

There was a short silence. Then Francis O'Neill spoke quietly.

"All of us, I should think."

"This is your knife, Mr. O'Neill?"

"It was. It is one of two that I gave Mr. Gaunt when I first came to Treeholme."

"What is it?" Colonel Truax asked, regarding it distastefully.

"It is Old Empire Mayan taken from one of the excavations near Palenque. Centuries ago it was a sacrificial knife, used to cut the heart from living victims as they were held upon the altar."

"It is metal?"

"Stone. The Mayans worked with but few metals. This knife is very ancient. Possibly it was used during the Christian year 1000 A.D. It may even antedate it."

Colonel Truax looked thoughtful, weighing the knife.

"I see," he said. "Where was this knife kept, Mr. Gaunt?"

John Gaunt glanced up from the cigarette he was lighting.

"In a glass case in the gun-room."

Colonel Truax's eyebrows lifted.

"Gun-room?"

"We call it that," said John Gaunt, looking annoyed. "Perhaps the name is an anomaly. Still, there's a pretty collection of weapons—guns, rifles, and so forth. I've done some big-game shooting. Then there's older stuff—swords, sabres, claymores, dirks, daggers, and what not. All of it is labelled and classified. I had an expert out here to do the work."

"You mentioned daggers?"

"There are a few, Italian mostly. Why?"

"I simply wondered why the murderer chose this weapon if there were others convenient to his hand."

"The explanation is very simple," John Gaunt said with the shadow of a smile. "The daggers, as well as all the other sharp instruments, are chained to their positions. The chains are fine steel. It would be difficult to cut them loose."

"And the guns?"

"Are the same. It would require a key to free them from the racks unless the chain itself is broken. Furthermore, the gun-room is locked at night."

"But it would be possible for a person to secure a weapon—say, before the room was locked for the night?"

"Very difficult, I should say. As I explained before, each article is labelled and has its own place. Reeves checked them over each night before locking the room. If one had been missing—which never happened, by the way—he would have reported it to me at once. This may seem needlessly cautious to you," John Gaunt said gravely, "but I have no fancy to leave weapons where anyone may pick them up and no one the wiser. If a dagger, for example, is gone, I want to know about it and take my own precautions."

"This knife, however, was not chained. Why was that?"

"It had not occurred to me that it was a dangerous weapon," John Gaunt said slowly. "I thought of it as a curio, not a weapon, as something old and useless except for the purpose for which it had been intended. It was kept in a case with some other articles—arrowheads, Indian pipes, and the like."

"You knew what its use had been?"

"Yes. Mr. O'Neill told me of its history at the time he gave it to me. We had been talking of weapons, and I was showing him the workmanship on some of my Florentine daggers. When he offered to give me these knives I jumped at the chance of possessing them."

"Was anyone else present at the time?"

"I don't think so. We were alone, weren't we, Frank?"

"Yes," Francis O'Neill said evenly. "We'd been playing billiards, and somehow or other we started talking about Damascus blades and their ability to cut non-resistant articles such as veils. Johnny offered to show me his collection of weapons, so we went there. The rest were playing bridge."

"Have you told the story of this knife to anyone since that night, Mr. O'Neill?"

O'Neill shook his head with a rueful smile.

"You've got me there. I may have. Any little thing is apt to start me off, and when I mount my hobby I ride it to death."

"H'm—h'm." The colonel seemed dissatisfied. "Is there anyone in this house, Mr. O'Neill, who is at all familiar with Mayan history?"

"No-o, I doubt it. Of course, I've been educating Miss Stafford a bit along those lines, and I've got a fairly comprehensive library with me that would be accessible to anyone." He laughed a little. "It's rather an acquired taste."

Opposite, Gordon Curran glanced impatiently at his wrist watch.

"Surely, colonel, interesting as all this may be, it's a trifle beside the point, isn't it? I should think a quicker way to get to the end of this tangle would be to question the servants. After all, Reeves was a butler. No doubt he had some friends, some enemies, and it's hardly probable that they would be found among the people in this room. Why on earth should any of us murder Reeves?"

"That is precisely—what I intend—to find out—if possible," the colonel rapped. "I shall conduct this investigation—in my own way, Mr. Curran."

Gordon Curran shrugged. An uncomfortable little silence fell. Colonel Truax rewrapped the knife carefully.

"Mr. Gaunt," he said without looking up, "presumably you are more familiar than anyone else with the contents of the gun-room. Would you be kind enough to see if anything besides this knife is missing?"

"Certainly."

John Gaunt departed. We waited. When he returned there was a queer little smile on his face.

"Nothing missing. There is, however, one thing added. This." He placed on the table before Colonel Truax a revolver. The colonel viewed it with lively interest.

"Indeed! A knife taken and a revolver put in its place. Odd."

"Not exactly in its place. The knife was in a case. The revolver had been hung on a peg on the opposite side of the room."

"Humph!" said the colonel. Gingly he picked up the revolver. "Does this gun belong to—er—anyone here?"

"Yeah, it's mine," said Nicholas Carver behind me. "What of it?"

"So far as we are concerned at present,

nothing," said the colonel suavely. "Mr. Gaunt?"

John Gaunt retrieved the gun and whirled it about one finger, his eyes upon his brother-in-law.

"What made you put it there, Nick?"

"It's a gun-room, ain't it?" Nicholas Carver asked truculently. "A gun-room's where you keep guns."

I saw Francis O'Neill's shoulders move convulsively.

"Quite—oh, quite," said John Gaunt. There was a laugh back of his eyes. "I'll put it back, shall I?"

He went off with long swinging steps.

Again there was a silence broken only by the rustle of the papers on Colonel Truax's table and the tap-tapping of Lisa Gaunt's slipper. John Gaunt returned.

Somewhere a clock struck the quarter hour.

"All right," Colonel Truax said at last and shut his notebook. "That is all. You will be notified of the time of the inquest." He beckoned to Peter. "Just a moment, Holgate."

We were beginning to rise from our chairs when an interruption came from Lisa Gaunt. She stood up, gently shaking into place the creamy laces of her tea gown.

"If you could spare me a moment, colonel, there is something I want to show you. Some time during this afternoon, the safe in my bedroom was opened. My jewels are gone."

She spoke casually, dreamily, but the effect was the same as if she had exploded a charge of dynamite in our faces. Then John Gaunt took a step towards her.

"Lisa," he said, "do you know what you're saying?"

She scarcely glanced at him.

"Perfectly."

"But if the safe was opened and your jewels are gone . . ." He turned to Colonel Truax and spread his hands helplessly.

The colonel looked grave.

"Exactly. You should have told us of this before, Mrs. Gaunt. It might give an entirely different aspect to the murder of your butler. Were those jewels valuable?"

"Were they real, do you mean? Of course."

"What was their value? Approximately?"

"I am not sure," she said slowly. "Ten thousand dollars—what do you think, Johnny—perhaps twenty thousand?"

John Gaunt was leaning against the mantelpiece, his arms folded, his mouth grim.

"I could tell you better if I knew what you had in the safe," he said dryly.

She studied him thoughtfully for a moment and then turned back to the colonel.

"There were a lot of small things," she said. "Rings, pins, a diamond clip, some ear-rings and—oh, yes, your bracelet, Johnny, emeralds and diamonds. The safe's small and I keep nothing of great value there. My pearls, everything else, are in the bank and are sent out by special messenger when I require them."

"You take your loss calmly, madam," the colonel said stiffly.

"Why not?" she asked with superb arrogance. "They are insured."

Colonel Truax's mouth twitched.

"I see. And when did you first discover your—er—loss?"

"When I went back to dress. After Doris screamed."

"You mean that the robbery was committed while you were in the hall, drawn there by the maid's scream?"



"Certainly not. I do not know when it was committed. I have no way of knowing."

"Will you explain, Mrs. Gaunt?"  
"Surely." She repeated herself with deliberation. "The safe, so far as I know, may have been opened at any time after three o'clock. I was not at Treeholme this afternoon. It was almost five o'clock when I returned, and I went upstairs immediately."

"You did not notice if the safe was opened at that time?"

"No. I have a suite of rooms, colonel—sleeping-room, dressing-room and bath. The safe is in my bedroom. When I came upstairs I went directly to my dressing-room. Doris drew my bath. I did not go into the bedroom until I returned after the discovery of Reeves' body. Mr. Holgate had ordered us to dress and be ready for questioning. Doris was useless. I had to manage by myself. It was then that I found the safe open and the jewels gone."

"How large is this safe, Mrs. Gaunt?"

"John?"  
"Very small," said John Gaunt wearily. "There is another larger one in the library. This one is built into the wall at the head of my wife's bed. A carved panel glides back when a spring is touched. The safe is opened by a combination."

"This combination is known to a number of people?"

"To myself, Mr. Gaunt, and the maid, Doris."

"Mrs. Gaunt, was the safe opened by the combination or had it been forced open?"

Lisa Gaunt shrugged.

"The inner door was standing open. The panel was pushed back. If, by forcing, you mean was anything hammered or damaged, no."

"When you made this discovery, Mrs. Gaunt, did you call your maid?"

"Doris? No. She was having hysterics in the housekeeper's room. Besides, Doris knew nothing of the safe being opened or she would have spoken to me while she was preparing my bath."

"Then when you noticed that the safe was open, you simply looked to see if your jewels were there, finished dressing and came downstairs without mentioning the matter to anyone?"

"It was rather like that," Lisa Gaunt agreed.

"It did not occur to you that Reeves might have been killed by the person who stole your jewels?"

"Frankly, no."

Francis O'Neill cleared his throat. "Colonel Truax, doesn't it appear to you that it would be a rather singular burglar who would choose mid-afternoon as the time to rob a house, descend to the sun-room for a weapon whose use could be suspected by few but those who knew its history, in order to stalk a man who was a complete stranger to him and, to stab that man in the back after everyone who lived in the house had returned?"

"The question, Mr. O'Neill," said the colonel acidly, "is whether or not the butler was a stranger to him. You have mentioned nothing in the way of procedure that would appear to me to be the least out of the way to the sort of burglar I suspect."

"I see," Francis O'Neill said slowly. He looked thoughtful.

"I would like to see this safe," said Colonel Truax heavily, getting up. "Doubtless the insurance company will send a man down, but in the meantime—care to come along, Holgate?"

"Like to," said Peter briefly. "You'll test for fingerprints?"

"Yes, Casey." He beckoned to an officer. "Follow us."

"Oh, there aren't any fingerprints," Lisa Gaunt said calmly.

The colonel swung around on her savagely. "There are no fingerprints, madam? How do you know?"

"Well, of course, I'm not positive," Lisa said, "but that was the first thing I thought of. Evidently fingerprints as they'd be in a detective story. So I looked before I closed the safe."

"Before you what?" Colonel Truax fairly shouted.

"Lisa!" This was John Gaunt, despairing.

"Certainly I closed it. There are some papers there that the burglar did not touch, and while they may not be so valuable, I prefer to keep them locked up."

"Is a safe that's been opened once," her husband groaned.

"I confess I do not understand you, madam," said Colonel Truax bitterly. "Do you realise that we have only your word that there has been a robbery?"

When Lisa Gaunt spoke, each word was ice-tipped.

"You imply that there was no burglar? That I robbed myself?"

"I imply nothing," the colonel said, throwing up his hands. "That will be a matter for the insurance company to determine." He glared at her.

Peter, who had been standing quietly in the background, now said, "It will do no harm, however, to test for fingerprints."

"No harm," said the colonel, "but certainly no good. We will find no fingerprints save those of Mrs. Gaunt. Of that I am positive."

On that note he stalked from the room, followed after a moment by John Gaunt and Peter and Casey. Lisa remained, leaning back in her chair and smiling her little secret smile.

No one was looking at me. Some sort of an argument had arisen between Nicholas Carver and his mother, and under cover of its noise I slipped out.

It was strange to come again into sunshine and warmth after the cool dimness of the hall. Beyond the terrace where zinnias and salvias burned brilliantly in sunlight I glimpsed Bobby's bright head. I went that way.

Here Bill Griggs, thumbs thrust into his belt and cigarette canted skyward, still watched over his charge.

"Police through in there?" he asked.

I gave him an account of the proceedings, to which he listened attentively.

"Let 'em test for fingerprints," he said at length. "Say, listen, if you get a good chance you tell Johnny I saw the Jap downtown this afternoon."

"Wh-what?" I stammered.

"You heard me. He was standing near the Busy Bee—looked to me as if he were watching for someone." He waited a minute before he went on mildly. "She went into the Busy Bee."

"She—whom do you mean? Not Mrs. Gaunt?"

"Who'd you think? Yeah, and in about two seconds the Jap went in too."

"Bill, I think you're crazy," I said.

"Nev' mind what you think about me," he said cheerfully. "I'm just telling you what happened. Listen, I wish you'd get on to that Devaney guy, and tell him I've a flock of cars to wash before night and I want to get at 'em."

"All right," I said. I started off but came back to say, "You'd better tell Mr. Gaunt yourself. I mean about the Japanese." Smoke blurred across his eyes. Behind it he seemed to laugh.

"Okay. Just as you like."

I had plenty to think about as I made my way back to the house.

I walked blindly straight ahead past the doorway and around the house, to where the terrace was bright with cushions and wicker furniture. Lisa Gaunt's cigarette case, black enamel, with a diamond monogram, lay on one of the tables. I picked it up, held it idly for a moment. My head was whirling. I wondered if a smoke would help. I pressed the spring that opened the case.

It was half full—thin cork-tipped cylinders each with its dashing, entwined L.G. I took one.

"May I give you a light?"

I was too edgy to bear unexpected voices behind me. I whirled, dropping the case. Gordon Curran stood there, debonair and smiling.

"Sorry if I startled you," he said.

"It is quite all right," I said. "It was only that—well, I've had a shock or two to-day."

"I know. It's been rotten for you. For us all, for that matter, but you've had the worst of it." His thumb released the catch of the lighter and the flame flared. "Still want that smoke?"

"Please," I said, but I didn't get the cigarette to my lips.

Something in his glance stopped me.

"What is it?" I asked sharply.

He was staring down at the case at my feet.

"Lisa's, isn't it?" he asked softly.

"Yes, of course," I said.

Gordon Curran seemed to come to some sort of decision. He picked up the case and slipped it into his pocket. "I'll return this to her." Then he reached out and took the cigarette from me. "You wouldn't like her brand. Try one of mine instead."

A strange man, Gordon Curran, with a habit of blurring out disconcerting remarks. Now he said:

"You're a very pretty girl, Miss Stafford, and you seem to have made a decided impression on the sleuth. Peter Holgate, I mean."

I flushed. "Really, Mr. Curran—"

"Don't you know that Lisa is like a hungry tiger where men are concerned? Just a friendly warning." He was speaking quickly now with an earnestness I could not doubt.

"It's too ridiculous—"

"No, it isn't. I'm not saying she wants him. In all probability she doesn't. What she wants is the knowledge that she can have him if she says the word. Power, that's it. Don't you see? After that, let them go—what does it matter? Her mark is on them forever."

I shrank away from him. His hands were shaking. There was sweat on his forehead.

"But not Peter," I said in a small voice. He laughed and the laugh wasn't pretty.

"Why not Peter? Or why Peter, if you like that better. Why Frank O'Neill? Why Johnny Gaunt? Why me, if it comes to that?"

"Stop!" I cried. "I won't listen to you." The tumult died out of his face. Once



more the coldly negative Gordon Curran stood before me.

"I beg your pardon," he muttered.

A door opened behind us. Quick steps crossed the terrace towards us. It was Peter. He stopped, looking at us with keen grave eyes.

"Colonel Truax wants to talk to you, Marcia," he said.

COLONEL TRUAX sat in the nursery like an immense spider spinning his web. He was not alone. John Gaunt sat sideways on a chair, his arms laid along the back. Colonel Truax, looking disturbed, was fingering a slip of paper.

Peter closed the door behind us and drew up a chair for me. Colonel Truax deserted his paper to look at me sternly.

"You discovered the body of Sarah Ives, Miss Stafford?"

I looked at Peter, who nodded.

"Colonel Truax knows all we know, Marcia," he said quietly.

"I wish I were sure of that," the colonel snapped.

It made me angry, and I resolved that there was one piece of information that he should not have from me. If Peter wanted to pass it on, all very well. It would be up to him.

Within the next few minutes I discovered that Colonel Truax did in truth know all about it. The questions he asked proved that. I found myself telling him about my fright that night in the nursery and the visitor who vanished through a locked door, even of the barking of the dogs that preceded it.

I do not know how much additional information the colonel got from me. For my part, I learned quite a little: That there had been, not an inquest but an autopsy performed on the body of Sarah Ives in a vain hope of finding that she had died of poison; that there was no poison; that there was no doubt in the doctor's or coroner's mind that she had died of heart failure possibly brought on by some sudden shock; that she was dead before she fell into the water; that the only thing that might have made him question her death as being not natural was the presence of a dark bruise on one temple.

"You saw no one in the grounds that night, Miss Stafford?"

"No one but Mr. Gaunt," I said firmly.

"It was agreed that Sarah Ives had been dead for some time when Miss Stafford found her," John Gaunt offered.

"It is past my comprehension, Mr. Gaunt," Colonel Truax said stiffly, "why such a condition of affairs was permitted to continue for such a length of time. The time to have acted was when you first believed your son threatened. Failure to do so has brought a train of misfortune upon your home. Two deaths—one of them at least to be considered murder—and a burglary." He choked on that burglary.

John Gaunt had risen and walked to the window.

"Any open investigation," he said tonelessly, "must of necessity reveal many things which a man would give his very life to keep secret. I preferred to work independently as long as possible. Now that is no longer possible, I presume it doesn't matter."

"Nothing matters but the truth," the colonel said didactically.

Peter, too, came in for his share of censure over the letter. The colonel couldn't see why it had been destroyed, nor could Peter persuade him.

"You say that both you and Mr. Gaunt believed that Sarah Ives' death was murder and yet . . ."

"We had no way of proving it. It was like trying to prove that two and two equal four. Why four? It is simply a convenience of naming."

"Yet that letter constituted your only vital clue."

"It contained no clue at all," Peter objected. "The vital part of it was never written. Only one man could interpret it, and he is dead."

"It is very irregular," the colonel objected.

Peter shrugged.

"I also learned one other thing. There had been no fingerprints on the knife that killed Reeves. I was not surprised."

"That will be all, Miss Stafford," the colonel said at last.

Peter came with me down the stairs. I told him about Bill then, and about the Japanese chauffeur still being in Montfort. Peter looked exceedingly thoughtful.

"What's your guess in this case, Marcia?" he asked. "Got any?"

"I don't know," I said slowly. "There's something horrible going on in this house. I know it. And it makes me afraid."

He squeezed my arm.

"I'm sorry, Marcia, but you can hardly leave here now. What was Curran saying to you? Before I came?"

"Oh, a lot of foolishness," I said hurriedly. "I had no intention of revealing what I had heard when the curtain of a man's soul went down and made his tongue free of his thoughts. 'We were just talking,' I said lamely. 'He gave me a cigarette.'"

"Where does he get his cigarettes?" Peter asked with what seemed to be rather un pardonable curiosity.

"How do I know? Where do people generally get their cigarettes?"

"Didn't you notice what brand they were, did you?"

"How could I? They were in his case." Then I remembered and laughed. "He said I'd like his brand better than Lisa's."

Peter was on me like a tiger, shaking at my arm.

"He said what?"

I drew a long breath.

"Have you gone completely mad? He said that I'd like his brand of cigarettes better than Lisa Gaunt's."

"I should think so."

Something in his tone frightened me.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't ever take a cigarette again from anyone but myself. Promise, will you, darling?"

"But Lisa Gaunt—it was her own case—I don't see—"

Peter's voice was stern.

"Lisa Gaunt is a drug addict."

I started to say I couldn't believe it, but something stopped me. Because I could. Very well. I remembered the night that Sarah Ives died and how strange Lisa had been at dinner. Quiet and remote and somehow secretly smiling. John Gaunt had said she was ill that night and that he couldn't leave her. She had not been told of her child's danger, and I found that hard to understand. Now perhaps it was clear.

"Pete, where does she get it?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"We're not sure. That was another of my little jobs down here—to find out. I haven't been able to, so far. I'm a rotten detective."

I was thinking hard.

"She almost never goes anywhere," I said. "Except to Montfort."

Peter said idly: "A lot of opium comes through South America. Buenos Aires in particular."

I jumped a little.

"You don't mean Francis O'Neill? I don't think so."

"He's easier than most. South America is his stamping ground. He brings a lot of curios back with him. And they're friendly." But he sounded dissatisfied.

"He's a friend of John Gaunt's, too," I said.

"Well, heaven deliver me from such friendships," Peter said grimly. He seemed cross in some queer way that I did not understand.

"What about the Japanese chauffeur?" I asked.

He was watching me closely.

"Well, what about him?" he drawled at last.

"I didn't tell you quite all Bill Griggs told me," I said hastily. "When he took Lisa Gaunt into town this afternoon he saw the Japanese outside the Busy Bee. That's the department store. I told you that much before. This is what I didn't tell you: Lisa went into the store, and pretty soon the Japanese did too."

"Darling," Peter asked, and he sounded angry, "is there anything more you know that you haven't told me?"

I considered it and decided I might as well do a good job. So I told him about John Gaunt choking the Japanese and threatening to set the dogs on him. He listened calmly enough until I was through, and then he turned me around and set off towards the house. I hung back.

"Where are you going?"

"To find Gaunt."

He wouldn't say anything more.

We had a hard time finding John Gaunt, and a harder time getting him away from Colonel Truax. But the colonel left eventually, taking all but a couple of men with him, and we chivied John Gaunt into the library.

Peter was angry. He said: "Look here, Gaunt, how the devil do you expect me to find out anything when you never put all your cards on the table?"

"What do you mean?" John Gaunt asked quietly.

"The Jap. You told me you discharged him for impertinence. You didn't tell me it was because you suspected him of supplying your wife with drugs."

John Gaunt seemed to grow momentarily more pale, and somehow I could have wept for him.

Peter pressed it further.

"Nor did you say that you choked him into admitting it and then drove him off the place after threatening him with the dogs."

"I had no real proof," John Gaunt's voice sounded tired. "Besides it was all over. As a situation, I mean. I had dealt with it."

"It is anything but over," Peter snapped. "As a situation or as anything else. If you had told me—"

"I wasn't proud of it, Pete. I'm not proud of it now." He smiled faintly at me. "You know all of this, Miss Stafford? I'm sorry. I must confirm all you have ever heard of Treeholme and its inhabitants."

"The Jap's in Montfort, Johnny," Peter said. "Griggs saw him and told Marcia. After a while she got around to telling me."



"Oh," said John Gaunt softly. Peter went on then, telling him about Lisa and the Busy Bee, and John Gaunt listened expressionless. Finally he looked up.

"Truax know any of this?" Pete shook his head.

"How close will you have to work with the law on this thing, Pete? I mean, do you have any agreement with Truax about sharing information?"

Pete shook his head.

"Not yet."

"Then I think," said John Gaunt, "that I'll drive into town to-night and interview Mr. Toshio Moto."

There was an uneasy sort of admiration in Peter's eyes.

"Better take a gun with you," he advised. "Better still, take me."

"Thanks," John Gaunt said, in a curious voice. "I'll manage it alone, Mr. Moto and I are simply going to have a little talk."

I WENT to bed early that night. The presence of the two policemen in the house gave me a nice safe feeling, but even so I made certain that my bedroom door was locked and that the doors opening on the balcony were shut tight with a chair's back pushed under the door handles.

I was awakened by a knocking at my door very early next morning. It was the maid, Doris. When I called out, she said through the closed door:

"Mr. Devaney says will you please come down as quickly as possible, miss."

"Why, of course. Has—has anything happened, Doris?"

"I don't know, miss. I have your breakfast tray here—"

I let her in with the tray. I established a record for bathing, dressing and eating breakfast that morning. I grabbed the first dress that came to hand. I swallowed toast and food peaches and tea. They had no taste that I remember. Then I fled downstairs.

Peter was in the breakfast room alone. There was an apprehensive something in his eyes that I did not like. I went up to him, and he put his arms around me and rested his face against my hair.

"Gaunt has disappeared," he said quietly. I drew back.

"Disappeared? He didn't come back from Montfort?"

"Listen. Griggs came up to the house early and woke me up. He wanted to know where the big car was. It wasn't in the garage. So now we know John Gaunt didn't come back from Montfort at all. I looked in his room. The bed hadn't been slept in. I called Montfort. The police are on the job. There are no accident reports."

I was frightened.

"The Japanese—"

"We'll say nothing about that. Remember—if questions are asked. You don't know why Gaunt went to Montfort. I want you to break the news to Mrs. Gaunt, and keep an eye on Bobby this morning."

"I'll watch the kid," broke in the harsh voice of Nicholas Carver. He was standing behind us in the doorway of the breakfast room. I'm afraid my face betrayed my feelings.

Nicholas Carver said to Peter, "You go ahead and hunt for Johnny." And to me he said: "You don't like me, do you? But don't worry about the kid. I'll watch out for him. Maybe I ain't always on the right side of the law, but I never hurt a kid yet. And never will."

"And John Gaunt?" I said.

"You think it'd make sense that I'd get rid of the guy that feeds me?" He pulled back his coat and I had a glimpse of the gun that nestled under his arm. "The kid will be all right. I'll take care of him. I got two guns."

"That's fine, Nick," said Peter. I followed him outside. He got into his roadster. "Kennedy, the new butler, will be here on the noon train. He's one of my men. You can trust him."

When I went back to the breakfast room I found Gordon Curran staring at a cup of black coffee that had once been hot. He looked up as I came in.

"Anything new?"

"I shook my head."

"Lisa know yet?"

"No, but I'm going to tell her now."

"Just as well." He tasted the coffee and then pushed it away. "No, I don't want any more," he said in answer to my inquiring glance. "I've got to get in to the mills." But he lingered. "It's going to be bad there if they don't find Johnny." He paused, then went on meaningly, "Or if they do."

"Don't say things like that," I said. "I won't believe it."

He gave me a long considering look, but before he could speak, Francis O'Neill came in.

"Heard the news?" Gordon Curran asked. O'Neill nodded.

"Yes—terrible. Lisa know?"

"I've got to tell her," I said, getting up. I slipped out and went up the broad stairs to Lisa's room. It was at the end of the north wing, a place I'd never been before. I tapped lightly. After a second, Lisa's voice said, "Come in," and I opened the door.

"Oh, it's you," she said. She was still in bed, and her arms and shoulders were beautiful against bluish pink silken sheets. Her hair hung loose, a blue-black cloud spraying over the pillow. She was just lighting a cigarette and she blew smoke lazily into the air.

"You look serious, Marcia," she said languidly.

I told her what had happened, straight out.

"Mrs. Gaunt, your husband has disappeared."

She looked at me and smiled. "Really?"

I was angered. "Really," I said. "His car is gone. They suspect foul play."

She leaned over and rubbed out the cigarette.

"Sure of it? You're not joking? You mean to tell me that he didn't come back from Montfort last night? Not at all?"

"No."

She was finging on a gorgeous lace negligee and kicking her feet into pale rose mules.

"I don't understand it," she murmured. "Unless Johnny . . . But, no—"

Doris appeared just then.

"My bath, Doris, quickly. And send Mrs. Harris here, will you? Has the new butler come? He hasn't?" She was disappearing through the bathroom door but she stopped to call, "Thanks, Marcia. I'll be right down."

IN one way or another the morning dragged by. Luncheon was a dreary affair, a silent one as well, since Bobby was present. I was willing to admit that he and Nicholas Carver seemed to be getting along well. The new butler, Kennedy, arrived. Police came and went. It was

probable, Colonel Truax assured us, that in the light of this newest development the inquest upon the death of Reeves would be postponed. We would be notified. The mills called up with distressing regularity. Mostly I answered the telephone. "No there is nothing to report. I'm sorry." Once it was Manda Lou Hopkins from the office, her voice thick and tear-choked. Once it was Gordon Curran asking for Lisa.

It was late afternoon before Peter came back to tell us wearily that posses were being organised to search the surrounding country. Workers from the Gaunt Mills had volunteered and were being formed into groups under the leadership of the mill foremen.

Three days went by.

Men dragged the lake. It was terrible to watch them, terrible to think that those grappling hooks might bring a body to the surface.

Police were about the house constantly. Uniformed men and detectives. Newspapermen and photographers laid veritable siege to Treeholme.

Nick Carver stayed closer to Bobby than a shadow. Lisa Gaunt stayed in her room a great deal, but when she emerged she gave me the strange impression of a woman walking in a dream.

The new butler, Kennedy, gave us all a sense of security, I think. He was a big man—big and hard, with the shoulders of a prize-fighter. He had wiry black hair and ice-blue eyes. He went about his duties quietly and he was, for a detective, an excellent butler.

On the morning of the fourth day after John Gaunt's disappearance I heard Kennedy answer the phone in the lower hall. His voice seemed urgent. I was just entering the hall as he replaced the receiver. His hard, swarthy face was grim.

"They've found the car, miss."

I stared at him. My throat was suddenly dry.

"And—and—Mr. Gaunt?"

Kennedy shook his head.

"They found the car in an abandoned quarry north of Montfort. It had been driven to the edge and the brakes released. That was Mr. Devaney on the telephone."

"And they didn't find Mr. Gaunt?"

Kennedy rubbed his square, bluish jaw reflectively.

"They are dragging the quarry now, miss."

PETER didn't arrive back until late that night. I waited up for him. He shook his head when I met him in the hall.

"You didn't find—"

He did not let me finish.

"No, we found nothing. Wherever he was taken, it was not in the car." Suddenly he hammered one fist against the other. "I can't understand it, Marcia. He had a gun—two guns, for there was one in the car. He wouldn't be taken so easily—I'd swear to that—and yet we can't find one soul who saw anything suspicious, heard anything suspicious, or who even remembers seeing that big yellow car that night. It's—It's impossible if you like."

I made a little soothing sound. He had thrown his head back and now sat with eyes closed.

"How're things here?"

"About the same."

"Lisa?"

"Very calm. Unconcerned. I don't understand her, Pete."

"Heaven forbid that you ever will." He stood up, yawning. "Well, to-night I've got to get some sleep. Better take a little yourself, honey."



I moved up close to him.  
"Peter," I said softly, "do you think he's dead? John Gaunt?"  
But he wouldn't or couldn't answer. His face twisted wryly, and then, very gently, he put me aside.

"Good night, dear."

There was no let up next day. From the top of the hill you could see the searchers crossing the valley. I stayed there all the morning. In the afternoon, since there were no cars available, I decided to walk into Montfort. It was only four miles at most, and I might catch a ride back.

I had several small commissions given me when it was discovered I was going into town. Lisa wanted hairpins, Mrs. Carver a skein of yarn, Francis O'Neill the city papers, and Nicholas Carver some cartridges. I demurred at this last.

"Won't it look strange if I buy cartridges? After all that's happened here?"  
"Not if somebody don't get shot, it won't."

"Why do you want them?"

He spat. "Because someone stole all I had, see?"

"Stole them? When?"

He was kind but firm.

"See here, sister—I'll run this my own way. You get me the cartridges and that's all you need to worry about."

So I did. I had just accomplished their purchase when I met Peter face to face in the street. He stopped.

"How'd you come here?" he asked. When I said that I had walked, he grunted. "All right. I'm going out. I'll drive you."

He was somewhat more communicative than usual on the brief ride out. Perhaps that was because he had nothing to tell me. Everything had come to a dead end as far as he was concerned.

"I think the colonel's up to something," he said. "Nobody seems to know where he is. Carter said that a message came in for him about noon, and he best it out for all he was worth. Hasn't been seen since."

Colonel Triax reached Treeholme before we did. We saw the police cars strung out along the driveway. Peter's brakes screamed. He was out of the car. The new butler appeared in the doorway.

"Where are they?"

"At the garage."

"Come on," Peter flung at me. We ran around the house and squarely into a little procession that was coming between the head-high shrubbery. It was Colonel Triax and a couple of policemen, and between them was Bill Griggs, his hands manacled.

There was a strangled sound beside me. Then Peter said furiously, "What fool performance is this?"

Colonel Triax drew himself up.  
"John Gaunt has been found," he said coldly.

Peter drew a long breath. I heard it.

"Alive?"

"Yes. But badly hurt. He's in hospital with a fractured skull."

"But surely you're not—you can't arrest this man."

"Gaunt was found in the loft of Griggs' summer cabin."

Peter looked at Bill Griggs.

"How about it, Bill?"

What Bill said was unprintable. The colonel looked pained. Peter said hurriedly, "All right! I'll try to get you out of this." The colonel smiled a little at that.

"You're taking on a great deal, Holgate," "Do you mind," Peter asked formally, "telling me more about it?"

"Certainly not. As you know, we've gone

pretty thoroughly into the affairs of members of the Gaunt household, especially into those of comparative newcomers in the house."

Peter rocked backward on his heels. I saw his eyes flash angrily.

"You refer to?"

"To Mr. O'Neill, Miss Stafford, and Griggs, specifically."

"To me! I felt as if someone had slapped me in the face."

"Mr. O'Neill's reputation is all in his favor. Miss Stafford is obviously out of this—"

"Thank you," I said. Peter pinched my arm, but I couldn't help it.

"—for no woman could handle John Gaunt—alone."

I didn't care for the sound of that "alone," but Peter's hand was still warningly upon my arm.

"Griggs," went on the colonel slowly while the hapless Bill glared at him. "Griggs is the son of a mechanic who formerly worked in the Gaunt Mills and who was discharged by John Gaunt a month ago for drunkenness."

"You're not making a motive out of that," Peter said.

The colonel shook his head.

"No, although it's common talk in Montfort that the elder Griggs has been swearing he'd get even with Gaunt. But that's beside the point. We have a credible witness who placed Bill Griggs walking on the road that leads from the quarry the night of John Gaunt's disappearance."

"Sure he saw me," Bill now said sullenly. "I never said he didn't. I drove the car into the quarry all right. But it was on his own orders."

The colonel said, "What's that? Non-sense! Whose orders?"

"Johnny Gaunt's," Bill said truculently. "Lord knows I hated to sink that big baby, but that was what he told me; stick her in the quarry and nobody'll find her for a while at least."

"And why should Mr. Gaunt order you to do a thing like that?" The colonel was politely incredulous.

"To gain time. Oh, he was fixing up to disappear all right, but not the way he did. He meant to."

"He meant to disappear? Ridiculous!"

"You mean that he was going to fake a disappearance?" Peter asked curiously.

"Sure. He was going to lie low for a day or two and see what he could find out for himself."

"Lie low? Where?"

"Up in my cabin."

I honestly thought the colonel was going to have apoplexy. I think even Peter became a little alarmed. Because, as soon as we'd had time to digest this last statement—a statement too amazing not to be believed or suspected—Peter said:

"Wouldn't it be possible to take off those handcuffs and go somewhere to talk this thing over?"

The colonel stiffened.

"You're not accepting these extraordinary statements for truth, are you, Holgate?"

Instead of answering, Peter turned to Griggs.

"You don't have to say anything unless you want to, Bill. You know that?"

"I'll talk," Bill said. "Only what's the use if I ain't going to be believed?"

"How about your room?" Peter suggested. "We could go there."

It must have been a wrench, but the colonel gave in. Not gracefully, but he gave in.

"Very well," he said and motioned Bill to lead the way.

There seemed to be no reason why I should not come too. So I followed along with the rest.

Above the garage, in Bill's neat clean bedroom, the colonel did condescend to unlock the handcuffs and dismiss the policemen. There were only two chairs. The colonel took one, motioning Bill to the other, where he sat rubbing the red marks along his wrists where the steel had bitten hard. Peter and I sat side by side on the bed.

"You understand that this is all highly irregular, Holgate. This man resisted arrest. It was necessary to handcuff him. Now, Griggs, get on with it."

Griggs drew a long breath. "Well, you all know what happened here last Saturday. There'd been lots of queer things going on, but up to then nothing really serious happened so far as I've been able to find out. You know all this anyway," he said to Peter. "He's the one that don't. Well, I came here as Johnny Gaunt's chauffeur—he even gave me a gun—with orders to see what there was to see. So far, I ain't seen nothing. Reeves was trying to find out what was going on too. That's why he got his. Well, Monday night, Johnny got some sort of news—"

He stopped suddenly and gulped, meeting Peter's admonitory eye. "Maybe it was a hunch. Anyway he played it. He told me to get the big car out because he was going into Montfort, and then at the last minute he said for me to come along too. He said he was scared stiff, the way things were going, that there'd be more murders, and he thought the best thing for him to do was drop out for a while and see what he could learn on the quiet. He said he wanted to get some 'reactions' to his disappearance—how people'd take it, and so on. Part of that was to be my job."

Bill paused to scowl at Colonel Triax for a moment. "The rest of it was to be keeping in touch with him and getting rid of the car."

The colonel sniffed. Bill gave him a belligerent look.

"Maybe the quarry idea wasn't so hot, but it was the best I could manage in a hurry. Johnny wanted action."

The colonel withheld comment.

"Go on," he said.

"So Johnny wanted some different clothes and I said I'd get them. Cheap stuff. I brought them out to him, and he changed right there, and we tied up the others and stuck them in the car."

"That explains that, then," Peter said, smiling faintly and suddenly I knew something I had not known before, and also why Peter had been so desperate last night. "That suit's being tested for bloodstains," he told Bill dryly.

"Bloodstains!" snorted that individual. "Nobody'll find bloodstains on them clothes Johnny tied them up himself."

"Yes," Peter said gently, "but you see we didn't know that."

"You—oh, I s'pose you thought he was dead when you found the clothes, huh? Well, he wasn't," Bill drew a long breath. "So then he said there was something he had to find out by himself, and he tried to and it was no go, see." He looked hard at Peter. "So he said where was a good place to hide, and I asked how about my cabin. Nobody'd be apt to think of that, and there was canned stuff there and flour, and I could pick up some bacon and cigarettes, and I had a motorcycle there, and Johnny said 'Sure.' So he says for me to drive him out and then I could fix the car."

"Are you," said the colonel, swelling visibly, "trying to give me the impression



that John Gaunt planned to hide in your cabin?"

"Sure, and when I left him he was all okay. We hid the car and walked through the woods to the cabin, and then I drove her back to the quarry. Boy! I hated to do that, but I had my orders, so I slid her up to the rim and then released the brake and she went in easy. When I was sure she was covered, I ran back here, and then, as per orders, came up to the house in the morning to report that the car wasn't back. That's why I couldn't get excited next morning like the rest of you. I knew where he was."

"Yes!" the colonel rose up, suddenly terrible in his wrath. "You knew where he was. Of course you did. You knew he was safe for the time at least. You'd made certain of that by binding him and gagging him, and hoisting him into the loft to die of hunger and thirst."

Bill was on his feet, too. "That's a lie!" he shouted. "I never touched Johnny Gaunt. I left him sitting in that cabin smoking a cigarette."

"And then last night when you became afraid the searchers would raid your cabin and find him, you made your first mistake. You decided to kill him, Griggs, so that he couldn't talk. You figured it wouldn't take much, not in his weakened condition, so you went to the cabin and climbed to the left and struck him on the head—with a gun—and left him for dead. But he didn't die, Griggs—and that's where you made your mistake. He's alive, and he'll live to testify against you, and on his evidence you'll hang!"

"What for?" Bill half howled. "For the murder of James Reeves and of Sarah Ives, and the attempted murder of John Gaunt!"

Bill's jaw dropped. He rubbed his arm across his face and looked at me rather pitifully.

"Do you mind telling me," Peter was asking the colonel, "just what his motive was in all this?"

"What was John Gaunt afraid of?" Truax asked didactically. "What made him send for you, Holgate? Fear for his son! The fear of the most loathsome criminal the law knows—the kidnapper. And he had reason to be afraid. First, his son's nurse was murdered. Then his butler—the man on whom he relied more than anyone else. And, finally, still held from his object, the murderer strikes again—this time at the father."

"Say," Bill demanded. "Was it me you was calling a loathsome criminal a while back? I've a notion to—"

"Keep quiet, Bill," Peter ordered. He turned to the colonel. "Are the facts that Gaunt was found in Griggs' cabin and that Griggs was seen walking on the quarry road, the only evidence that connects him with this affair?"

"Certainly not," the colonel said pompously. "Griggs has been under close surveillance for some time. This morning he left Treeholme about eleven o'clock and walked southward towards the hills. My man lost him, and was forced to return to the house and telephone me. It was from Mrs. Gaunt that we learned of the existence of the cabin, and we went there at once."

"Griggs was coming out of the door. We ordered him to halt, but instead he bolted into the thicket, where we lost him. However, we searched the cabin. In the loft we found John Gaunt unconscious. His head had been cut open, presumably with

the butt of the revolver found beside him. He was scarcely breathing. Evidently he'd been there for some time." He paused impressively. "But the wound on his head was freshly bleeding."

"You fool!" Bill yelled angrily. "I told you why I went to that cabin. I thought it was funny I didn't hear nothing from Johnny. He was to write me care of general delivery. When he didn't, I thought perhaps he hadn't had time, but to-day I decided I'd better go up and see what I could find." I didn't go up into the loft. All I did was look around a bit. It wasn't hard to tell he hadn't been living there."

Just then, there were running steps on the stairs, quick excited hammering steps. There was a hurried colloquy on the landing and then the door was thrown open. A policeman thrust in his head.

"Colonel Truax! The butler—Kennedy—has just been found stabbed!"

"Damnation!" said Peter, and I remembered that Kennedy had been his man. "Is he dead?"

The man nodded. His pleasant boyish face was quite white.

So was the colonel's. He looked flabbergasted. Only Bill retained his customary poise.

"And me here with you so nice and peaceful," he said maliciously. "Sure I didn't murder him too, colonel?"

He was on the steps as we came around. Peter said mechanically. He seemed stunned. He roused himself with difficulty.

"Shall we go?" "Of course—certainly," said the colonel. He, too, was dazed.

There was nothing further said about arresting Bill. They hurried off, leaving us standing there. And Bill shrugged.

"Maybe this'll let me out," he said dryly. "Come on; let's follow the parade."

A POLICEMAN swung the door open for us and let us into the hall where Peter and Colonel Truax knelt by a still form.

"This seems," Bill drawled silyly, "to be the open season for butlers."

Peter was kneeling beside the dead man, his brows drawn blackly.

"At least," he said slowly, "this lets three of us out."

"Three?" said Colonel Truax.

"Griggs, Miss Stafford and myself."

"As to Griggs, I agree," said the colonel softly.

With one motion, Peter was on his feet. "And Miss Stafford? And myself?"

The colonel shrugged.

"I have only your word that Kennedy was alive when you came here."

"Is my word nothing?" Peter's voice was level. "Kennedy was my man. Are you forgetting that?"

"I'm forgetting nothing. Even good operatives have been done away with if they chanced to get in their superior's way."

Peter smiled, a thin smile that lifted his lips mirthlessly.

"Thanks for reminding me. I'll remember that in case we find a dead policeman around some day," he said evenly.

The colonel's neck became choleric.

"I'll give you a bit of advice, Holgate," he said acidly. "The wise man does not conceal too much."

I shivered, glad it was not I who had to meet Peter's eyes at that moment.

"So it's war, is it?" he said quietly.

"Unless you put all the cards I believe you hold on the table."

"I'm darned if I do!" said Peter. "Not just now."

It was just at that moment that I created a disturbance. For some time, my eyes had been turning towards the long heavy curtains that at night were drawn across the French windows. Something was wrong with those curtains. They bulged in one place as if someone hid there.

"Pete!" I said, and my voice sounded queer and constricted. "Over there—behind the curtains..."

"Get down, Marcia!" Peter said harshly. "Back of that chair!"

Beside me, Griggs had stiffened. As I obeyed, I saw that Peter and Colonel Truax and the constable now held guns.

Slowly the three converged upon the curtains. At a nod from Colonel Truax, the constable, who had worked himself crabwise towards the side of the windows, reached out a hand.

"Come out of there!" Colonel Truax ordered, his gun held steadily.

There was a movement of some sort behind the curtains and the constable stripped them away. I'm not sure just whom I expected to see. It was certainly not the person I did see. It was Doris who stood there in her neat black-and-white uniform. As we looked, she took a step forward and then without a word crumpled to the floor.

"Fainted!" said Peter. He dropped his gun into his pocket.

I got up from my somewhat undignified position.

"Put her over on the couch," the colonel ordered.

Peter lifted her. As he did so, something tinkled to the floor.

"What was that?" Colonel Truax asked sharply.

The policeman who was nearest stooped. He gave a muttered exclamation. On his flat brown hand something glittered.

"What is it?" said the colonel again.

"It's part of Mrs. Gaunt's bracelet," I said mechanically.

"Ah—the stolen jewels," the colonel said with satisfaction. "I was never quite certain I ought to believe in them." He took the fragment into his own hand.

"Is that," said a voice behind and slightly above us, "my bracelet?"

Lisa Gaunt, a study in black and white, stood upon the grand staircase.

"What is it?" she asked and came slowly down. And then, "Oh!"

Quickly Colonel Truax snatched up a rug and flung it over the body of Kennedy.

"Mrs. Gaunt, I beg of you..."

Peter had gone towards her, but she waved him aside.

"No; I'm all right. What is it? Someone else is dead?"

The colonel bowed his head. "Kennedy."

"Kennedy? You mean the new butler? Why, how terrible!" Her eyes went over to the couch where Doris lay one lax hand sweeping the floor. "Mr. Holgate, what is the matter with Doris? She isn't dead, too?"

"She was hiding behind the curtains," Peter said slowly. "She had part of your bracelet in her pocket."

"My bracelet? But I don't understand."

"Neither do we, Mrs. Gaunt," Colonel Truax said kindly. Something, perhaps the reality of that bracelet, had softened him.

"Will you sit down, Mrs. Gaunt? We have some—er—news for you."

Peter swung a chair about so that its



back was to the rug-covered heap. She leaned forward, her hands along its immense carved arms.

"Colonel Truax, I must know about Kennedy."

"I'm sorry we can't tell you very much. He was found about ten minutes ago by one of my men. He was apparently killed much as Reeves was killed—by a strong knife thrust through the back, probably piercing the heart. Death must have been practically instantaneous."

She shuddered.

"How—horrible!" Her voice was low.

"The colonel drew a chair up to face her. 'Mrs. Gaunt,' he said, 'we have some other news for you. Your husband has been found.'"

"John? John has been found? When? Where?"

"Shortly after one o'clock. He was found bound and gagged lying in the loft of a summer cabin."

"What summer cabin?" But her eyes had gone arrowlike to the spot where Bill Griggs leaned with a mocking smile against the door.

"Yeah, in mine," he said. He moved suddenly, striking like a rattlesnake. "Mrs. Gaunt, how'd you know it was gonna be my cabin?"

She jumped to her feet.

"How dare you!" she said. "Colonel Truax!"

Bill subsided again. He seemed rather amused. Lisa Gaunt turned to the colonel. "Tell me about John," she begged. "Was he—stabbed, too?"

"Stabbed? I'm afraid you misunderstood me. Mr. Gaunt is alive."

"Alive?" she said. "You mean that John isn't dead? He's—alive?"

"Certainly." The colonel looked a little surprised. "He is very weak and he's had a nasty crack on the head but—"

"But I don't understand," she said. She stood up. "Alive!" she repeated, awing, and laughed a little.

Just then Doris returned to consciousness. She struggled to her elbow and pointed an accusing finger at me.

"She did it!" she gasped. "She did it!"

Peter leaped at her and shook her by the shoulder.

"What's the matter with you? Who did what?"

"Miss Marcial! She said there'd be more murders when Reeves was killed. She said I was to get used to them because there'd be more, and she was right."

Peter raised his eyes to heaven.

"Marcia, what on earth made you say a fool thing like that?"

"Why shouldn't I? I snapped. 'I was just talking. Doris is a little idiot.'"

"You did, too, say it!" she half screamed.

"Be quiet!" Peter said in an awful voice.

"Trying to embroil Miss Stafford won't save your own skin, my girl. What we want to know is what you were doing behind that curtain?"

She shrank back.

"I wasn't doing nothing. I—I just came in from the dining-room and I saw Kennedy and he was dead, and then I heard someone coming and I was scared and so I hid behind the curtain. But I didn't have nothing to do with it. Mr. Holgate, honest, I didn't."

"How'd you know he was dead?" Peter asked mildly.

"I saw the knife and—the blood—just like Reeves—"

"Didn't touch him, did you?"

"No, Mr. Holgate."

Peter walked towards the table. Now he swung around with the bit of bracelet in his hand.

"Then how'd this get in your apron pocket?"

Her eyes flickered. She made an abortive clutch at her pocket.

"I don't know."

"Oh, come now, Doris." Peter seemed to be having all this his own way, for the colonel was, if only for the moment, an interested spectator. "Think again. Especially since I took this from Kennedy's hand." He reached into his own pocket and produced the other half of the bracelet.

"Really!" said Lisa Gaunt.

Colonel Truax came across and retrieved both fragments by reaching for them over Peter's shoulder. He joined them together.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he said as he studied the result.

"Your witness," Peter said with a little click of his teeth.

Lisa Gaunt had risen to inspect the bracelet.

"Yes, it's mine," she said after a second's scrutiny. "Doris—"

The girl broke into rapid speech.

"Honest, Mrs. Gaunt, it was how I said. Kennedy was lying there and maybe I wasn't so scared as I said, because I went over beside him and that was how I saw the bracelet, and I knew it was yours so I pulled at it and it broke. And then I heard somebody coming, and I didn't have time to get away, so I hid. Honest, that's how it was."

There was a silence. In spite of ourselves I think we all believed her.

"Then Kennedy," Peter guessed slowly, "got some track of the jewels and was murdered because he did."

The colonel nodded thoughtfully.

The others were being shepherded into the room by this time—Curran in shirt-sleeves and knickerbockers, O'Neill plainly interrupted at the beginning of a shave, Mrs. Carver prim in her inevitable black chignon. Behind them trooped the servants, Mrs. Harris, the housekeeper, Thelma and Mary, the housemaids, and Jaynes, the cook, followed by the very worried-looking Mr. Olsen from the Lodge, who had heard the rumor that John Gaunt was found and had chosen this inopportune time to come up to the house in search of information. Colonel Truax eyed them coldly.

"House, has been searched, sir," Forbes said, appearing.

"Very good." He turned to Lisa Gaunt.

"Is everyone here?"

"Everyone but Collins, who does the outside work," Lisa Gaunt said indifferently.

"And my brother."

"Collins has been on the far side of the lake all day, ma'am," Olsen said, "working with the water pump."

"All right, Forbes. When the medical examiner comes, let me know."

All the time that he was questioning them, I sat there thinking: Oh, this is no good. None of it. All talk. There'll have to be something more to go on before this will stop. And I kept thinking what a blank wall an unsupported alibi can be.

For they all had alibis, even the servants.

As for Doris, she had been in attendance upon Lisa Gaunt most of the afternoon. About a quarter to five, Mrs. Gaunt told her she could go. She went to her own room for a while and then decided to come downstairs looking for company, as she expressed it. She had not gone into the kitchen because she supposed Jaynes was there and she didn't want to see him. Why

not? She tossed her head. Oh, just because. She had gone out with Jaynes a few times and he was disposed to be a little jealous.

The colonel became interested at that. Jealous? Of whom was he jealous? She'd rather not say. Of Kennedy, perhaps? Well, yes and no. Jaynes considered they were engaged. He never liked it if she looked at another man, and Mr. Kennedy was young and good-looking. Had he been jealous of Reeves? Oh, my goodness, no. He had no reason to be. Reeves was an old man—that is, he was at least fifty. The colonel, who would never see fifty-five again, snorted over this.

Well, had she seen Kennedy? No, she hadn't. She had looked into the butler's pantry, but no one was there. The swing door into the dining-room was quivering as if someone had just gone through, so she decided to wait. When he didn't come—oh, after ten minutes or so—she went into the dining-room herself. No, the servants weren't supposed to be in the front of the house—she knew that—but she didn't think Mr. Kennedy'd be cross at her. From the dining-room she went into the hall, and it was there close by the stairway that she'd seen the body.

Yes, she'd gone close after the first second or so. To see if he were dead. That was when she saw the bracelet. And she recognized it. When she tried to take it away the links had broken. Then she heard someone coming and hid. Why? She was panicky, she guessed. Afraid they'd accuse her of having murdered him.

The colonel said "Humph!" He was interested enough in the "jealous" angle to question Jaynes. Were Doris' statements true? Well, sort of. No, he wasn't jealous of Kennedy. Kennedy'd had more sense than Doris thought. He wasn't interested in her. He did his best to keep out of her way, as far as Jaynes had been able to set. But Doris had a notion that a maid and a butler were a step higher than the other servants, so she went after Kennedy hammer and tongs.

That seemed to be all to be obtained from the servants, which wasn't much, but Colonel Truax got little more from the others. All accounts of how the afternoon had been spent were completely innocuous.

Everyone was bored by this time, including Colonel Truax. He turned a thoughtful eye in my direction, and I was beginning to wonder whether he meant to question me when there came an interruption.

The medical examiner arrived.

I KEPT my eyes away resolutely from the group about the body. But I couldn't shut them entirely away from the flash as the pictures were taken.

At last someone said, "That's all," and there was a movement for departure. The body of Kennedy was lifted to a stretcher and borne out of sight. Nothing was left but the chalk marks on the floor, and the discarded rug, and Colonel Truax holding a long slender-bladed dagger by its point while he scrutinized the gem-encrusted handle. Then, for the second time within a week, we were asked the question, "Does anyone recognise this knife?" and as before there was silence.

Mary, one of the housemaids, spoke timidly: "I think it's one of Mr. Gaunt's knives, sir, from the gun-room. There's a bit of chain near the handle."

It was true. At the base of the handle there were a few links of fine steel chain.



"Who has the key to the gun-room?" asked Colonel Truax.

"I believe there is only the one key," Lisa Gaunt said at last, "and my husband had it."

Someone's breath came in a long hissing sigh. It think we realised what that meant. If John Gaunt had the only key and the dagger had been taken from a locked room, then the same person who had tied up John Gaunt and left him to die, in all probability had killed Kennedy.

"Holgate!" This was the colonel. "See if the gun-room is locked."

We waited, breathless almost, for the verdict. Peter returned, his face expressionless.

"It is locked."

"Thank you. Mrs. Gaunt, is it possible to enter the gun-room in any other way—say, from the windows?"

"Gordon, help me," Lisa Gaunt said in a bored tone. "The gun-room? I don't think I've been in it more than a half a dozen times since we built the house. I really don't know."

"It would be impossible," Gordon Curran said in a flat voice. "The gun-room is an inside room. That is, only one wall has windows and they are both small and high. I doubt if a man could get through them. Certainly they could not be reached from outside without a ladder."

Peter spoke then, and there was a hard quiver in his voice.

"Kennedy was one of my men. I don't know how many of you knew that, but I'm making it my business to find out who did know. He was a fine youngster, and he leaves a wife and a three-months-old baby. Doris gave a gasp and Peter looked her way abstractedly. "He was one of the best operatives I had, and I'm willing to cover any wager that the reason he was killed was because he knew something. And I'm going to find out what that something was."

The colonel was fidgeting with the knife.

"Mr. O'Neill, what sort of a knife would you say this was?"

"I'm no authority," Francis O'Neill said, but he did get up and look at the dagger. "Florentine, wouldn't you say? If we could get into that room and it really belongs there, its history is probably written on its label underneath."

"All in good time, Mr. O'Neill. Forbes, take two men and search the rooms on the upper floors. All keys found are to be brought to me marked with the place of finding."

The officer went out. Colonel Truax looked at us gravely.

"It will be necessary to search you people as well. Unless someone objects." No one did apparently. "Holgate, will you help me? Miss Stafford, please be kind enough to do the same for the ladies. If you will retire to the library . . ."

NEVER in my life had I been given such a task. But, somehow or other, it was accomplished, and when we were summoned back to the hall I was glad to be able to report that I had not found the key.

The colonel did not seem surprised.

"That will be all," he said quietly. "As soon as Forbes reports the result of his search of the upper floors, you may go to your rooms if you choose. Until the lower floor is searched, I will ask those who do not wish to go upstairs to remain here."

"My dear Colonel Truax," said Lisa Gaunt, "are we to have no dinner?"

The colonel looked at her for a long moment. Then he beckoned to Peter.

"Madam," he said formally, "if that key is in this house it is essential that we find it before it is hidden or successfully lost. Holgate, will you be so good as to go through the kitchen? If it is possible to lock the doors between the kitchen and this part of the house—"

Lisa Gaunt stood up with a motion as if to smooth.

"Whom do you suspect, colonel? The servants?"

"For the present I keep an open mind," he said slowly, "I suspect no one."

Lisa Gaunt shrugged.

Peter and the colonel were standing a little behind me. Although they were speaking softly, I could hear what they said. Whatever their differences, they had apparently forgotten them.

"As I see it," Peter said in a low voice, "it stacks up something like this: Kennedy found that bracelet in some connection that would lead directly to the gun-room, and thence to the person who kidnapped John Gaunt and who was responsible for Reeves' murder. Kennedy was no fool. He could put two and two together as well as anyone. If he found the gun-room door unlocked—the room, mind you, to which only one person held a key—"

"If he knew that fact," the colonel interposed.

"One of the cards I didn't lay on the table, colonel. He knew that. He'd been watching that gun-room from the time he arrived here—on orders—to see who tried to go in. You see, colonel," Peter went on slowly, "it occurred to me—or to us—that a room inaccessible to everyone by reason of a missing key might be the perfect hiding place for twenty thousand dollars' worth of jewellery."

"And you mean to tell me that this paragon, Kennedy, caught his man in the gun-room with the jewels, picked out the bracelet as a sample to show you, and then turned his back on the person he suspected of kidnapping and murder, and walked away, with the result that he was stabbed in the back?"

"It doesn't sound very clever, does it?" Peter asked mildly. "And if you knew anything about his past work, it wouldn't sound like Kennedy either. Have you stopped to think, colonel, that possibly Kennedy was not murdered in this room? That the body was carried here after death?"

The colonel seemed speechless.

"Then where . . .?"

"I would say in the gun-room as the most logical place."

I heard the colonel's teeth click together.

"Holgate, we've got to get into that room without any more delay. Mrs. Gaunt, would you object to our forcing the gun-room door?"

"Not in the least," Lisa Gaunt said.

But Gordon Curran and Mrs. Carver and Francis O'Neill and I were interested enough to trail along in the van of the little procession that started towards the gun-room. Since Lisa Gaunt did not seem to care what happened to the door, the colonel sent me for an axe. I felt a little sick, realising what was going to happen to the beautifully panelled oak, and as Olsen squared away I shut my eyes. I did not want to see.

But I could not keep from hearing. The axe struck the oak with a dull splintering noise. The sound of its bite was followed almost immediately by something else. This

was an echoing crash, the unmistakable sound of glass breaking.

"What was that?"

"The window."

"Hurry," Peter ordered between his teeth. Colonel Truax was glaring at the hapless Gordon Curran.

"You said no one could get in or out of that room by the windows."

"I did. Upon my word, I don't see how they could."

The axe was cutting now, steadily. Widening cracks of light began to show. Olsen was obviously trying to cut out the lock and he was succeeding. Only a matter of minutes remained before the door would swing free.

All our eyes were riveted upon that enlarging hole. I pressed my hands tightly together and felt it would be a relief to scream. Then the last wood was broken apart by the steel blade and the door swung inward.

"Back everyone!" That was Peter.

Then I felt conscious of several vivid impressions. The jagged hole through the stained glass of one of the three high windows that centred the western wall. The careless profusion of jewels spilling along the top of the glass case below the windows, and the ring of keys that lay in almost the exact centre of the dark crimson rug. The vacant space on the north wall where the Florentine dagger had hung.

Just then there was a commotion at the front door. Nicholas Carver and Bobby were returning.

Carver's quick little eyes took in the situation, but he had sense enough to leave Bobby with Griggs before he came towards us. He saw the splintered door and choked.

"Wh—what's been going on here?" he asked in a loud whisper.

"Kennedy's dead," Gordon Curran said shortly. "Murdered."

"Another butler?" Nicholas Carver's jaw dropped. "Well, I'm a son of a—say, who did it?"

"Nobody seems to know," Curran's tone was dryly sarcastic.

"Come off!" Nicholas Carver said. He craned his neck. "Ain't those Lissy's rings and stuff?"

"What do you think?" Perhaps Gordon Curran was tired of being polite.

Within the room, Peter stood up and ceased his occupation, which had consisted, to the layman's eye, of crawling over the floor staring hard at the carpet. He brushed his hands together and came to the door.

"That you, Nick? Better keep the kid out of here, hadn't you?"

"Yeah," Carver agreed. "We'll be goin'. We didn't know nothin' was happening here. We been over on the far side of the lake and just now. Say, is it true Johnny Gaunt's been found? Mrs. Olsen was telling me—"

"What?" said Gordon Curran sharply.

Peter looked at them soberly.

"Yes, it's true. Sorry, Curran, I forgot you hadn't heard. He was found shortly after noon in Griggs' summer cabin. He'd been kept tied up there without food or drink. Some time to-day, or last night at the latest, his captor visited him for what was presumably to be the last time. He beat him over the head with a revolver butt and left him for dead." There was a vicious something about Peter's voice that stung.

"He's alive?"

"Yes, he'll live. That seems certain. He's in fairly bad shape, however—"



"You're arresting Griggs?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It's rather—well, complicated. It might not be Griggs after all."

"Is he conscious—Johnny?"

"Not yet, I believe." Peter dropped the words carefully, delicately.

Gordon Curran's fists were clenched.

"We're putting up with a lot from you, Holgate. Where is he?"

"John Gaunt's in the Montfort Hospital," Peter said, thin-lipped. "And I might say he's in a private room on the top floor with no fire escape, and guarded by two policemen. And there he'll stay until he is conscious and can talk. Make what you like out of that."

Gordon Curran took a quick step forward. I thought he meant to strike Peter, who stared at him from unfriendly eyes. "Skip it!" he advised, turning away.

Curran's hands slowly straightened out and he drew a long breath.

"This is too much," he said in a half-choked voice. "Colonel Truax!"

The colonel came to the door. Peter hung on his heel.

"Yes, Mr. Curran?"

"Is it true that my cousin has been found?"

"Certainly." The colonel's voice was frigid.

"When may I see him?"

"I'm afraid not for some time, Mr. Curran." From his manner you'd think the colonel took positive pleasure in making that statement.

Gordon Curran frowned.

"I may telephone?" After all the directors of the mills should be informed of this."

"Certainly," said the colonel again.

"Where is the nearest telephone?"

"I'll plug one in here," said Peter accomodatingly. Gordon Curran glared after him.

Presently he reappeared with a phone which he plugged into the circuit in the gun-room. He stepped back to let Curran through. "At your service, Curran."

He grinned mockingly.

There was nothing to do but make the best of it. Gordon Curran took the telephone, but his face was black with fury.

In the meantime Colonel Truax had discovered Nicholas Carver and was frowning at him.

"You're Carver, aren't you? I was going to send after you later."

"Yeah. Well I just run in for a minute. The kid's back there. We'll go down to the lake, I guess. I came up to tell Lisa me and the kid were playing ball and we busted one of her windows." His grin widened as he looked at the gaping hole in the glass.

"I guess that's it."

Peter was on him in a second.

"You say that again, Carver. You broke that window. How?"

"How'd you suppose we broke it? With a ball, of course."

"You mean that you threw a ball through this window into this room?"

"Well, I didn't know just which room it was, but since that's the window that's broke I guess this is the right one all right."

Peter's eyes had narrowed until they seemed mere slits.

"Sure it was a ball you threw in here?"

Nicholas Carver's eyes blazed.

"What do you mean? I said it was a ball, didn't I?"

"And if you threw a ball through the window," Peter continued slowly, "then where is that ball now?"

Nicholas Carver's eyes went helplessly to the floor. Then he straightened up triumphantly.

"There it is," he said, and pointed. "Right over there."

It was. Nestled nicely at the foot of one of the suits of armor.

"All right, Nick," Peter said softly.

Walking lightly, he crossed the room and bent to pick up the ball. We heard his muffled exclamation. He strolled back towards us and his face was stern.

"This it?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Nicholas Carver said dubiously. "Well I dunno. The ball I threw was white."

"And so was this white once," Peter said, still in that soft silky voice. "But, you see, Nick, since you threw it, this ball has rolled into blood."

Before any of us had a chance to say anything, he had swung around upon the colonel.

"It seems that I was right and that Kennedy did die here. Look!"

From where I stood I could see the ball, dark along one side, and the ugly stain that streaked across Peter's wrist which he was slowly wiping upon his handkerchief.

"Do you mind getting me a clean handkerchief, Marcella?" asked Peter. "You'll find some in the upper left-hand drawer of my bureau."

He said it very casually. As I went upstairs I wondered why he had dismissed me with such a transparent excuse. When I found the handkerchiefs, I caught a glimpse of my face in the mirror, and then I knew.

I was deathly white. The sight of that bloodstain on the floor, after the dramatic events of the past hour, had been too much for me. I sat down on the bed. That was why Peter had sent me away—to give me a chance to catch hold of myself.

There was a rustle in the hall. The rustle of a woman's dress. Then a light footfall, an urgent voice.

"Find out, Frank. Find out from the hospital. Maybe he's dead after all—or dying. Perhaps they've been lying to me."

It was the voice of Lisa Gaunt.

"And what do you hope?"

I jumped. The brusque, clipped tones were unmistakable.

"Don't put it that way, Frank. I know it sounds awfully callous. But it's been checkmate for both of us as long as he was alive. He's told me often enough he would never give me a divorce on any grounds. I can't face it, Frank. I can't. If he still lives—never to get away from Treeholme—"

"Whatever you do, darling," said Francis O'Neill, "don't let your real feelings get the better of you. After all, you're a devoted wife, and your husband is lying in hospital with a fractured skull. You've got to be worried—frantic—"

I sat there on the bed, my mind in a turmoil.

When I went downstairs a little later the house was hushed and still. A large rug now covered the place in the hall where Kennedy's body had lain. At one edge I discerned chalk marks and I shuddered at their implication.

In the library Mrs. Carver and Gordon Curran were sitting near the windows. Mrs. Carver, prim and severe, was knitting. Her needles clicked along at a furious speed. Gordon Curran lounged nearby, staring blackly at nothing. Lisa Gaunt and Francis

O'Neill were standing near the fireplace. Lisa flung a careless glance my way.

"Come and sit down, Marcella. There's nothing to do but wait."

I was standing in the doorway that opened on the large hall. I heard voices and a heavy tramp of footsteps from the gun-room. Colonel Truax and a stranger, whom I guessed to be a fingerprint expert, were emerging from the gun-room. Behind them Bill Griggs and two policemen.

From the far end of the room Lisa Gaunt spoke.

"Griggs!"

The colonel swung about on that.

"May I ask what you want of Griggs, Mrs. Gaunt?"

"Isn't it rather obvious, colonel? I want to go to the hospital to see my husband. I was about to tell Griggs to bring the car around."

"I'm sorry," said the colonel with such savage satisfaction in his voice that you knew he wasn't sorry at all. "Doubtless there is someone here who can drive you over, Mr. Curran, perhaps, or Mr. O'Neill. But you can't have Griggs."

"And why not?" Lisa Gaunt's tone was deadly.

"He is under arrest."

We were all so astounded that the colonel took Griggs away without protest or objection. After a while Francis O'Neill said he would drive the car if Lisa was still resolved to visit the hospital. Gordon Curran said the visit wouldn't do any good. Johnny Gaunt was unconscious and likely to remain so for some time. However, Mrs. Carver suggested that it would "look better" if Lisa went to the hospital, and that settled it.

THEY all drove off to the hospital—Lisa and Mrs. Carver and Gordon Curran and Francis O'Neill. Peter came into the hall as the big car pulled away.

"Pete," I cried. "Did you know they arrested Griggs? How could they? He didn't kill Kennedy."

Pete grinned at me.

"You have to know why every wheel goes round, don't you? Griggs is no more under arrest than you are. It's a frame-up. Griggs is in on it himself."

"But why?"

"To lull the guilty party into a sense of false security. It may work out. Come along into the gun-room. I want to do some more snooping."

We went into the gun-room. Peter began to examine the floor in front of the suit of armor. I remembered that it was there that Kennedy must have fallen, and I averted my eyes.

I didn't want to see what he was doing. I looked instead at the weapons that lined the walls.

In spite of myself I became interested. Presently I began to wander about reading the cards that set forth the history of each weapon. I was careful not to touch anything, although Peter granted that they'd tested for fingerprints and it had been "no go."

Pete was taking a long time. I did three walls and then, tiring a bit of the glitter of steel, moved over to the glass case that stood directly below the windows.

It was full of a miscellany of things. There were arrowheads and tomahawks and Indian bows and curiously feathered arrows, and an axe blade or two. It was as if everything for which there had been no other place had been gathered in this one spot.

I stiffened abruptly. Whether I had



realised it or not, I had been looking consciously for something. Now—

"Pete!" I said, and I hardly recognised my own voice. "Come here!"

"What is it, Marela?"

"Look there," I said. "Tell me what you see. Or, rather, what you don't see."

He bent over the case.

"I was right, then," I said in a half whisper. "I did see it. There were two of them and now there's none."

The Mayan sacrificial knife—the twin to the one that had killed Reeves—was gone.

Peter's hands along the case edge showed white streaks across the knuckles.

"Was it there this afternoon when you broke in?" I asked him.

"I don't know," he said. "I didn't look. I don't think it was there, though!" He was tapping at the glass with one fingernail.

"What I want to know is why it was taken."

"Well, it obviously wasn't to kill Kennedy," I said.

"Forget the obvious things," Peter advised.

I tried to. I concentrated on the space where the knife had been. It was as vacant as my brain. If the murderer had taken that knife, why on earth hadn't he used it? Surely it had been an easier one to get at than the chained dagger.

I crossed over and looked at the place from which a few links of chain depended.

"How would you go about getting one of these knives free, Pete?"

He countered with another question.

"How would you?"

"File it," I suggested dubiously.

"Could be done, but it might be noisy and it would take a while. Or you could free the staple from the wall—another long performance. He used hydrofluoric acid."

"Hydrofluoric acid," I repeated stupidly.

"The hungriest liquid known to chemists. It will eat through almost anything. A drop on one of these links and in a few seconds you can break it like string between your fingers."

"It isn't the sort of thing a woman would be apt to know, is it? Mrs. Carver, for instance, wouldn't know, nor Lisa Gaunt nor Doris nor me."

His mouth twitched.

"You divide everything automatically into male and female, don't you, darling? And if you think for one instant that I am suspecting you or Mrs. Carver . . ."

A little pause held between us. I seemed to be growing cold.

"It couldn't be Lisa Gaunt, Pete."

"Forget your personal prejudices, will you? Stop saying it can't be this one, it can't be that one. Get it through your head that two people, perhaps three, have been killed by someone who lives in this house or has access to it."

"Whether you like it or not, it's got to be one of us, one of the people we're living among. Even throwing out yourself and myself and Mrs. Carver and Bill Griggs as being beyond suspicion, you're still got a lovely crew to choose from and no one exempted."

"I think," I said, "that if Lisa Gaunt wanted to do a thing like murder, she'd do a good job. There'd be no loose ends. She'd find out about hydrofluoric acid if she needed to. But I don't think she did this, Pete. She's got too much at stake. Killing butlers—where would that get her?"

"Nowhere," Pete admitted frankly. "We're going around in a circle. Think hard. Where would you hide that knife if you had taken it and wanted it kept handy?"

"In the library," I said. "Then if any-

one asked questions I could say, 'Oh, all Mr. O'Neill's Central American stuff is in there. We never touch it. You'll have to ask him.'"

"You may be right. Come along."

But we didn't find the knife in the library. We didn't find it at all.

LISA GAUNT and her party came back an hour later. No good feeling existed among them. Lisa had been permitted no more than a glimpse of John Gaunt and the hospital authorities had been non-committal about his chances of recovery.

Then Lisa had insisted on stopping at the club for dinner, over Gordon Curran's indignant protests, and the results had been unfortunate.

"They stared at us," said Mrs. Carver, roused to a pitch of querulous indignation, "like we was animals."

Lisa Gaunt, affixing a cigarette into a long holder, gave her a cold stare.

"Don't be ridiculous, mother. But it was true they were disagreeable. Asking Frank for his autograph. And at least a dozen tried to speak to me—people I'd never seen before."

"Oh, you'd seen them right enough," Gordon Curran interrupted gloomily. "It was just that you haven't had to notice them before."

"It all comes from living in this hole," said Lisa Gaunt, throwing herself into a chair. "Montfort—bah!"

Something, the dinner perhaps, seemed to have rubbed Gordon Curran raw. He strode over to stand in front of her.

"And if this wasn't a hole, do you know what'd be happening to you? Do you? Has one reporter been able to get through to you, tell me that? How much space do you think the big newspapers are giving these murders? Very little. And why? It's not that there isn't plenty for them here. Millionaire—beautiful wife—all the old stuff. It's because they can't get in to get any of it."

"I'd forgotten the papers," Lisa Gaunt admitted. Her eyes were narrowed. She seemed to be considering this new idea.

"Well, think of them then," Gordon Curran said disagreeably. "If you'd been content to stay here—eat something here—but no. You had to drive over to the club. You might have known people'd look at you. I think that's what you did it for."

"Gordon! How dare you?"

He laughed, an ugly laugh.

"Why not? 'Hole!' Where'd you come from? A gutter, for all we know."

"That ain't so," Mrs. Carver snapped.

"Gutter—what do you mean gutter? I'd like you to know that—"

It had, I thought wearily, all the elements of a lovely row. I wished Peter'd get through in the library and come in to take charge of this madhouse. A footstep sounded, and I looked up hopefully. But it was Mrs. Harris. She was carrying a telephone. As she had done the first time I saw her, she planted herself in front of Lisa Gaunt.

"A call for Mr. Holgate, madam."

Lisa Gaunt turned her head and looked at me.

"He's in the library, I believe," I said.

"Thank you, madam," said Mrs. Harris. She departed with a dignity not a whit disturbed by the black look that Gordon Curran cast her way.

Although Gordon Curran and Lisa Gaunt appeared ready and willing to take up their quarrel at the exact point where it

had been dropped, Francis O'Neill created a diversion.

"Couldn't we have coffee?" he asked wistfully.

Lisa shrugged.

"Nobody to bring it up, I suppose," she said. "And there's not much use in ringing either. Probably they're frightened so death. Servants are apt to be cowards. I've noticed."

"Can you blame them?" Francis O'Neill was asking. "Poor devil! Don't forget that our dead have all come from their side of the stairs."

"Point that out to Truax, will you?" Gordon Curran said angrily. "It's ridiculous. Two people—three if you choose to count Sarah Ives—murdered—all of them servants, mind you—and who are the people who are being held suspected—"

"Did you say three, Curran?" Peter asked quietly from the doorway. "You're a bit behind the times. The number is four."

Lisa Gaunt sprang to her feet, one hand clutched to her throat.

"Not Johnny?" she gasped. "Johnny's not dead—"

"No, no," Peter said soothingly. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Gaunt. I'm sorry I startled you. I had forgotten for the moment that you might misunderstand—"

"Get on with it, man!" said Curran, shaking at his arm. "Who now?"

Peter stood quite still. When he spoke, his tone was even and deliberate.

"The body of the Japanese, Toshio Moto, was found a few minutes ago in his room on lower Fifth Street. The body was quite cold. He had been stabbed."

There was a strained little silence. Then even against my better judgment, I spoke.

"Stabbed, Pete? With what?"

"Not certain," he said curtly. "There was no knife found."

Flume cracked. I glanced over my shoulder. Gordon Curran was lighting a cigarette.

"Stabbed, eh? And I suppose," he said unpleasantly, "the omnipotent Colonel Truax believes that one of us did it?"

But Peter was not attending. He was looking beyond him to where Lisa Gaunt stood swaying, a dreadful pallor overlaying her face.

"One, two, three, four," she said in a queer high voice. "Reeves and Nanna and Kennedy and now Moto—Johnny—one by one! Oh! Oh!" Lisa Gaunt had fainted.

Francis O'Neill carried her upstairs to her room, followed by Mrs. Carver, who was babbling. Someone rang for Doris. After a while Francis O'Neill came downstairs and gestured curtly to Peter.

"She wants to see you," he said.

Peter's eyebrows went up. He said nothing, however, and went on upstairs. I thought O'Neill looked puzzled and worried.

Peter came back in about five minutes.

"Let's see if we can find something to eat in the kitchen," he said to me.

I was wild with curiosity to know why Lisa Gaunt had sent for him, but he kept his own counsel until after Jaynes had given us sandwiches and coffee. Then he said:

"I've got a little eavesdropping job for you. In about an hour. In the library."

"Eavesdropping?" I was indignant.

He brushed aside my objections, patiently.

"This is murder I'm investigating. I



want you to be behind that screen in the corner of the library, with your notebook and pencil to take down a shorthand account of an interview. Lisa Gaunt has decided to talk.

FROM behind the library screen, where I had hidden myself at Peter's request, I could hear him moving about, putting things to his liking, I imagined.

The door opened, but it was only Mrs. Harris come for the tray.

"Oh, by the way," Peter said, his voice carrying pleasantly. "If you happen to see Miss Stafford, ask her if she'd mind coming back here for a moment. There are a few things I forgot to tell her."

Nest, I thought exultantly. That disposed of the mystery of my disappearance should Mrs. Harris feel any curiosity as to what had happened to me.

Then the door clicked for the second time and I forgot all about everything except the fact that Lisa Gaunt stood in the room. Peter had risen. I could hear his voice. It sounded soothing.

"You are frightened?"

"Heavens, no!" she said petulantly. "I never realised before how large this house is and how very few of us there are in it. I'm afraid I miss Reeves. Poor Reeves. How Johnny would laugh at that."

"Because you miss Reeves?" Peter asked politely.

"Yes, I'd hated him so." There was a moment's silence broken by the click as a metal case closed. Then Lisa Gaunt said, "A light, please," and Peter's voice came at once, saying pleasantly, "Darn this light! Wouldn't you think that some time someone by mistake would invent one that worked?" A match cracked. Peter's voice had a laugh in it.

"There you are, Mrs. Gaunt. After all, there's something reassuringly old-fashioned and competent about a match."

"Like Reeves," said Lisa Gaunt, musingly. "Strange how Reeves and his virtues haunt me to-night."

"Perhaps there's a reason," Peter suggested.

That remark, innocent as it sounded, was a mistake. It struck the wrong note. Even I, in my corner, sensed that. When Lisa Gaunt spoke again, her voice was withdrawn, remote.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Mrs. Gaunt, have you been straight with us so far?"

She was a long time answering.

"And if I have not?"

"Nothing, since I think you now realise that the time has come when it's wisest to lay all your cards on the table."

"Suppose I tell you, Mr. Holgate, that I will lay down my cards only at the call of those who play in this game. I do not recognise your right to a hand."

I heard Peter's hand slap down on the desk top.

"I am to understand then that you have decided not to confide in me?"

"I have never had any intention of confiding in you, Mr. Holgate."

"Then, doubtless," Peter said, heavily sarcastic. "I was dreaming when I imagined you asked me to meet you in here to-night."

"No, you were not dreaming," Lisa Gaunt said.

"I'm glad you confirm it," Peter said. Some of the sarcasm was gone. He only sounded grave. "Mrs. Gaunt, why has it taken the death of Molo to make you willing to tell what you know?"

Her voice was calm and cool.

"I'm afraid I don't understand what you mean."

"Oh, yes, I think you do," Peter said. "Shall I put it this way: why didn't your husband's disappearance make you talk?"

"I don't have to answer that question, Mr. Holgate," Lisa Gaunt said slowly. "You have no right to ask it. But I think that I will answer it. There are times when words like loyalty become meaningless. I did not believe that Johnny was alive. If I had had any reason to believe that he was not dead, I might have talked before. Now—"

"Now?" prompted Pete softly.

Something queer and hard came into her voice.

"Just this, Mr. Peter Devaney Holgate, or whatever you call yourself—I've been a fool too long. You can call your friend Truax and tell him to be over here early. I want to talk to him."

Peter's voice coaxed her. "Why wait until morning? Let me call Truax to-night." He waited a second and then went on more softly. "If you won't talk to me."

She laughed a little, an ugly laugh.

"I won't talk to you, Mr. Holgate. That's definite. I don't recognise your authority here. Johnny hired you, not I."

I heard Peter walk across to the desk, heard the buzz as he took down the telephone receiver.

"As you wish," he said courteously. "Will you talk to him?"

"To-morrow morning, Mr. Holgate. As early as he pleases."

I heard Peter dial the number. He was angry. The staccato of the clicks told me that. And it was impossible to reach Colonel Truax. He was not at headquarters. Nor at his house. Eventually Peter left a message. It was a most uninforming one. Lisa Gaunt was angry.

"That wasn't what I told you to say," she said sharply.

"No? But I think Truax will understand." "I'm afraid you overestimate his intelligence, Mr. Holgate."

"And I think you underrate it, Mrs. Gaunt. Believe me, if the form of the message displeased you, I was thinking of your own safety."

"My safety? You think that I am in danger?"

"Don't you?"

"I don't know," she said slowly. "Really, I hadn't thought about it."

"Then please do think about it," Peter said. "Murder has been done in this house. You know that. Have you never heard that telephone wires can be tapped and extensions used to gain information too boldly spoken?"

There was a little pause. Peter told me afterwards that for a moment even her lips had paled. Then she struggled.

"So be it!"

"Mrs. Gaunt," Peter said persuasively, "won't you tell me what it is you mean to tell Colonel Truax?"

She stood up. I heard her chair being pushed back.

"I've thrown the dice, Mr. Holgate. Let them lie!"

AFTER Lisa Gaunt had left the room I came out from behind the screen. Peter looked beaten and discouraged.

"Changed her mind," he muttered. "Woman's privilege, of course."

Nothing was to be gained by talking about it. I decided to go to bed. Pete explained

that the house was guarded not only by the police but by half a dozen trained dogs that would be turned loose in the grounds after midnight.

"In case of balcony climbers," he said grimly.

He made a tour of inspection before I went up. Lisa Gaunt had taken a sleeping tablet and gone to her room. Nick was in bed, reading the "Police Gazette," with Bobby sleeping peacefully near by, Francis O'Neill was in bed reading—of all things—"Great Cases of Scotland Yard." Mrs. Carver was in bed. Gordon Curran had gone to Montfort. "Called to the mill by the night superintendent—something wrong with some of the machinery," Pete explained. "He plans to sleep there. I think too, he wants to be handy when Gaunt comes to. He's got some crazy idea that Johnny will want to see him right away."

So I went to bed. But not to sleep. I lay there, quaking. Pete had left me a revolver, which rested under my pillow, but the weapon gave me no confidence.

I must have dozed off, because I remember sitting up in bed with a start. What time it was I do not know. And for a moment I did not realise what had aroused me. Then I knew.

It was the soft closing of a door.

I slipped out of bed. If I had been lying awake all the time, conjuring up all sorts of fears from every creak and rustle, I would have been too frightened to do what I did then. But my mind seemed dumbed. I snatched the revolver from beneath the pillow, flicked the key in the lock of my door and stepped out into the hall.

Normally, a night light glowed at the end of the hall. Now it was out. The hall was in pitch blackness, broken only by the light which shone from my own doorway. And in this unreal twilight I saw a man walking.

He was walking away from me, quite silently, his footfalls making no sound on the heavy carpet. I saw him for no more than a few seconds, but I had time to distinguish that there was something strange about his head—something that looked like a bandage.

Then he stopped in front of the door of John Gaunt's room. The door opened and he vanished.

And the man, I was sure, was John Gaunt himself.

I went back into my own room and closed the door. I sat down on the bed, staring at the revolver in my hand. Then I began to tremble. I shook uncontrollably. After a while the spasm passed and I remembered that I had left my door unlocked. I reached out swiftly and turned the key.

John Gaunt—in his own house! Impossible!

And then I began to wonder. We had only the colonel's word for it that John Gaunt was lying unconscious in the hospital. The police—the dogs—perhaps they were for the express purpose of guarding John Gaunt and Colonel Truax and Peter knew all about his presence in the house, had connived at it, and arranged it.

Dawn was pink beyond the curtains before I fell into an exhausted sleep.

I found Peter eating bacon and eggs in the breakfast room when I came down next morning. He looked at me and put down his knife and fork.

"Good heavens, girl! Go back to bed. Perhaps you can get a little sleep. It's day light now—nothing to be afraid of. One look at you and no self-respecting cat would bother to drag you in."



"I didn't sleep well," I was wondering how to let Peter know I had stumbled on his secret. But Peter had news of his own. He leaned towards me.

"Doris departed. In the middle of the night. Quietly."

I thrust my orange juice aside.

"Doris! How could she?"

"As a matter of fact, I believe she let herself down from the window. We have the rope."

"But how did she get out of the grounds? The dogs?"

Peter folded his arms along the table top.

"They were dead. They were foolish enough to eat some meat. Poisoned. So, of course, Doris didn't do all that by herself. Someone helped her. So it's just as I thought. Doris knew something."

"But if you can't find her—"

"Ah, but we have found her. One of the bright lads on my pay roll recognised her having coffee in an all-night eating place and rang me up wanting to know how come. He's shadowing her now. If the somebody who helped her get away tries to get in touch with her later, we may get some information."

Peter looked at me very triumphantly.

"Peter," I said, "I think I should tell you—I know about Mr. Gaunt. About him not being in the hospital, I mean."

He stared at me so incredulously that it struck me like a blow then that Peter didn't know!

"Not in the hospital! Of course he's in the hospital. What in the world are you talking about?"

I told him. Peter got to his feet so swiftly that he knocked over his chair.

"What room? What room did he come from?"

"Why—I don't know—it may have been Mrs. Gaunt's room—"

Peter's face was twisted with anxiety as he plunged out into the hall. I ran after him.

There never was any doubt where we were going. Peter paused for a second at the entrance door to blow a police whistle. An officer materialised instantly, and Peter jerked his head at him with a curt "Come on."

The man laid one hand on his gun and followed.

The halls above were quiet. Our footfalls were muffled by the thick pile of the carpet that reached to the baseboards. Unconsciously our pace began to slacken.

Before Lisa Gaunt's door we formed a hesitating group.

"Let me," I said with a half sob.

"Knock first," Pete decreed. He raised his hand. It thudded upon the thick oak of the door.

"No good," Peter said. "She doesn't answer." He looked at me. "Can you—?" he began doubtfully.

"Yes," I said.

"We may have to break down the door," he warned me.

But the knob was turning under my fingers.

"No," I said. "It's not locked." I think that I had known it wouldn't be. "Wait here."

I slipped inside.

I do not think that I shall ever forget the still horror of that room: the heavy violet curtains that some hand had drawn across the windows, the candles in their silver holders standing upon small tables at the bed's head and foot—tall cathedral candles whose flames flickered and bent in the draught I had created when I opened

the door; that low divan-like bed with its counterpane whose lace, I now realised, was strangely, horribly flowered with crimson.

Even before I comprehended the meaning of those hideous scarlet stains, I think I knew that Lisa Gaunt was dead. I had known it long before I opened that door; we all had known it.

The door opened behind me. I heard the sharp exhalation of Peter's breath, saw the policeman fumble for his cap. Then I began to shake, and to laugh, a horrible high screaming sort of a laugh.

"Stop it!" Peter ordered. He slapped me. I gasped, caught my breath.

"Let me go," I said. I sounded normal again. "I'm all right."

Strangely enough I was. Except for my legs, which were suddenly weak, I reached out, found a chair and sank into it.

"Get Truax on the phone," Peter was saying. "No, not here, you idiot! Don't touch anything in this room. There's a telephone in an alcove at the head of the stairs. Use that."

The policeman hung on his heel.

"Shall I tell the colonel what's happened?"

"Know the code? What is it? Forty-six for murder? Use that. Tell him to get over here."

"Right."

He was gone. Peter stood for a moment, his cheeks sucked in thoughtfully. Then he crossed towards the bed. He walked delicately, as a cat walks.

With Peter beside me, some of the horror departed. I was able to look at her with a degree of calm although my fingers were tight upon Peter's wrist. She lay as if asleep. Her head was turned away, pillowed against the masses of her loosened hair. Her incredible eyelashes made shadows upon the pallor of her cheek. One hand, lying lightly upon the counterpane, was curled a little, heartbreakingly like a child's. Only the red blotches that bloomed like ominous flowers across her breast...

I gave a sob.

"She might be asleep, Pete."

"Yes," Peter said sombrely. "She was asleep." He went on significantly.

"You said she meant to take a sleeping tablet, Pete."

"Yes."

"It would simplify things for a murderer, wouldn't it? I mean, if she has taken a sleeping tablet?"

Peter was watching me.

"If I knew it—yes."

"You knew it, Pete, and I knew it—because you told me—and Doris knew it. And Doris is gone."

I looked, shivered.

"You'd have to hate somebody terribly, wouldn't you, to kill her while she slept? Or have an awfully good reason? What I mean is that murder like this would have to be premeditated, wouldn't it? And if a person hates you, you'd be apt to know it. I don't think Lisa Gaunt would have taken a sleeping tablet if she had been afraid of Doris."

The last vestige of my self-control went. I began to cry. Once started, I couldn't stop. Even Peter's arms didn't help. But, when the policeman returned after telephoning, I withdrew from them long enough to make a suggestion.

"Can't I go?"

Peter shook his head.

COLONEL TRUAX arrived in a few minutes. The sight of me seemed to infuriate him. He shot at me an angry

look, said, "Young lady, I'm afraid you reduce Holgate's efficiency by about one half," and strode across to the bed. He gestured to the officer. "Pull back those curtains."

"Not quite fair," Peter said mildly, "to blame Miss Stafford for my failures."

"Well, this does seem to have been bungled a bit," the colonel said with some satisfaction. "This the way you found her? These candles lit?"

"Yes."

"Incredible!" said the colonel. "All right—who found her?"

"I did," I said.

He gave me a quick, frowning look.

"I would have been willing to gamble money on that, Miss Stafford. I suppose there's no doubt that she's dead?"

"None at all," Peter said gravely.

"You have no idea how long?"

"No."

"Oh, well, the medical examiner'll be here shortly," the colonel said. He pushed a chair forward. "Sit down, won't you, Miss Stafford?" he said more kindly. "And tell me all about it."

The chair's back was to the bed. I sat down, gripped the broadened arms and drew a long breath.

"Where shall I start?"

"Let me start it for you," Peter suggested.

"There's a lot of preliminary information you'd better have, Truax."

"Very well," Colonel Truax said gravely. "Let's have it."

There was no doubt that Peter made it easier. When his story was done I went on with it. I was surprised to find that my voice was steady. It faltered only once—when I told of seeing John Gaunt in the hall. For once, the colonel appeared non-plussed. His eyebrows shot upward.

"Gaunt, eh? Checked on that, Holgate?"

"I've gone nothing," Peter said quietly. "But stay here. I made up my mind I'd keep out of it until you came—give you a free hand, every chance."

"You can't get hold of a thread anywhere," the colonel said irrelevantly. "Almost anything unwinds if you can find an end. This doesn't. It doesn't make sense."

"Or it makes too much," Peter said. "Take it this way: Sarah Ives and Reeves and Kennedy and the Japanese and Lisa Gaunt have been murdered. Each murder has been apparently purposeless. Yet they've been deliberate murders. I'm not saying that I believe they were all premeditated. I don't. I think that Sarah Ives and Reeves and Kennedy were all killed upon the spur of the moment. As for the others, Mrs. Gaunt and the Japanese—" He shook his head. "I'm not so sure."

"Part of some monstrous plan, no doubt," the colonel said heavily. "A plan that's working out neatly and nicely to its conclusion in spite of you and me. It's a pity that you couldn't have persuaded Mrs. Gaunt to talk last night."

"No one on earth could have done that, I'm afraid," Peter said slowly. "Unless it were John Gaunt."

"And you say he was here, eh?"

I nodded. "I saw him."

He was silent, frowning. Outside, sirens swelled.

"You were faster yourself," Peter observed.

"I didn't have so far to come. I was at the lodge. Owen telephoned me about the dogs." He sighed. "Another mystery." He got heavily to his feet. "Curran's not here, you say, and the maid's skipped out? Better get her back. Phone Curran too; ask him



to come up to the house. And call the hospital; see what you can find out about Griggs and Gaunt. Better not mention Mrs. Gaunt's death—yet."

"Right," Peter said. "And the rest of the household?"

"Oh, the mother and brother? You'd better tell them. But keep everybody downstairs. I'll see them as soon as we've finished here. Ah, Cordia, you're prompt."

The medical examiner nodded curtly, put down a leather bag and bent over the bed. We watched him, fascinated, as he raised Lisa Gaunt's arm, let it drop again. He peered sharply at the wound.

"Straight to the heart. No variety to this murderer," he remarked callously. "Death must have been practically instantaneous."

"Any idea how long she's been dead?" Colonel Truax asked.

Dr. Cordia pursed his lips. He lifted an eyelid, laid his fingertips momentarily along the marble flesh.

"We'll—"

"How about three o'clock?" Peter asked quietly. "That fit in?"

"Possibly. Three o'clock—let me see—it's eight now. That would give us five hours. Not bad. Quite probable. Got any particular reason for thinking it might be three o'clock?" No one answered and he gazed at us shrewdly. "Lot of guesswork—this figuring out the time of death. You know that. I'll tell you better later on." Once more he bent over the bed. "Killed in her sleep—un-in—weapon removed. By the way, where is the weapon?"

The colonel looked at Peter.

"The weapon is here?"

"At the foot of the bed." Peter's voice was expressionless. Then, as no one moved, he took a clean handkerchief from his pocket, shook it out. "There won't be any fingerprints on it—I'll guarantee that," he said quietly, "but it's just as well to be careful."

When he came back to us he was holding something between thumb and forefinger through the folds of his handkerchief. I didn't want to look but I couldn't help myself. The knife in Peter's hand, free of blood or stain of any kind, was the missing Mayan sacrificial knife!

"BUT it couldn't have been John Gaunt."

Peter said in despair, later.

"But it was," I insisted.

Peter walked back and forth across the library a half dozen times.

"But you heard me call the hospital. Apart from the fact that he's still unconscious and couldn't possibly do it in a physical sense, there were two policemen in the hall and a nurse on duty and Bill Griggs in the same room with him."

I got up and walked in my turn.

"Yes. And the nurse fell asleep—she admits it—and it was four o'clock when she woke, and the policemen stayed right out in the hall, and the room next to John Gaunt's is empty and I don't care if it was locked because locks are nothing to a clever man, and the empty room has two doors and one of them leads into a narrow hall and at the end of the hall is a door that says fire escape." I finished breathless but triumphant.

"Ye gods!" said Peter. "It seems to me that you possess a remarkable amount of information about this hospital."

"I do," I said. "As it happens, they took my appendix out and I had that room—the empty one, not John Gaunt's. That's how I know about the fire escape. And you know yourself, Pete, that the hospital said John Gaunt wasn't so well this

morning and they couldn't understand why."

"Sheer coincidence," Peter grumbled. "Please don't tell anyone that you think you saw John Gaunt in the hall last night."

"There was no think about it," I said scornfully. "I saw him."

"All right, you saw him," Peter didn't sound polite. "It wasn't broad daylight, and people have been known to make mistakes."

"I was not mistaken," I was beginning in measured tones, but Peter raised his hand. "Skip it," he said. "I know—you saw John Gaunt."

We stared at one another. I gave in first.

"All right," I said. "I won't tell anyone, but I don't see what earthly good my keeping quiet will do."

"Look here," Peter said, coming over to sit on the edge of the desk, "we kept things spread wide open around here. You know that. You and everyone in Treeholme had all the information the police did. All but one person. The murderer. He had more."

"Two persons," I said thoughtfully. "You forget Doris."

"Two persons. I stand corrected. Well that was the policy and you know what came of it. It seems to me that we're entitled to a few secrets this time."

"Was that why Colonel Truax questioned each of us separately?"

"The general idea," Peter agreed.

"So that I don't know what Mrs. Carver said, and Mrs. Carver doesn't know what I said, and Francis O'Neill doesn't know what either of us said. I think that's perfectly ridiculous."

Before Peter could retort, Colonel Truax came in. He closed the door carefully. "Well?" he said.

Peter gave him an expressive glance.

"She still insists the man was John Gaunt."

Colonel Truax patted my shoulder encouragingly.

"Miss Stafford, we believe that you saw the murderer last night. You insist that the person you saw was John Gaunt. It could not have been John Gaunt. Therefore it was somebody else, someone who used John Gaunt's identity as a shield for himself. Yet the fact that you are so positive in your identification must mean that it is not idle guesswork on your part. You had some reason for thinking it was John Gaunt. Won't you try and think back? What was it that made you so certain that you saw John Gaunt?"

"His head was bandaged," I said slowly. "Oh, and he walked like John Gaunt. He looked like him. And he went into Mr. Gaunt's room."

"Association, eh?" said the colonel. He looked keenly at me. "That and the obvious fact that no one but John Gaunt had the right to leave or enter those rooms. But Holgate tells me that the light was dim in the halls. You could not have seen him clearly. Don't you think you might have been mistaken? That the person you saw was Bill Griggs, for example, with a bandage around his head?"

"I don't know," I said. "I'm all mixed up."

The Colonel seemed to give it up at that. Turning to Peter, he asked:

"Have you told her what we wanted?"

"What you wanted?" Peter sounded bitter. "I told you I'd have nothing to do with it. We set one trap here—you know

what happened. I've no great desire to see the girl I love the next victim."

I began to understand what they were talking about. I looked at Peter's angry face and then at the colonel's stern one.

"Peter means that there is something you'd like me to do—something you think would help solve these murders?"

The colonel bowed. "Yes."

"Then that means—it must mean—that you are close to a solution? Perhaps even that you know who..."

Again the colonel bowed. There was a little silence. Peter had gone to stand at the window. His back was towards us. A hostile back. Even his shoulder blades registered disapproval.

"You see," the Colonel said at last, "Mr. Holgate and I are convinced that we know who the murderer is. But in spite of that conviction we have not as yet one shred of evidence that will support our theory."

"And you think that I could help you get this evidence?"

"You don't need to have anything to do with it," Peter said sharply. "It's not fair—Truax, will you tell her...?"

But neither the colonel nor I were listening to him. It was as if we had reached some high point that mattered only to ourselves.

"Can you tell me whom you suspect?" I asked.

The colonel shook his head.

"I'm sorry. It will be better if you do not know."

Again there was that little pregnant silence. I could hear my heart beat. Peter, at the window, did not move. Neither did the colonel. They stood up and waited.

It was up to me. I knew that. I knew too that I didn't want to do one thing that would endanger the beautiful bright future that I had seen opening up before me these last few days. Death would put an end to that future, blot it out as if it never had existed. Yet neither would I want to live it, in my living, I had failed Peter. And something told me that if I failed Colonel Truax, I would be failing Peter as well.

I raised my eyes.

"What is it you want me to do?"

I heard Peter's sharply indrawn breath, and then the colonel spoke.

"You, my dear," he said softly, "are to be the cheese in our mousetrap!"

I was still gasping over this when I discovered that I had something else to gasp over. And that something was Peter. He had been glowering out of the window. Now that my decision was reached he ceased to glower. His eyes became cold and considering.

"All right," he said crisply. "I'll get things going."

"Just a moment," the colonel said. "By my orders the others have been kept in the hall. It is now," he consulted his watch, "twelve o'clock. It might be well to have the servants prepare lunch, and you will have an opportunity then to work from the front of the house without arousing any comment."

"Yes," Peter said.

"Besides," said the colonel as if to clinch it, "the—er—pregnant announcement to those people out there will come better from you."

"Won't one of you tell me what I'm to do?" I asked plaintively.

They told me, or, rather, Peter did, since the colonel did not appear to hear my request. Peter was beautifully impersonal. No one listening to him would have guessed that what I was to do meant any more to him than the chance move of a pawn in a well-planned game of chess.



What I was to do didn't sound so difficult or so dangerous. I was to sit in this room, the library, all the afternoon with the door open. I was to talk to every person who came into the room. Some time during the afternoon, they were certain the murderer would come.

"He'll have to, you see," Peter said evenly. "He'll try to find out if you saw him last night."

"And I suppose," I said with a resignation I was far from feeling, "that if I tell him I did, he'll kill me, too?"

"Try to, you mean," Peter corrected me. "No—no—no—no."

It was the colonel. I was not to be afraid. There would not be the slightest danger to me. I was not to think it. It was simply a matter of making the murderer admit that he had been in the hall during the night. Obviously no one but the murderer knew that my recognition of him was the thing that would split the case wide open.

The police would be withdrawn after lunch, with the exception of those who were stationed about Treeholme to guard it against curiosity seekers. There must be nothing suspicious about the proceedings. I'd have to be careful about that. I must not give the plan away in any detail to anyone. I'd always worked in the library, hadn't I? All right, work there this afternoon as if nothing had happened.

"Likely," I said scornfully. "All right. Suppose I do. What good will it do you? You don't expect me to take this conversation down in shorthand, do you?"

"Hardly," Peter was once more aloof. That contingency, too, had been taken care of. While we were at lunch a dictaphone would be installed. And in the room above, Peter and Colonel Truax would establish themselves.

"And I suppose," I said scornfully, "that if I need help I'm to call and the two of you will swing down the wires to my assistance?"

There'd be an officer in the room with me, Peter told me impassively. Sergeant Corcoran. A crack shot. They'd push back that corner French window so that it made an angle with the bookshelves. It was the way the window stood customarily. By keeping the velvet hangings drawn and the inner net curtains intact, his presence in the room was almost certain to go unnoticed.

The colonel was glancing at his watch.

"Are you—er—done, Holgate? Doubtless Miss Stafford knows all that is necessary by this time, and it's getting late."

So we trailed doorward. At the door, Peter paused and looked at Colonel Truax. I think that if I had been the recipient of that look I would have dropped dead on the spot. The colonel didn't. He said, "What now?" He sounded annoyed.

Peter's grasp on my elbow hurt.

"There must be no slips—remember!"

The colonel did not answer. He opened the door and went out.

THE others were gathered near the fireplace end of the hall.

Colonel Truax did not go near them. He walked straight out of the front door without a glance to right or left. I was surprised, but Peter didn't seem to be. He looked over to where the little group of servants were huddled.

"Do you think we could have some lunch, Mrs. Harris?" he asked.

Mary, Jaynes and Mrs. Harris left with

what looked like a good interpretation of the word "alacrity." I noticed that a policeman unobtrusively followed.

After the servants had gone, things rapidly became more normal. I heard Mrs. Carver give a long wavering sigh. O'Neill, with a sound that was half a grunt, produced a pipe and began to stuff it with tobacco. Gordon Curran leaped to his feet, his face truculent.

"Well?" he snapped.

Peter's look was deceptively mild.

"Well what?"

"You know what I mean. There's one more of us dead, isn't there? When's this ghastly farce to be played out? Which of us is to be the next, tell me that?"

"And if I did," Peter said coolly, "you'd scarcely believe me."

I think that Peter said that deliberately, and certainly the effect upon all of them was startling. Mrs. Carver blanched. She made queer gurgling sounds deep in her throat. Francis O'Neill suspended momentarily the business of lighting his pipe. Gordon Curran turned away with a muffled word that might have been an oath. As for Nicholas Carver, whom I hadn't noticed before, he pushed forward until he stood directly in front of Peter.

"Aw, Pete," he said plaintively, "ain't you and the police getting anywhere? Honest?"

Only after Peter's match had scratched along the chimney bricks did he condescend to reply.

"Get somewhere?" he repeated slowly.

"Why, yes, I think so. In fact, acting on information just acquired, we expect to be able to break things wide open in a short time."

"I hope so," Gordon Curran said shortly. This rest of us said nothing.

I don't think any of us really enjoyed our food at lunch. We sat at the long table in the formal dining-room—a table far too large for the few who sat about it—and looked sombrely one at the other and did not talk at all.

As we rose to leave the table, Peter called to me.

"Oh, Marcia, I'm going to be busy this afternoon. Think you can look out for yourself for a while?"

"Why, of course, Pete," I said innocently and clearly. "I think I'll write some letters."

We had reached the hall by this time. As nearly as I could tell, no one was listening to us. Mrs. Carver was halfway up the stairs on her way to take a nap. The men were lighting the first of their after-lunch cigarettes. Nicholas Carver had a cigar. He cut the end of it and grumbled. "Still in gaol around here, I suppose?"

"How about it, Holgate?" Francis O'Neill said nastily.

"Oh, I think I'd stick around," Peter said. "Colonel Truax will be back later. No doubt you'll be free to go where you please after that."

"There go the police," Gordon Curran said from a window embrasure.

All of us, with the exception of Peter, immediately came to see. He was right. The police were loading their paraphernalia into half a dozen cars.

As the last policeman's hand shut the last door of the last car, there was a simultaneous sigh of relief. At least that much was over.

But for me, my breath already tightening in my throat, it was only beginning.

I ran up to my room, got a handful of my personal stationery and established myself in the library. The whole house seemed deadly still, but I tried to allay my qualms with the knowledge that in the top drawer of the desk, almost under my fingers, reposed Peter's little gun. And then I decided that my qualms would be easier allayed if I had the gun in my lap. I put it there. I opened my pen, spread a sheet of paper before me and wrote, "Dear Marjorie." And then I didn't write any more.

I couldn't. I sat and stared at that paper and listened for sounds.

After twenty minutes of it, I decided this would not do. If I were writing letters, I ought to have something to show for it. Inspiration came. I folded paper and stuffed it into envelopes which I addressed and stamped. At the end of a half hour I would place one apparently finished letter on the end of the desk. At the end of the second half hour, another. And so on.

The seconds dragged by. Was no one coming? I wondered. Incredible, as the colonel had said.

I drew my sheet of paper closer. Beneath the salutation, "Dear Marjorie," I achieved a second line: "You have no idea what—"

"Hi!" said a voice, and I dropped my pen so that ink ran in a spattering line across the page.

The first mouse was circling about the trap, and the cheese was panic-stricken. I snatched at a blotter, and then looked reproachfully at Bill Griggs, who was sauntering towards me.

"Scared you, huh?" He sounded pleased.

"Well," I said with dignity, "the present atmosphere at Treeholme is not one to make a person appreciate being surprised."

"Goah, no," he agreed. He lounged across to perch on the desk corner. "For the love of Mike, what did happen here last night?"

The beat of my heart rose in my throat, choking me. Was this what Peter had meant? But Bill Griggs...

"You know as much as I do."

"Yeah," he said sombrely, "maybe I do. But knowing things don't help in this mess. She knew something. Look what happened to her."

Was this a warning? Cold to my fingertips, I leaned forward.

"You mean Lisa?"

"Sure. If she hadn't sent that message to Colonel Truax—"

"How," I interrupted sharply, "did you know about that message?"

"Me? Oh, Pete told me this morning. Or Nick. Why? What difference does that make?"

"Maybe somebody listened outside the library window and heard that message to Colonel Truax," I said slowly.

"Sounds sensible."

"But you see it didn't do him much good because he was seen as he came through the hall last night. And recognised."

He studied me thoughtfully. "So you think you know who did it, huh? Want to know something for sure? Okay, here it is. It wasn't me."

"Oh, Bill, I never thought it was."

He was not to be appeased. He gave a short and stalked out of the room, leaving me at my desk half-laughing, half-dismayed. As an object of suspicion, my first visitor appeared to be a good deal of a flop.

I resumed my letter writing in a spirit of



despondency. I got as far as, "You have no idea how much has happened the last while, and I'm not sure I should tell you about it for fear you will want me to pack my bags and start for Vancouver..."

The "Vancouver" trailed off a little because I heard a clatter in the hall as if something were set down hard, and then, almost on the heels of that, Francis O'Neill walked in. In his right hand he clutched a brassie. I stared at it dumbly and then I saw Francis O'Neill's face, and all thought that the golf club might be intended for use against me vanished from my head.

"Don't look like that," I said. "Please don't. You—you loved her, didn't you?"

"How did you know?"

"I guessed." Not strictly true, to be sure, but what of that? The pallor of his face frightened me. "Mr. O'Neill, hadn't you better sit down for a minute?"

"Sitting or standing, sleeping or waking, from now on I'll all be the one to me," he said dully. But he put down the golf club, sank into a chair and promptly buried his head in his hands.

He remained there so long and sunk in such abysmal sorrow that I began to wonder if I should make some attempt to get rid of him. Certainly, if he took up permanent headquarters in the library, there would be little chance of anyone else coming in. Then, just as I was becoming definitely worried, he raised his head and looked at me.

"If Gaunt had died, she'd have married me," he said simply.

I gasped. I felt as if the ground had dropped out beneath me. That was a nice thing to tell anyone.

"But he didn't die," I said firmly.

"No. She was the one who died."

"But do you really think she would have married you?" I asked.

"What do you mean by that?" He jumped to his feet and glared at me. If arousing him was what I wanted, I had done my work well.

I had gone this far. Very well, I would go farther.

"I think there were other men who'd thought she loved them. Even John Gaunt. She wasn't the sort of woman who'd be satisfied with having just one man in love with her. She—I was remembering Gordon Curran's bitter speech on the terrace—'wanted every man in the world at her feet. I tell you it was the way she was made. It wasn't just one man she wanted; it was all men. You and John Gaunt and Gordon Curran; even Peter.'"

"Peter!" His voice rose to a shout. "So it was you!"

His excitement infected me. "It was I what?" I shouted back.

"Blind, all of us," he said as if to himself. "The police worst of all—and the motive, barefaced, staring at us. A jealous woman! What is it they say? 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.'"

"I think you're mad," I said. "If you're trying to make out that I was jealous of Lisa Gaunt and killed her because of Peter—"

"I think you did," he said. His voice had become soft and deadly. "If you didn't kill her, what were you doing in the hall last night?"

That everlasting hall! I could have shrieked.

"How do you know that I was in the hall?" I demanded, and at once got the answer that I least expected.

"I heard you," O'Neill said simply.

"You heard me?" I repeated stupidly. "Then it must have been you I saw."

"You didn't see me," Francis O'Neill corrected wearily. "How could you? I heard your door shutting. And then I heard you lock it."

I swallowed hard. We were progressing, no doubt about that, unaccountably, things had reversed themselves and it was I who was on the defensive.

"Oh, don't be silly," I said wearily. "I didn't kill Lisa Gaunt. That's the truth. But it is true that I was in that hall last night and that I saw—something."

"Yes," he prompted. "What was it you saw?"

I spaced my words impressively. "I saw the murderer as he left Lisa Gaunt's room."

"Ah!" It was a breath. "Does he know that you saw him?"

"Yes."

"You recognised him?"

"Yes." Heavens, what a liar I was turning out to be! I had recognised him, that was true, but only in the semblance in which he wanted to be recognised.

"He saw you?"

For the third time I said "Yes."

"Then if you saw him and recognised him and he knows it, will you tell me how it happens that you are still alive?"

"I don't know." I lowered my voice to a half-whisper. "Unless you do. Do you?"

I had thought I was being very subtle. O'Neill drew back, his eyes narrowing.

"I see," he said slowly. "We seem to have reached an impasse. I've accused you of murder, and now you are accusing me. What next?"

"I wasn't accusing you," I said with some stiffness. "Let's say rather that I was testing you." Abruptly conscious of what I had implied, I was silent, my mouth a little open.

"So that's it," he said with a sort of satisfaction. "There was something funny about this from the start." His hand shot out and caught my wrist. "What made you tell me you recognised the murderer when you didn't?"

"Be—because—"

He let me go.

"Don't lie. I can guess. Because Holgate told you to. The whole thing has his footprints over it larger than life. So you were trying to trap me, eh? Well, you haven't succeeded, my dear, not by a long shot. Instead, if I'm not mistaken, I've gained a little information about possible motives myself—and from your own lips—motives that will interest Truax unless I miss my guess. I won't waste time taking it to Holgate."

That was where I lost my temper with beautiful completeness.

"Then go and tell him!" I snapped. "Sit right on the front step and wait for him, and I hope he tells you just how big a fool you are."

Francis O'Neill stalked towards the door. "I shall certainly talk to Colonel Truax," he said coldly.

"And take that brassie with you," I ordered.

I had spoiled the magnificence of his exit. Coming back for the brassie was anticlimax. He picked it up, fingered it irresolutely and then shot an oblique glance in my general direction. His mercurial mood had changed again.

"See here, Marcia," he said, "I've never held any brief for suicide. It's always seemed to me to be the coward's way out. But just the same, sometimes it's the only decent end to a messy beginning."

AFTER a time I reread the beginning of my letter to Marjorie. With a squawk of a protesting pen I drew a heavy line under the words, "how much has happened in my immediate vicinity."

And then, for a blessed interval, nothing did happen. I had all the time in the world to sit there and wonder about Francis O'Neill's "suicide" remark. What had he meant? Was he the murderer, and was he warning me that he meant to commit suicide and thus put a "decent ending to a messy beginning"?

I was occupied with thoughts such as these when Mrs. Carver appeared. She sat down in a chair close to the window and prepared to talk. I wasn't responsive, but she talked anyway.

As far as I could tell, she evinced no grief for her daughter. Lisa was dead, that was all, and the fact that her death had not been a natural one appeared to affect Mrs. Carver not a particle. She was far more concerned with what was going to happen to her, since "Mr. Gaunt" didn't like her and she liked him even less.

I tried to intimate, with little success, that John Gaunt was not the sort of man who would permit his wife's mother to starve. She sniffed, disagreeing. She had lived with John Gaunt longer than I had. Openhanded as he seemed, he was a hard man with money. "Stingy" you could almost call him. Lisa scarcely ever had more than a few cents in her purse. Even the bank had orders to honor her cheques only to a certain amount, and if she overdrew that there was certain to be an awful row when he heard about it.

"But surely she had everything she wanted," I said as to a child. "Clothes—that sort of thing."

She sniffed. "Charge accounts! Oh, she could have anything she wanted if she charged it. But no money."

I remembered the opium, and wondered not at all at John Gaunt's caution. I tried again.

"But he gave her jewels—the ones that were stolen."

"Stolen—huh!" She gave me a sly look. "I could tell the police a thing or two about that if I had a mind to."

"Well, why don't you, then?" I asked logically.

"They didn't ask me, that's why. I wasn't supposed to know nothing. But that's where they was wrong. I know more'n the whole kit and boodle of them." Then, while I watched her, fascinated, she hitched her chair closer. "But I don't mind telling you, seeing that Lisa's dead and they got the jewels again." She lowered her voice. "Lisa took them jewels herself!"

"What?" I said, shocked at the studied calm I fancied I was exhibiting. "Stole them? But why?"

She took a cautious glance behind her. "To give to somebody."

"But the jewels were hers," I said, perplexed. "Surely she wouldn't have to pretend they were stolen in order to give them away."

Even as I spoke, light was dawning upon me. I stopped.

"I see," I said slowly. "You mean that it wasn't a gift at all. It was blackmail."

She nodded eagerly.

"Someone in the house?"

Again that quick, eager nod.

There was a long moment during which we stared at one another. Then I leaned



forward, fighting hard to keep my voice even and controlled.

"Do you know who it was, Mrs. Carver? Who was blackmailing Mrs. Gaunt, I mean?"

It was the wrong question. She sheered off at once.

"Maybe I do. What of it?" she snapped. "It ain't likely I'd be going around telling, is it?"

"Wouldn't you, if the telling would help solve your daughter's murder?" I asked soberly.

She didn't answer at once. When she did, she sounded irrelevant.

"What I know, I know. I ain't telling." Definite enough for anybody. I tried again.

"If you told me, no one but the police need know," I coaxed.

She sniffed.

"Lissy's dead, ain't she? And Reeves and Sarah live? And they was all going to talk, wasn't they? But where they are they can't talk now, can they? Well then . . ."

The inference was plain. And from that point of view, I couldn't say that I blamed her.

"But you know," I said accusingly. "Mrs. Carver, aren't you afraid?"

Alarm flickered in her eyes and then was gone. She got to her feet.

"No, I ain't," she said. "Because I ain't going to talk."

"Does the murderer," I asked slowly, "know that?"

Her chin jerked with fierceness of her confirmation.

"Yes," she said from the doorway, "he knows."

She was gone. I sat blinking at the vacant space where she had stood. It seemed that there was food for thought in the positiveness of that final assertion. Had my instincts been right from the very first, and was our murderer really Nicholas Carver? Whom else would Mrs. Carver know so well that he would be willing to trust her word on a matter that involved his very life?

I don't know just when I became conscious that there was another presence in the room. So quiet, so stealthily had been the approach that the sight of two brown hands on the opposite edge of the desk stiffened me to fear. I eyed them, not daring for the moment to look farther. And then, mercifully, the owner of the hands spoke.

"What on earth are you doing? Plotting someone's horoscope?" I looked up into Gordon Curran's familiar face with a sense of relief, then realised that I had been scrawling meaningless on my notepaper. I crumpled the sheet into a ball and threw it in the general direction of the wastebasket.

"Heaven's no!" I assured him. "Plotting futures for anyone in Treeholme would be a rather discouraging business, don't you think? Besides, futures do not particularly interest me."

"Nor me. The past intrigues me so much more. Last night, for example, what do you think really happened under our quiet roof? Who killed Lisa Gaunt and why?"

I wished savagely that the rest of the world was not quite so curious about my reactions, remembered why I had been

stationed there, and said virtuously, "I don't think anyone knows, do you?"

"I suppose not," he agreed politely. "Even our stalwart sleuth seems a bit baffled."

I was angry.

"Pete's not superhuman, you know. Everyone seems to overlook that fact."

He grinned engagingly.

"Oh, come, Marcia! Don't tell me you've gone Dracula on us? I doubt if even Colonel Truax would swallow that sort of an ending to this affair."

"If there ever is an ending," I said slowly. His glance was sharp.

"Not given up, have you? Surely, from what Pete tells me, you had a better opportunity than anyone to see through to the ending last night."

Pete! What a busy man he must have been, running around giving out these confidential interviews. "Marcia says—Marcia saw . . ." A great weariness came over me. I was tired of matching wits with people who were more clever than I.

"Perhaps that is why," I said almost fraudulently.

"Why?"

"I think I'll tell you," I decided. "Because I had the chance to see through, I think. Peter and the colonel want me to remember things, things that will help them catch the murderer. And I can't. I don't want to."

There was a little silence. Then Gordon Curran moved abruptly.

"No one wants you to, child. Forget last night if you can; and then, when if ever, 'end' is scratched to this sorry affair, it won't be your hand that held the pen that scratched it."

He patted my shoulder and then, light-footed as he had come, he was gone into the hallway that was beginning to hold the long shadows of late afternoon.

A MOMENT later Mrs. Harris appeared at the door to inquire if I wanted my tea in the library.

"Tea?" I repeated stupidly. "Why, what time is it?"

As usual, Mrs. Harris' gaze went over my head.

"It is five o'clock, miss."

"So late?" I would not have tea in the library, I decided.

Surely I had spent enough time in that room to please the colonel. Wasted, rather, since I had learned nothing. Hastily I gathered up my writing materials.

"I'll take these to my room, Mrs. Harris. May I have tea there?"

"Certainly, miss."

But she did not go. She remained there, her hands working visibly against the black of her dress. I hesitated.

"Was there something, Mrs. Harris?"

She looked at me then, for the first time since I had been at Treeholme. Something desperate, despairing, seemed to peer at me from her eyes. When she spoke it was in a tone so low that it was scarcely more than a whisper.

"Who killed Mrs. Gaunt, miss?"

Involuntarily I drew back.

"What do you mean?"

"They're saying below stairs that you know, miss. That you were in the upper hall last night when the murderer passed by."

"Yes," I said in the pause that followed. "I was."

"Then you know, miss."

I was silent. She seemed satisfied.

"Thank you, miss." There was a note of triumph in her voice. "I'm sure the others will be pleased. It is hard to live in a house where one never knows what day will be one's last."

"You have been afraid?" I asked sympathetically.

Some secret emotion crossed her face.

"Oh, yes, miss. I'm not ashamed to admit it. But if it is all to be ended now . . ."

I had a queer desire to startle her.

"I have an idea that the ending won't surprise you," I said.

She stared at me with suspicion.

"What I know, I don't know. You understand? I am a servant. A servant hears nothing, sees nothing, knows nothing."

"And tells nothing," I said bitterly.

She sensed the bitterness.

"If it means one's life, miss."

"I know," I said dully. "I will do what I can."

I was suddenly anxious to be rid of her. What I had thought would be a promising lead had dried up. Once more I gathered up my belongings.

She gave me a shrewd look, and at once the mask of the perfect servant slipped over her face.

"In ten minutes, miss. In your room."

She was gone.

I fled upstairs as if all the furies were after me. What was to happen now I did not know nor care. It was up to Peter and the colonel. I washed my hands of the whole affair.

I washed more than my hands as it happened. Suddenly I felt tainted, soiled by my afternoon's activities. With swift fingers I tore off my dress. I set the hot water drumming into the tub while I sorted out clean things. Ten minutes was none too long a time, but I meant to change and have a bath.

Ten minutes was not long enough. It was nearer twenty before I was dressed. The room had turned dark and become ominously still. There was no sign of the tea tray.

Ten minutes went by. Fifteen. There was no Mrs. Harris, no tea tray. I became increasingly impatient. What on earth had happened to the woman?

I opened the door and stepped out into the hall. It was full of shadows; the great mahogany staircase curved darkly downward. I gave it a passing glance and imagined I heard something stirring faintly. Fear caught at my throat. I stood still. Was this illusion or truth? Then a door opened soundlessly and a man stepped out of John Gaunt's room.

I still think that if I had not gasped aloud I might have tiptoed away without his hearing me. But my audible gasp made such proceeding impossible. At the sound he swung about quickly, and at once I was no longer afraid. Only surprised and glad. I took a step forward.

"Mr. Gaunt!" I said joyously. "Why, when . . ."

Abruptly my voice died away. Something was wrong. Terribly wrong. I knew it. This wasn't John Gaunt. It couldn't be. John Gaunt was in the hospital. Men with fractured skulls couldn't run about.



I had been tricked by shadows. By shadows and by quick lifting brows and a sameness of height and a likeness of carriage. And the certainty brought with it a new and terrible knowledge. For as I had been tricked now, so I had been tricked before.

Unconsciously my hands went out and as the other moved towards me, I took a step backward, my horrified eyes upon his face. In that gloomy corridor, recognition burst on my mind. The same height, the same build, the same slant of the shoulders—yes, the same man. No bandage on his head now.

"So it was you!" I half-whispered.

He said nothing. Very carefully, his eyes still on mine, he moved towards me.

Instinctively, I moved backward through the doorway. There seemed no other avenue of escape. If I could only get the door closed. His eyes read my intent. Swiftly but still silently he thrust himself through the opening. Still holding me with his gaze, he reached behind him. The door closed with a sharp click.

A sob caught in my throat.

"Let me out!" I said, and then, "What are you going to do?"

He made no answer. There was need for none. What I saw in his eyes answered me and sent me stumbling away from him. Backward—backward—one step after the other. I retreated. He followed.

An occasional table set in the centre of the room was behind me. I pressed against it. If he came on . . .

But he did not. Three feet from me, he too, paused and stood watching, catlike in his immobility.

I stared at him, and my sight was caught and held in his until it seemed that I was drowning in a blackness whose depths were unguessable.

Suddenly he laughed, and my worst terror was realised. Madness lay behind that laughter. He lifted his hands and reached them towards me. The strong fingers flexed. Something broke in by brain then. Blindly I whirled and ran.

I do not remember much of what actually happened between that time and the moment when I stood cornered at the far limits of the room, and waited for those seeking fingers to close upon my throat.

I know that once I tripped and almost fell, and that another time a heavy chair was a barrier between us for an eternity of seconds. I know that my throat hurt with the rasp of my breathing, and that there was sweat upon my face, and that there was a ragged tear in my skirt where it had caught upon the table corner. And I know, too, that never for one instant did the madman's pursuit fail; steadily, relentlessly, silently he came on, his eyes blazing hate, his lips set in a cruel semblance of a smile.

I know that the combination of my heels and the polished floor suddenly betrayed me. I slipped, caught at a chest of drawers to steady myself, and went down. I was up immediately, but it was too late. With two swift steps he had closed the gap between us.

Backward . . . I was being forced back . . . back . . . with relentless fingers tight on my throat . . . cruel eyes staring down at me . . . eyes with flickering red lights . . .

I know I struggled and fought against the blackness that swirled about my brain, that I scratched and tore, but that the

steely fingers never relaxed, that the life was being forced out of my body, as we lay there in the corner of the room in that awful silence.

And it seemed like part of a dream then that I saw the image of Mrs. Harris in the mirror. Mrs. Harris opening the door.

Mrs. Harris armed with no more lethal weapon than the missing tea-tray.

For a moment she was motionless, taking in the scene. Then she vanished. My heart dropped like a plummet. Then she reappeared. She had paused only long enough to put down her tray. Now, with the steaming copper kettle held before her, she began to cross the room with a creeping, sliding step unbelievably horrible.

I remember that my assailant gave a great cry as the scalding water struck and that stray drops flecked across my own face. I remember Mrs. Harris shouting: "Quick, miss—under his arm!" and that, even as I obeyed, the hall was full of running steps, and then Peter was there, and Colonel Truax and policemen with guns were coming through the door. I remember seeing that Mrs. Harris fainted quietly beside the water that stood in a great pool upon the rug, and that someone found the light switches so that the room was filled with brilliance and there was no more shadow.

And, remembering this much, I am forced to remember too, the thing which I want most to forget—Gordon Curran, handcuffed, writhing and twisting between two policemen with the red lights burning steadily behind his eyes and his mouth pulled oddly awry.

I remember Peter's white face above me and the colonel's quiet question, "You're all right, Miss Stafford?" and my own accusing voice: "You promised nothing would happen to me and it almost did!"

But none of it was clear. The room began a pendulum-like swing that took me with it. Abruptly everything was gone from me and I was lost in blackness.

WHEN I emerged from the blackness that shrouded me, it was to the consciousness that I was still in my own room. Firelight flickered upon the ceiling. Save for it, the room was in darkness. I stared about me for a moment and then struggled to sit up.

"Peter!" I said, and it was the despairing cry of one drowning.

Peter was there almost instantly. His arm was about me, holding me tightly. I could smell the faint smoky odor of his tweeds. Then starched white blotting out the firelight, and Peter held something in his hand. It was a glass and he put it to my lips.

"Drink this, darling."

I obeyed. It was warm, sweetish, and its effect upon my eyelids was potent. They drooped in spite of my efforts to keep them open. Faintly protesting, angrily conscious that I had been tricked, I drifted off to sleep.

It was bright morning when I awakened. My head felt thick and I seemed to possess an inordinate desire to look two ways at the same time, a condition which I attributed to the sleeping draught. But hot water—and cold—helped tremendously. The muzziness disappeared, and I went to meet Peter with the feeling of one reborn.

He was sitting in one of the window ledges of the sunny breakfast-room, staring out across the lawn to the walling line of trees against the sky. When he heard me, he jumped up and came over and caught me in his arms. He didn't say a word, just held me tightly so that my ribs ached. I was completely breathless when he let me go.

"Oh, Pete," I said, "will—"

"Listen, darling," he interrupted. "Breakfast first, and while you're having it I'll call Truax."

"When he gets here, we'll both answer all the questions you want to ask."

I haven't the slightest idea of what I ate that morning. Most of it was one-handed, with Peter holding my other hand in a grip that was occasionally painful.

It was so that Colonel Truax found us. He came in briskly. Peter dropped my hand with guilty haste, but the colonel didn't seem to notice. He took my hand and held it and he said, "My dear," in a way that sounded as if it meant a good deal. Tears welled into my eyes and I had to be mopped up by Peter and a fresh linen handkerchief.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I can't seem to help it."

"Don't try," said the colonel, all of a sudden surprisingly unofficial and human. "If ever woman had a better right—"

Which nearly set me off again.

But presently the three of us were settled on the terrace, and, with Colonel Truax pacing up and down, biting at a very black cigar, and Peter sitting beside me and holding my hand, I heard the story behind the murders of Treeholme House.

"Gordon Curran is insane," Colonel Truax said slowly. "No doubt of it."

"But he seemed so all right," I objected. I felt bewildered. "How could—"

"Money," said the colonel succinctly, and while I stared at him he went on in an even, emotionless tone. It was a long story and one for whose essentials they still must guess.

But, with the confirmation which the auditor expected to find from their check over of the books at the mills, he had no doubt that the underlying motive would be laid bare. Money, said the colonel didactically, was in very truth the root of all evil. Or was it lack of money? In Gordon Curran's case, it had been the lack. Personally, the colonel felt that the evil went back a generation or two, but it was manifestly impossible to bring the dead to justice.

John Gaunt and Gordon Curran were first cousins. In which relationship lay the heart of the trouble. Randolph Gaunt, their grandfather, had two children, a son and a daughter. When the daughter, Helen, against her father's wishes, had married Sidney Curran, a foreman at the mills, Randolph Gaunt, in a towering fury, altered his will so that his son, John Gaunt's father, received not only the controlling interest in the mills but also the bulk of his estate.

"However," said Colonel Truax, "the old man must have felt some belated compunction, because after his death it was found that the will, while remaining unchanged as regarded the bequests, provided that, should his son or his son's heirs lack suit-



able male issue, the controlling interest in the mills was to revert to Helen Gaunt Curran and her heirs and assigns forever. In which provision we behold the seeds of tragedy."

"You mean," I said, "that, if John Gaunt had died—and Bobby—that the mills would have been Gordon Curran's?"

"Locking suitable male issue," the colonel quoted grimly. "In that event, Lisa Gaunt would have received whatever other property John Gaunt possessed, but not the mills."

"But while that provides a motive," I objected, "it isn't proof."

"We have Curran's confession," the colonel said sombrely.

"Oh," I said weakly. Almost at once I rallied. "But I don't see what Reeves had to do with it, or Sarah Ives, or Kennedy."

"If you will allow me," the colonel interrupted, "I will tell you."

So I allowed him. In fact, before he was done, I sat very still and listened spellbound. The story went back a long way. It went back to a night some thirty years before, when a baby boy was born in a northern mining town. It was a dreary enough beginning for a story of grinding poverty—grimly surroundings, a tired, overworked mother, and a surly father who came home at night, his face grimy as the coal he mined, to guzzle his food and curse his wife's wealthy father who had condemned them to such slavery.

Until he was nine, this was the boy's background. By that time he had the profound conviction that all their difficulties were due to his grandfather. It was his grandfather and not his father or mother who was responsible for the squalor in which they lived, the patched clothes, the clumsy, broken boots, the meals that haunted hunger without ever satisfying it.

When the boy was eleven, Sidney Curran died of coal-gas poisoning in an obscure corner of the mine. Helen Curran sold their scanty furnishings for enough money to take her son and herself to the slums of a city.

Then followed horrible years—years when simply keeping body and soul together was a struggle, when the boy sobbed at night because no doctor could be consulted about the pain that had begun to gnaw deep into Helen Curran's side. She did many things during those years—washed dishes, scrubbed floors, tried meat in cheap restaurants.

When young Gordon was fifteen his mother died in a charity ward, but before she died she took a dollar from a hidden pocket of her purse and gave it to her son, begging him to wire Randolph Gaunt at the Montfort Mills and ask him to come.

Old Randolph Gaunt was dead. It was young Randolph who came joyfully to see the sister he had been seeking ever since his father's death. Gordon Curran met him in the hospital waiting-room, spoke unemotionally of his mother's death and then collapsed at his uncle's feet.

Of course, after that, everything was changed. Gordon Curran went back to Montfort with his uncle; he became a part of the Gaunt household; he was sent to school, eventually to college. He worked in the mills, not as foreman as his father had done, but in the front office as an executive. Long before the second Ran-

dolph Gaunt's death, he was in virtual charge of the mills.

When the second Randolph Gaunt's will was read, it was found that he had left his entire fortune "to his beloved son, John," with the exception of some minor bequests among which was the sum of 10,000 dollars which was to go "to his nephew Gordon Gaunt Curran", and, strangely enough, tossing a sop to fate after the manner of his father, he reiterated his father's provision that should the said John die without male issue the property known as the Gaunt Mills should revert to the said Gordon Gaunt Curran and his heirs and assigns. There was also the request in a letter left for his son, that so long as Gordon Curran wished it and merited it, he be retained as manager of the mills.

"Yes," I said slowly. "I suppose I can see why he would hate John Gaunt. But Sarah Ives—"

"I'm coming to that," said the colonel.

So even after Randolph Gaunt's death, the situation remained unchanged. Gordon Curran continued to run the mills, to live in the Gaunt home. When his cousin married and built Treeholme House, it was an accepted fact that he would live with them. But—and this the colonel emphasized with a tapping forefinger—the hot Slavic blood inherited from his father was beginning to stir in Gordon Curran's veins.

His salary as manager was 10,000 dollars, but John Gaunt, if he wished, drew twenty times that from the mills. Ten thousand dollars to the boy who had watched his mother die in a charity ward was a fortune; to Gordon Curran, manager of the Gaunt Mills, it was a pittance. He began to reach out for money.

He did well enough at first. On the stock market. He seemed to have an instinct for buying and selling. Within two years his 10,000 dollars had swelled to 100,000 dollars. But to the present Gordon Curran, it wasn't enough. It must be ten times that. He began to plunge and this time recklessly.

He lost. The 100,000 dollars melted away. He drew against his year's salary, and that went too. He began to borrow from the mill funds and lost that. He even made a deal or two with men who had made a business of supplying shoddy materials for a substantial cut, and complaints came to John Gaunt's ears from department heads and the two men quarrelled bitterly.

He was hating John Gaunt by this time. If it weren't for John Gaunt, the mills would have come to him. As long as John Gaunt remained at Montfort there was danger of exposure, constant danger that Curran's defalcations would be discovered. How could he remove that danger? Frighten John Gaunt away from Montfort altogether? But how?

It was then that the kidnapping idea came to him. If some danger threatened John Gaunt's son, a peril so terrible that John Gaunt would be frightened into taking the child and leaving the country—then Curran would be left to rule at the mills unmolested.

It was worth trying. So he sent the first letters. Threats posted from a distance, and then—cunningly—in an ever-narrowing circle from the small towns near Montfort. They were crudely printed on rough paper.

"What about your son?" "Watch out, John Gaunt—it's your kid next." Finally, simply: "First warning." "Second warning."

But John Gaunt didn't react to those threats as Curran had expected. He didn't scare easily. He ignored the threats, armed Reeves and warned Sarah Ives.

Gordon Curran's financial difficulties were becoming too much for him. His brokers were demanding money. If he couldn't pay it, exposure was inevitable; his position, all that he had gained in a lifetime of struggle, would be gone. He became desperate. Threats of kidnapping hadn't frightened John Gaunt away. Why not a real kidnapping—for money?

But he doubted his ability to carry out this crime single-handed. He needed a confederate.

"And there," continued the colonel, "was where Moto entered the picture. Curran had Moto under his thumb, because he knew Moto was supplying drugs to Lisa Gaunt. So he outlined his scheme to the Jap, and they had a rehearsal to see if Moto could reach Bobby's room by way of the balcony. No difficult feat for the Jap, who was a former circus acrobat. But Sarah Ives saw them sitting up the balcony together. She knew about the kidnap threats. Sarah Ives became suspicious. It was difficult for her to visualise Gordon Curran as the author of the threats, but still—she had never liked him. It was a delicate situation. She hesitated to go to John Gaunt. She knew it would do no good to speak to Lisa.

Eventually she confided in Reeves, who promised to set a watch on Moto, and she resolved to speak directly to Gordon Curran. She met him on the lake shore, told him she suspected Moto of being involved in a plot to kidnap Bobby. From Curran's face she saw that she had guessed right. Curran says she turned away from him with the express purpose of going to John Gaunt, that he caught at her arm and she lost her balance and fell, striking her head. She was dead when he touched her. He left her on the lake shore."

"I know," I said, and memory made me shudder.

"But before she died, Sarah Ives had told Curran that she had confided her suspicions to Reeves. Curran decided right there and then to make the kidnapping attempt immediately. The attempt failed. It was blocked by the fact that you were sleeping in Bobby's room."

"Then the door to the balcony did open," I said. "It wasn't locked."

"Not until Curran jocked it. He was the one who tried the door. It was a simple matter to turn the key as he did it."

"What Reeves thought, of course, must be guesswork. But Sarah Ives' death left Reeves in a tight spot. Of his own knowledge, he knew nothing. He could not accuse Gordon Curran without proof. Moto was a different proposition, but before Reeves could move in that direction, John Gaunt had fired Moto. Reeves probably resolved to bide his time and keep a watch on Curran."

"Then Peter discovered Sarah Ives' letter in the nursery desk. Curran had abandoned the kidnap plot entirely by this time, because he was frightened, but any exposure of the fact that he had even considered such a scheme would have been fatal to his position. When Dory im-



cently told him one day that Reeves and Delaney had found a letter in Sarah Ives' desk, his worst fears were at once aroused.

He dismissed Doris, went to listen at the nursery door, heard enough to convince himself that he was in acute danger, and retreated downstairs. He went to the library after securing the Mayan dagger from the gun-room case, and rang the bell for Reeves. He passed the butler on the stairs and then waited for him beyond the turn of the hall. One thrust—in the back—did for Reeves. Curran went to his own room to await the outcry that would herald discovery.

"That murder did something to Curran, of course," continued the colonel. "The death of Sarah Ives was an accident. But this was murder. Curran's hands were now stained with blood. He had always been a little unbalanced. Now he was like a tiger that has tasted blood."

"But the jewel robbery," I said. "What about the jewels?"

"There was no robbery. Curran discovered that Lisa Gaunt and O'Neill were planning an elopement. He even intercepted a note that would have ruined Lisa if he had ever shown it to John Gaunt. So he blackmailed Lisa for her jewels. One of his brokers was clamoring for money. But before Curran could sell the jewels, Lisa reported their loss and he had to hide them. He dropped them into one of the flower-beds. But when he recovered them later and was checking them over in the gun-room, he was surprised by Kennedy. And so Kennedy was murdered, in the very act of snatching up the bracelet that proved that Curran was either a thief or a black-maize."

"If he had got rid of John Gaunt or Bobby in the first place," said Peter, "the other murders might have been averted."

"Perhaps. Who can tell? One thing is certain—by this time he was a homicidal maniac. All inhibitions were gone. He resolved to do away with John Gaunt. He suspected that Gaunt ultimately would read the truth. His removal would scotch that risk—and leave Curran in complete control of the mills. Bobby could be taken care of later. But John Gaunt chose to disappear, which was the wisest thing he could have done under the circumstances."

"Kennedy knew too much," continued Colonel Truax. "So did Moto. So did Lisa Gaunt. Their deaths were inevitable. Lisa Gaunt knew, when the bracelet was found, who had killed Kennedy. And why. But she was afraid to talk. And when she decided to talk, she didn't talk fast enough. As for John Gaunt, it wasn't until his car was found abandoned in the quarry that Curran guessed that Gaunt was in hiding. And he was pretty sure he knew where, for he knew about the cabin, knew Gaunt and Griggs were friends. So he went to the cabin determined to kill John Gaunt, and only the fact that he didn't dare use a gun because the woods were full of searchers, saved Gaunt's life."

"Curran went to the cabin masked and made a hasty job of climbing his cousin. He left the place thinking Gaunt was dead. It isn't difficult to imagine his fears after John Gaunt was found living, for he wasn't sure Gaunt hadn't recognised him. Ironically enough, Gaunt hadn't recognised him at all."

"And so we come to the last act," Colonel Truax champed at his cigar. "He killed Moto because the Jap was trying a little blackmail on his own account. And the murder of Moto frightened Lisa Gaunt so badly that she decided to talk. He was listening at the library window when she told Peter she would talk to me in the morning. So Curran left, ostensibly to spend the night at the mills."

"Before he left, he made an attempt to see Mrs. Gaunt. She refused to see him, sending the curt message through Doris that she was taking a sleeping powder and was not to be disturbed. He was warned by Olsen at the lodge not to attempt to return because of the dogs the police were releasing. He must have been grateful for that information. When he did return, he brought several pounds of poisoned meat."

"Not even police dogs," Peter said sadly, "can forgo the temptation of a juicy steak."

Curran's plans were well made. He had long since given up his original plan of kidnapping and ransom. He was now motivated solely by a desire to save his skin. Lisa Gaunt alone of those remaining was a source of danger. Therefore Lisa Gaunt had to go.

"He was more than a little mad now," the colonel said slowly. "And, moreover, he had the habit of murder. Since the dogs had been released in the grounds there were no police stationed outside the house. It was a simple matter to gain the balcony outside John Gaunt's room. It was three o'clock and the upper floor was deserted."

"He adjusted the crude bandage about his head, trusting that, in the dim light of the hall, with their similarity of height and figure, anyone who saw him would do exactly as Miss Stafford did—take him for his cousin. He went to Mrs. Gaunt's room, stabbed her with the Mayan knife which he left at the foot of the bed, returned to John Gaunt's room, and departed as he had come, from the balcony. In the morning he returned to Treeholme from the mills. The rest you know."

"But what about Doris?" I asked. "Was she in it too?"

"The instinct of self-preservation is strong. Moto's death did not shake her. It took her mistress' to do that. It was Doris who lit the candles we found at Mrs. Gaunt's head and feet. She had been uneasy all the evening. Doris asked to sleep in the dressing-room, and was given permission, although Lisa Gaunt laughed at her fears. According to Doris, she woke up in the middle of the night, couldn't get back to sleep, and finally got out of bed and went into her mistress' room. Lisa Gaunt was dead and Doris became panic-stricken."

"She foresaw the same end for herself—or worse, the accusation of murder. She went back to her own room, dressed and left by the window, sliding down a rope made by knotting sheets together. Since the dogs were dead, she escaped a mauling. She fled to the station, and was picked up by one of my men who trailed her to the city."

"Mrs. Carver knew who the murderer was," I said. "Lisa Gaunt must have confided in her. But she wouldn't tell me. Mrs. Carver said that if she didn't talk she'd be safe—"

I stopped impatiently. Peter and Colonel Truax had exchanged glances.

"Oh, of course, you heard all that. It's not new to you. But what makes you look so strange? You mean that you think she wouldn't have been safe at all? That he would have killed her too?"

"Add it up for yourself, darling," Peter said. "What do you think?" Then, as I stared at him horrified, he went on more slowly. "It was a holocaust, I tell you. Haven't you got it yet? Gordon Curran had to be safe. Anyone who threatened him, even remotely—"

Involuntarily I covered my eyes.

"Don't! Oh, Pete! How horrible! Mrs. Carver, too! He must be mad!"

"That," said Peter grimly, "is what we've been telling you."

Only, when I looked again, there was no "we." Colonel Truax had slipped away. There was only Peter left. I leaned against him.

"John Gaunt?" I asked at last.

Peter's hand closed over mine.

"He'll go away now, darling. Travel. Bill Griggs will go with him. And Bobby."

"Does he feel—terribly, Pete?"

"Yes." He left it at that and so did I. His next words came leadenly. Like fate "Treeholme House is to be closed. No one is ever to live here again."

All that beauty closed away, hidden from men. And yet—I understood.

"But Mrs. Carver, Pete? And Nick? What of them?"

"He's sending them to California. Pensioning them off."

"And Francis O'Neill?"

Peter's lips curled with easy scorn. He wasted no love on Francis O'Neill, nor ever had.

"There are always new trails for explorers. He can finish his book now—undeterred by illicit lovmaking."

I sighed. Deliberately.

"Aren't you afraid he'll make love to me?"

Peter surveyed me with lively interest.

"You? No. Why?"

"I'm his secretary," I reminded him. "I don't suppose that status quo has been changed—"

I never got a chance to go on with that line of reasoning. Peter stopped my lips.

"Oh, yes, it has. You've resigned. To take another job—a full-time one with longer hours."

For a moment he looked me full in the face.

"I love you," he said gravely, quietly; and under his gravity, his quietness, nothing seemed to matter now but the essential things. Nothing, it seemed, had ever mattered. Life and death and love.

We had our share of horror and death. Now that was ended, and we were still alive. As if from a long way off, I heard my own voice speaking.

"And I love you, Pete."

And in that moment all things were mine—rest, peace, quiet, the ultimate end to all seeking.

#### THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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